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KITCHEN RANGING

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KITCHEN RANGING

BY
H. PEARL ADAM

"Ce qui distingue l'homme de
la brute, c'est l'indigestion."



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JONATHAN CAPE AND HARRISON SMITH

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TO THE AUTHOR OF CHAPTER II, WITH HIS WIFE'S THANKS FOR
HIS CRITICISM, HIS ENCOURAGEMENT, AND HIS SMALL APPETITE

It is truly a formidable responsibility to undertake the recommendation of a cook book to the housewives of America. So much depends in household harmony on the results to be obtained from such a book that one must be very sure of its contents. As a home woman, a woman who believes in the personal touch of the homemaker in every department of her home, I can say that this new guide in that most important phase of the homemaking art—cooking—is a most refreshing and easily followed document, with an individual and charming presentation. This presentation is noticeably civilized, being international in scope, and meeting the requirements of modern life and the modern home by stressing the diversity of this life and the necessity of maintaining diversity in the culinary department of the house.

I consider this cookbook a pleasing addition to my store of culinary knowledge. Many a recipe I will take great personal pleasure in following to its ultimate end: a savory, well-prepared dish; for, as a wife and mother, I have always kept in direct contact with my own kitchen and on occasion I partake of its creative joys. To the families of America who enjoy excellent meals and to those who enjoy delightful reading concerning the cuisine, I heartily recommend this cookbook.

Oliver Harriman

Mrs. Oliver Harriman,
Chairman of the Exposition of
Women's Arts and Industries.

PREFACE

GERMAN cookery-books usually open with appetizing morsels like blood-analyses and pictures of the strange and tortuous countries within us. French ones begin with an ode to the Muse or a comparison of the great cooks of the world, and especially the author, with da Vinci, Shakespeare, Alexander the Great and Napoleon. English cookery-books lay themselves before the public with modest excuses for existing and proud hopes of being useful.

This one must do without all these. I cannot believe it as important as 'The Last Supper,' *Romeo and Juliet*, or the conquest of a new world, nor worthy of a Muse's attention; it takes no heed of internal secrets; and if it had seemed in need of an excuse I should not have devoted a year of mental indigestion to it. I cannot even plead whole-heartedly that its purpose is to be useful, because some of the dishes, such as Stewed Black Cantonese Cat, have amusement rather than use for their aim.

On the whole, however, these personally conducted tours have been confined to dishes that can be made by inhabitants of the English-speaking countries, with the kind assistance of importing grocers. The recipes have been given in their original form, for any good cook can adapt the local conditions, modify quantities of eggs and cream and so forth, while the recipe would lose its character if mutilated. Very many favourite dishes of world-wide celebrity do not appear here, because they have become completely public property. On the other hand, where false recipes have been promulgated, or a classic such as apple pie has been given a special seal by Yorkshire or other local influence, recipes for these dishes will be found here.

And here's a health to the regional cookery that is fighting international cookery; here's to the tang of unexpected spice or the mixture of unexpected ingredients which awaits us at the end of journeys, rather than at the table of transcontinental expresses on the way there. Here's to the adventure of the palate, which we can all enjoy by travelling no farther than to the kitchen range.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Apart from the kindness of friends and the courtesy of the French hotel-keepers and chefs who have given me famous recipes for this book, I wish to acknowledge my debt to many previous writers of cookery-books, and in particular to the authors of the following, which all who are interested in Kitchen Ranging should study:

BRITISH EMPIRE.

Australian Table Dainties. Mrs. Wicken.

Cape Cookery. A. G. Hewitt.

Creole Dishes. C. F. Toraille.

India. Food. By K. Raghunathji.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book.

European and American Cuisine. Gesine Lemcke.

Fruit Recipes. Fletcher Berry.

Around the World Cook Book. Barroll.

FRANCE.

l'Art du Bien Manger. Richardin.

Les Bons Plats de France. Pampille.

ITALY.

l'Arte di Mangiar Bene. Artusi.

Il Nuovo Mantegazza.

Specialità Regionali. Agnetti.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian Cook Book. Mrs. Luck.

The Cookery Book of the Ursuline Convent School. Thildonck.

CHINA.

Chinese Recipes. Moore.

Chinese Cook Book. Shiu Wong Chan.

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CHAPTER I

The Animal Who Cooks

‘**M**AN is the greatest animal of all, the animal who cooks.’ He is also, it is thought, the only animal who has weighed the stars, invented handwriting, or discovered dressmaking. He has other achievements to his credit, such as the Forth Bridge, the cinema, surgery, and the art of growing flowers in colours other than Nature’s. But it is his cooking which receives the most reverent attention from the human race as a whole; and it is noticeable that, in strict ratio to their intelligence, such animals as he has managed to bring into subjection will tolerate or enjoy it. It is an accepted thesis that a properly trained dog eats bread. I believe even dogs think so, judging by the conscious virtue in the glance of those who will towards those who won’t. Many cats have a passion for cheese. Cats and dogs both love gravy and must have it hot, or at any rate tepid. No congealed fat for them. A good bran mash, a handful of sugar, are treats to a horse. Cattle and rabbits and donkeys stick to their primitive diet with the good-tempered stupidity characteristic of vegetarians and other faddists. The pig will eat cooked food and raw, fresh and stale, jungle and domestic; with the result that many a human has, while enjoying a slice of pork, called some one else a pig, or even a hog, implying both stupidity and greed.

Yet ham is one of the best examples of what man has done to enlarge his food horizon, since it is both cured and cooked. And from the grossness of its food in life man has produced the most delicately flavoured of all meats. A properly cut slice of good York ham is as delicate as fruit from an old orchard, as witty upon the palate as a great wine.

It was one of the consequences of the eviction from Eden for stealing fig-leaves that Adam and his children found their horizon in need of enlargement. They all wanted two or three meals a day, and, as their numbers grew larger, the question of preservation and

transport of food became of prime importance. It would be ridiculous to ask a mill-hand in Sheffield to eat Eden's food, for the reason that Sheffield hasn't got it. Pork pies are more nearly indigenous to Sheffield than apples. From the moment that some men had to be hunted for, instead of hunting for themselves, ham, sardines in oil, anchovy paste, and custard powder became inevitable. If a man's occupation precludes his hunting, and is admitted by his friends, enemies, chiefs and children to exempt him, the necessity for feeding him involves the preservation of food during transport from the place of its growth or killing to the waiting mouth.

Cooking is the first form of food preservation. It has reached such a pitch in these days that we have come to boast about it when we eat decayed or raw provender. Why a Board of Trade man who condemns rotten apples or leprous pork as unfit for human consumption should be able to live in the same country with a place called Stilton, it is difficult to say. And why the Un-Fired Food party won't eat caviare is another puzzle.

There is only one of the fundamental necessities of the body which has been lifted from its place as a nuisance and a humiliation to the spirit. The need to eat and drink has been made, not merely a pleasure and an art, but one of our defences against that loneliness which hems the soul as the forest hems a camp-fire. Keeping clean and keeping warm are not gregarious pursuits; but keeping fed is among the strongest fibres of the frail social basket that holds us all. Washing and dressing, even at the Lido and the rue de la Paix, are connected not obscurely with dirt and cold; but in the higher realms of Eating and Drinking, hunger and thirst have been taught their places—as scullery-maid and knife-boy.

It is strange to reflect that there are countries in which to eat in public is as disgusting as candour in sea-sickness. What would the Western World do without meals as meetings? It is true that sometimes, in the average expensive restaurant, it does seem as though the place would look better if every one turned decently to the wall till his plate and his complexion had had it out (or in) together.

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But in more fortunate moods we can each obey Bishop Heber's injunction to thank God for being a happy Christian child; a condition in which, unhampered by the excellent sanitary regulations of Mahomet, Zoroaster and other prophets, we may suck soup and emit epigrams nose to nose across even the smallest table, with friend, enemy, or lover, over pork, beef, or any other food we like, and without considering whose shadow may fall upon it.

Regional cookery, in countries where food and feeding are cloistered, must be very definite and very secret, since only the nose, a sensitive but treacherous messenger, could possibly inform either of two men squatting back to back what the other is eating. Not Carême himself could build up a recipe from a smell. Mount Lavinia's 120 accessories before the fact of curry are to the national dish what Ceylon is to India—a rich and interesting full-stop to a long and mysterious sentence.

In the world which has its culinary capital in Paris, and is bounded by the cooking-pots of every country known to Pullman and the *Wagons-lits*, regional cookery is an upstart as imperious as Napoleon. It has been there always, of course (as Corsica was before the Bonapartes, and, for that matter, before Agamemnon), but it existed, like a tree, in its own place. Now it breaks ground in narrow city streets—and some of the shoots are suckers.

There are fake *auberges* in most of the shopping streets of Tourist Paris; half-timbering (in plaster) and hand-weaving (by machinery) are adorned with the remains of half a suburb's dinner-services, and copper pans rich with the patina of yesterday. The menu has the same undaunted devotion to the decorated dug-out. In Wardour Street French it offers 'Ye olde Saddle of Muttonne of Long-Oubli,' or 'Delightes of Sainte Albane in Crusttes.'

The fake hostelries have followed on the real ones, of which the only hard thing that can be said is that they have one shrewd provincial eye upon the Tourist. Or his tummy. He will not really get the Provençal dish he orders, because half the garlic will have remained in the considerate hand of a chef well trained in the oddities of foreign palates. The real regional cookery of to-day, as of

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yesterday and the days before it, is still served in big cities to impecunious and homesick creatures, who go to shabby little stifling eating-houses to find, in one blast of garlic, the moon-enchanted twilight of Provence about an old pink house; to recapture by one look at a proper pie the scent of Kentish orchards; to illuminate the business day by a corned-beef hash that is doing its darndest to taste the morning glories round the stoop.

The war invented the regional cookery of to-day. Those who came back were mostly poor and all were impatient. They were effectively impatient. They went out to save the old world, and they came back and found a new one had been born to them. It was an exceedingly difficult and angular one, and they disliked it and said so. They had not gone to war to produce this changeling, but here it was upon the hearth, and beyond their power to alter. They had to content themselves with cleaning its nails and clipping its hair, and otherwise trying to make it look like the child they had hoped for.

One of the things possible to alter was the creature's hateful glossiness. It looked so polished that you couldn't tell its nationality. You found yourself in a hotel corridor with it, and for all you knew, the place outside was Madrid or Helsingfors or Wormwood Scrubbs or a lunatic asylum. If it asked you to lunch, you knew beforehand what there would be to eat, and that it would taste of sterilized metal dishes and massed-production cream; and if you took it out to supper, it was certain that the lobster would be as interesting as the waiter's epaulettes, and the mayonnaise as thickly discreet as the carpets. Eating had become dull.

It was time for a change; and the last decade has seen it. The day of gold mirrors and crimson velvet has gone. Silver dishes, blackening on the shelves, peer at the peasant pottery which has succeeded them. Little delicate shells of butter, in which Mab might have lain upon a beach of fairy porcelain, have given way to half-frozen mortello towers of pale gold into which the knife hesitates to carve; the proprietary bottle, complete with label and rusted cap, that once offered three onions, a lonely red chilli, a

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cupful of virulent and elderly juice, and one half-stranded piece of cauliflower, to the hardy adventurer on the Sunday inn's cold joint, has followed into oblivion the sauceboats freighted with thick creams and beaten richness; and in its place comes a huge glass jar, apparently supplied by the chemist who has wisely settled next door, and full of gherkins or olives or onions of a medicinal aspect, meant to be rural, which brings Mr. Culpeper's vigorous English to mind.

'Regional' is as blessed a word as 'Mesopotamia' once was, before the major characteristics of that country were as well understood as they are now.

Half the world may not know how the other half lives; but for the last years it has been almost crazy to find out, with the idea of doing likewise. The fashion for regional cookery has its destined patroness in Hans Andersen's little princess who wanted to know what everybody was having for dinner.

Every fashion of which high fever is a part unites with its real usefulness a number of anomalies. Regional cookery, which brings to the ordinary man's table a season of mellow fruitfulness, has been accompanied hitherto, quite illogically, by an increase of intolerance and faddishness in eating. 'I don't like it' has become a slogan. It seems as though impatience of the known and curiosity of the unknown were merely symptoms of the same lack of control which leads to the capricious fastidiousness. The very people who go to the 'hostelries' and 'inns' which advertise their regional cookery will refuse to try any dish which departs from their own canons of cookery. Ask them to eat prunes with beefsteak, and a cold glaze descends upon their expression. It is said that once a newly-arrived Englishman called the waiter in a Paris restaurant and said: 'Take away that plate; there's a *mussel* in it!' and Marguéry's waiter obediently took away the *sole Marguéry*, much bewildered, for he was unaware that mussels are little better than marine cockroaches in the eyes of the mad English.

Regional cookery and ritual cookery are very little apart. The Christmas Pudding of England is in itself regional and ritual. So

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is the sweet cake of Alassio, made in the form of a cock, which must not be eaten till it has been taken to church on Christmas Eve and presented to the Baby in the manger for his blessing. When the Umbrian peasants make their pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Chestnut Trees they toil up the mountain-side all night with baskets of food to sustain them through the vigil; and every basket contains a baked pudding of rice and chopped pigeon.

At Christmas in Gascony the bakers are kept busy all Christmas Eve up to ten o'clock at night making loaves of wheat bread. They are in the form of circles and are slung over the arm and taken to church to be blessed by the curé at midnight Mass. Caraway seeds are thickly strewn through them. After the blessing they are taken home to be eaten with sausage and oysters and the traditional *estouffade de bœuf*.

An old French proverb says that 'communities begin by establishing their kitchen.' It is true of all living beings. Then they raise it into importance by associating special kinds of food with their most important occasions. Deep significance is to be attached to food, from Communion to the return of the Prodigal Son.

Animals sacrifice everything they find edible to their recurrent hunger. They reduce ritual to a minimum, or rather they know of none, and the complicated rites of the tiger in relation to his meat are quite unselfconscious. One need not be a traveller to study them; indeed, this is best done at the nearest Zoo, where the mental processes of the observer are untrammelled by wonder as to whether he or the observed will earn the proud title of survivor.

The right of a tiger to stalk and kill is understood; he should not be at a disadvantage, as undoubtedly he is, in relation to the latest millionaire who has rented a deer-forest, complete with those same stalking and killing rights, but exempt from eating obligations. The tiger kills to eat, but he does not kill when he is not hungry, and he does not hire servants to send his friends the haunch his tactful keeper tells him he turned from stag to venison.

He has a ritual of his own. People who do not like mice may watch it to its end upon the domestic hearth. Others may draw

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conclusions from it at the Zoo. The cat upon the hearth and the tiger in the jungle can both be tamed—until they come to dinner. Then they must be themselves. Give them their meat, and watch the minuet that follows of daintiness, false withdrawals, feints, and now and then a lip-licking which betrays that this is indeed an eighteenth-century procedure, artificial as nail-polish on the surface, as natural as grabbing underneath.

Animals eat according to their nature; so do Mr. Louis Superhampstead and the Earl of Ikey-Whitechapel, but one of the distinguishing marks between them is that one pays to see the animals do it, and one prays to be at table with the others. The Merdles' dinner-table, for instance.

The tiger invites no guests, and is therefore never a bad host. He has his own way of approaching his food, and would probably be appalled by Mr. Superhampstead's. As a matter of fact, the only ways in which he and that gentleman can be classed together are the simple determination of both to get what they want, and the fact that, unlike what they eat, they themselves are not edible after death. Dead, Mr. Superhampstead might, of course, be useful to a cannibal, but savages only eat tiger to grow strong, never for pleasure. And the tiger goes much more daintily about his lump of nameless meat than Mr. Superhampstead does about his soup. Both are audible, but one growls with pleasure, while the other merely sooples.

Ritual in feeding is a subject which, if properly treated, would explain the history of the world to every individual in it. It covers climate, politics, faith, manners, and the attempts that men have made to look over the hedge. It covers prejudice, passion, self-indulgence, generosity, and all the cosy feelings that make a man feel safe on his own hearth and happy on his friend's. It covers all the things which make a high priest reverent and a prophet practical. (Moses and Zoroaster and Mahomet had nothing to learn from our most efficient Instructor in Hygiene. Nor has the tiger; his ritual is eminently digestive.)

How to eat and what to eat are matters of serious import to more

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than the greedy. They have been most closely considered by people who may have thought that a lentil a day keeps the doctor away. Religion exists without eating, but eating is a part of religion. It can be done to the glory of God. It can be done to the fattening of Beelzebub. It can be done as a deadly sin; it can be done as an act of worship. It can raise a bodily function into a sacrament, and it can cramp a god into the stomach of an animal. It can be as gross as the food of lilies and as spiritual as the smell of roasting coffee in the open air. Like everything else with which any individual has to deal, it can and must be classed by that individual in the arraignment of life which he calls his experience. But eating has this importance, that it must be so classed by every living creature.

Love as humans know it may or may not be important. Clothing may be, especially in 'temperate' climates. Greed of gold mostly is. But eating has to be important, just as warmth and light are, but more often. Three times at least in the patient cycle of the sun does every human being desire to renew his failing forces. In his recurrent need for refuelling he is the brother of the flea and the nephew of the elephant. In his enjoyment of the process he is the cousin-german of the hog and the hyena. The thrifty squirrel would loathe the forethoughtful housewife who fills a store-cupboard with care for mere palate-pleasing.

Food could not possibly escape fashions and moods. Just before the war, when Futurism was almost as much the fashion as if the then present had become intolerable, a French writer of note, Jules Maincave, interested himself in Futurist cookery. He explained what nice things mashed herrings with raspberry jelly are, or sauce made of rum and pork gravy, and in particular how pleasant it is to flavour things with perfumes, sprinkling lily of the valley over chicken, or turning out a peppermint chop. M. Maincave invented what one may call medical cookery, such as a dish of mashed carrots so skilfully concealing the cod-liver oil mixed with them that no child could discover it. Whether a child could survive it is another matter. A pint of cream or goat's milk was one of the

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ingredients, cod-liver oil, olive oil, a glass of muscatel and some drops of Angostura bitters being added before it is finished. And a Seidlitz powder might with advantage be included, one would think. Consumptives are promised an improvement in their condition if they will eat practically raw meat soaked for ten hours in Madeira, Vichy water (imagine Vichy water which has been poured out ten hours!), minced raw snails, aniseed, Angostura, and some mixed vegetables!

Fillets of sole are cooked in lighted rum, the bones and head, ground to a powder, are scattered over them, and they are served very hot with an iced cream sauce round them.

But mashed herrings and raspberry jelly are not really Futurist; in Northern Germany the most fastidious are not revolted by stewed eels and gooseberry jam. M. Maincave was anticipated with oyster omelette. These things are known, but neglected. And some of his other suggestions were not only new, but attractive. Whipped tomato cream mixed with fine brandy sounds very good; so does mutton with crayfish sauce, and a garnish for beef basted with kümmel consisting of fried bananas stuffed with Gruyère. After all, if we would only make an effort, we should discover that most of the things we mix were wild and improbable when they were first combined—duck and orange, turkey and chestnut, sage and onion. Dumas poured lobster sauce over his asparagus.

Even one's strong prejudice against using perfume in cookery is only founded on habit. Orange-flower water is practically a perfume; and we may come to accept rose-fragrant beef, and pork that steams with the sweetness of violets.

Another French author, Paul Reboux, has reacted against the regional reaction against monotony by his book *Plats Nouveaux*, which has roused a whirlwind of controversy, the friends of the old school accusing him of heresy and vandalism, and his own replying that it was high time somebody suggested something new. His book is small, but packed with suggestions, and it is amusing to reflect that it has brought about the foundation of a society with the solemn title of 'The Friends of Antonin Carême,' who are

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vowed to support of the old canons of cookery. It is possible that not all of them have read Carême's recipes. He nearly always began a soup with chicken and ham and mutton and veal, all fresh bought. The post-war Friend of Carême might find this a strain upon his post-war pocket.

Some of the new suggestions are certainly rather startling, but one of the most conservative palates I know has pronounced favourably on others—notably that *purée* of chestnut should have finely chopped raw celery mixed into it outside the dining-room door. It gives an admirable nuttiness and freshness to the heavy richness of the chestnut, but if mixed in sooner would lose its crispness by becoming half-cooked in the hot mixture.

As soon as one starts discussing cookery a certain alertness steals into the conversation of the average company. To give their opinions on the historic oil-and-vinegar or melted butter controversy as to the right sauce for asparagus, two men have been known voluntarily to break off talking politics; and that is as much as to say that two bulldogs would leave one bone, or two tigers one joint, for something else.

There are people whose interest in cookery is as coarse as a pig's, and others who are proud of taking no interest in it at all, poor dears; the two classes are but the small and barren regions of the Poles, and between them lies the recurrently hungry, decently selective, and healthily interested bulk of the world. There are two guests who revolt the kindest hostess. One is the type which remarks during the meal she has carefully thought out that 'he never cares what he eats.' That type will drink beer with strawberries, tip its Château-Lafite into its Volnay, or its 1864 brandy into its coffee. The instances sound far-fetched, but are authentic. The other is the Louis XIV type, trained to behave prettily, like any intellectual pig at a fair, but bolting every kind of food in masses on the one condition that it tastes good as it goes down.

A third type of undesirable is so very prevalent among both men and women that probably one day somebody will serve a tobacco

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omelette or a Glacé Nicotine. Or burn a little Latakia or Three Nun sauce round the pudding.

Stinkerism and Gasperism are wrecking the modern menu. A meal may be incomparable, but it is very improbable that it will be matchless. Enterprising manufacturers of porcelain should consider the advisability of turning out a dozen ash-trays with every dinner-service. There are meetings where the King's Health has to be drunk after the soup, lest the entire evening be wrecked by the necessity of waiting till the dessert to smoke. Liberal-minded moderns go so far in indulging tradition as to smoke only cigarettes with their port. The others like it flavoured with cigar.

This smoking business is partly responsible for the monotony of the ordinary menu. The delicacy of a well-conceived sequence of flavours is ruined by inter-course smoking. And Nature has arranged that not only those who smoke, but those who smell smoke, should suffer this derangement of the palate. There is here a distinct injustice. Why should twenty people eating peaches in a drawing-room leave no touch of heaven on the curtains for the matutinal housemaid's early sniff, while one man smoking a cigar should be able to deafen her with stale tobacco before she opens the windows? Why should raspberries leave no fragrant ash? On the other hand, how sad that there is not a Three Castles Stew, a Virginia Mixed Fry or a Pillau Abdulla!

Nobody can stop the smoking at meals, unless Nature invents a tobacco-pox or a pipe-rash. Cookery is bound to be modified by the habit. It has three things to contend with: the housing problem, the servant problem, and the smoking problem. It is impossible to tell how it will deal with these. Its first step has been to look for dishes flavoured with the strong local herbs and spices of the world—the regional cookery of a globe now so contracted by means of rapid transport and communication that New York is a suburb of Peking, and Paris is a part of Greater London, or vice versa. Where it will look next one cannot guess. But that he will for ever adapt himself, and for ever invent, in regard to his food, may be predicted of the Animal Who Cooks.

CHAPTER II

The Food Trail

REGIONAL cookery is a reaction against culinary Robotism. It is the struggle of honest stomachs and discriminating palates against meatpackers, vegetable preservers, soup murderers, jelly gibbons, a revolt against the tin can, a natural protest of healthy individualism against the morbid monotony of standardization. There still are sturdy souls who refuse to ride in a Horde car, who won't eat 'It's so dainty' bread produced daily by the ton, who see no reason why they should be nourished, together with thousands of their fellow-men, on a system of diet evolved by a Swiss hotel-keeper or an expert in the boracic, salicylic and the other acids which form so large a part of Anglo-American food to-day.

As in the dark Middle Ages zealous folk kept Learning's feeble flame alive in monasteries, so to-day there are men and women left who, dining in the decent inns of life, seek to protect the ancient arts of food against the cold blasts of commercial chemists and dolorous dietitians, for ever calculating in calories. The food of the latter is always the last refuge of the dyspeptic. A wise, suave and knowledgeable diner and drinker is always a man of pleasant frequentation and kindly mirth. He usually has enough knowledge of the world to make him as charitable in his judgments as he is sane in his way of life.

Every tyranny, whether it be flavoured with a whiff of can or cannon, grape or grapeshot, gives birth to rebellion. In all internal upheavals, from politics to social customs, the middle class pays. The same remark applies to upheavals of the stomach. Working men, save in England, have their pleasant homely cookery. In Germany sausages are not manufactured in a 'plant,' but honestly made out of a pig. Italy does not buy its 'pastes' in sterilized paper wrappers from a drug-store, but rolls them frankly out of flour at home. The can-fed peoples of the world deserve

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what they get. Their food is canned and their minds are 'tabloided.'

Now that the practice of eating human flesh (which, I am told, at third hand, is insipid and nothing like as good as that of wild pig) has become restricted to rare sacrificial orgies in that darkest Africa and Asia where canned light has not yet penetrated, it might be well to apply that opprobrious term 'cannibal' to food-preservers. Fortunately, in Europe, and especially in France, there is a reaction against them, for France realizes that her cooking is almost as much a national asset as is her dressmaking; perhaps a deeper reason—the French like good food with its openings for good talk and for firm friendship.

It is hard to imagine how their meals have acquired the reputation of being composed of 'kickshaws,' 'messes,' and other contemptible dishes spurned by robust British beefeaters. Has any one of these disdainful critics sat down in a good '*auberge*' to a French market-day ordinary, or been dined by a hospitable *bourgeois* family? Neither occasion is likely to be remembered as an exhibition of kickshaws. Phonetic malformation has converted *quelquechose* into this ungainly and contemptuous British description of French cooking. The word takes its place beside '*redingote*' as an etymological curiosity. The dictionary gives *bagatelle* as the French for this 'made in England' French word, and a real French meal is not composed of *bagatelles*. No self-respecting French dinner fails to have fish, joint and bird upon its menu. It is probably the variety of smaller savoury dishes and the wealth of sweet *friandises* that accompanies and closes a meal that has given rise to the 'kickshaw' verdict.

France is wealthier than any other country in the variety and generosity, not only of the great wines that give to her wine-lists the organ-note of history, but also of the locally-famed vines which cover the slopes of *le petit pays* and have their direct effect upon local dishes.

The existence of such sane cooking, whether it be hidden in an Alpine hill-side or tucked away in a city, gives a gastronomical

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value to travel not yet destroyed by motor-cars and chars-à-bancs. For where you get good food, there you will get good company, natural manners, curiosity in life and an increase in your own self-respect; for any oaf who stumbles into a good inn can go off having had but a passable meal – something more is required from a man who would dine well upon the food trail. A good trailer must have an urbane manner, show a discriminating confidence in his host's suggestions, consult him frankly about his wine, treat him, in fact, as collaborator, and presume him to be a friend until he suggests scrambled eggs, to be followed by a roast chicken with *haricot verts* and a splendid bottle of Château Jambou, for your menu. Then convey to him gently that he surely must be capable, a man of his reputation, of higher things, and if response is not forthcoming, take the eggs and the chicken – they will be good – and a carafe wine, and so to bed.

In big cities it is rare that the small place of good food long retains its excellence. Paris in a peculiar degree is filled with *auberges* and restaurants from which fashion has driven fine food and which are now, a year or so behind the 'fare,' crowded with American and British tourists worshipping at shrines long since forsaken by gods and wise eaters. Still, throughout the world, there are brave and admirable souls who shun the profits of prostitution, who are deaf to the specious proposals of company promoters, and wield their frying-pan with honesty, contentment and profit.

A meal by such cooks repays days spent in travel on the food trail. A learned German economist has laid it down with soul-destroying precision that while the Western European devotes 47 per cent. of his yearly expenditure to food, he only wastes 11.5 per cent. upon education, spiritual and bodily relaxations. Being German, and an economist to boot, he is perhaps unable to appreciate how closely these two budgetary items are connected. Any man who swallows good food and does not in the process of obtaining it and eating it also acquire education and relaxation deserves to be fed exclusively upon meat-extract lozenges. Pro-

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fessor Thorins, then head of the French Military Morphological Laboratory, once showed me some writings in which it was proven that in most, if not in all, the battles fought by Napoleon the state of the Emperor's digestion was a factor just as decisive as strategy—that God fought, indeed, on the side with a good digestion.

The same thing is true of politicians and statesmen. During the war a committee of dietitians at the War Office in London reported on the best means of improving the 'pugnacity forming' diet of the British Army. One likes to think of a peace negotiator dieted on similar principles, and, before taking his seat at a Peace Conference, being subjected to a steady régime of pacifist food, such as milk, the more anæmic vegetables, brain-forming fish, pigeon and young spring lamb. Turtle soup for the army and turtle-dove for the statesman of peace. Brandy for heroes and hemlock for sages.

This hunt for food of the right sort is an occupation. Never has it been more intensely carried on than since the war by the trailing cloud of secretaries, attachés, typists, Ministers, Ambassadors, and Premiers, who dotted Western Europe with their Peace Conferences. In Paris, in those long-drawn-out labours which gave birth to the Treaty of Versailles, the real 'war to the knife and fork' began. Engagements—dinner engagements—were fought to a finish; batteries—*de cuisine*—were worn out in the interests of peace. Peace Conference gossip was redolent of the kitchen. The Treaty of Versailles, so hard to conclude, became known as the 'Peace of Resistance.' Wilson was reported to be in a 'stew'; Lloyd George had made a 'hash' of things. The Germans 'boiled' with indignation. France declared periodically that she would never 'stomach' that. If it was not peace, at least it was plenty. Soon, however, delegates, wearied of the dull ritual of big restaurants, began to find their way in Paris, and *Chez Marie* with her sole or Maillabuaud and his *poulet* discovered that in such places food was better and surroundings more intimate than at Claridge's or the Ritz. The modern food trail had begun.

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As a humble camp-follower I have followed international conferences from the seaside to the mountains, from one health-resort to another, and at each pitching of tents among the first preoccupations has been that of food. Secretaries and *chefs de cabinet* who knew their business came already primed with local tips obtained from the police or the Consul, and considerable care was taken to keep such information within the inner circle of the various delegations, so that Prime Ministers could relax in comfortable privacy or discuss important matters in the informal atmosphere and equable temper attendant upon a good meal.

Maxims Ancient and Modern

From this angle the choice of Geneva as the League capital has been justified; not that Geneva has on the whole anything very special to offer in the way of cookery, apart from plain wholesome food, beefsteaks and *fondues*. Hotels, and especially Swiss hotels, are dull and good eating is practically confined to the *Plat d'Argent*, where old-fashioned and cosy wooden stalls proclaim the character of the house. Even an attack of gout would not keep the Spanish delegate, Quinones de Leon, Spain's Ambassador to Paris, long away from the Silver Plate and its kidneys. The Café du Nord was the favourite dining-place of Briand and Loucheur, but such a well-known and expensive establishment, with its menus prepared on classic French lines, can scarcely figure on the food trail. Around the Lake there are one or two good but unexhilarating places, such as the 'Eaux Vives,' which is to Geneva what 'Hasselbacken' was to Stockholm. Geneva's merit is more geographical than gastronomic. It lies within a motor-drive of the very heart and home of great French cooks, of the smiling country of valleys and mountains, waterfalls and limpid streams, which at Belley gave birth to Brillat-Savarin. It would be strange indeed if that country had not produced great cooking. It has at its doors the noblest Burgundian Bresse poultry, sweet mountain pasturage for its meat, and from its gurgling, glucking streams comes a plentiful

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and varied supply of every kind of river food, from jack to crayfish. A monument has been erected to the genial man who, in his own words, tried 'to conquer his corpulence by keeping it within the limits of the imposing.' Belley (predestined name!) also keeps his memory alive in a more practical manner, for experienced travellers declare that nowhere on the food trail can you find better food than in its local inn. There is an omelette with crayfish . . . !

In the neighbourhood also is another spot, Thoiry, whose gastronomic fame acquired a flavour of history when Briand and Stresemann there discussed the meaning of Locarno over a simple wayside meal that included *pâté de foie gras*, chicken *en casserole* and crayfish from a local stream, the Nantua. Unhappily, the crayfish is being exterminated in Western Europe by ever-increasing river pollution. It is larger than a prawn and is as far as fresh water will go in producing a lobster. If you want to eat *écrevisses à la Nantua*, take the meat from its shell and let it simmer in fresh butter for thirty minutes, by which time the butter will have become a rosy pink. To fifty crayfish add a tablespoonful of flour and half a pint of fresh cream. Boil the mixture for three or four minutes.

Briand, like most Bretons, is a sound trencherman, and I have many pleasant recollections of good meals in his excellent company on the hill-sides of Locarno, in Paris and around Geneva, when he has escaped with half a dozen friends from the eternal discussion of politics to listen to Jules Sauerwein playing the piano on a wheezy instrument in a country inn, or to entertain his guests with amusing anecdotes drawn from an apparently inexhaustible fund of recollection. But the meals he likes best are those he has 'back on the farm' in Normandy, where on a moderate scale he breeds pigs. He once surprised some of his Cabinet colleagues who came to lunch to consider one of the many ministerial crises of his career by appearing anxious and preoccupied. But *that* crisis was solved. The sausages made from his own pigs in the Eure arrived in time for lunch and both Government and luncheon were saved.

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My knowledge of the food trail outside France is mainly limited by the accidents of inter-allied and peace conferences and civil disturbances, but they have covered a large stretch of country. I have dined execrably at Boulogne and at Calais, although in the former there is a little place near the theatre where with adequate warning their cooking of fish cannot be beaten. At Calais the railway buffet of the Maritime Station gives good food to the right people. It is one of the wonders of travel how bad and how good railway food can be in England and on the Continent.

Conversation is the Sauce of Food

I am not speaking of restaurant-car meals, which, considering the circumstances in which they are served, are reasonably good, but of railway station food. In France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland the best cuisine in a small, and sometimes even in a big, town is to be found at the station. The Gare d'Orsay and the Gare de Lyon in Paris are famous for their food. At Nancy, in a land of good-livers, many of them dine at the buffet; and what traveller in Sweden, when the train has stopped for a twenty minutes' luncheon interval, has not appreciated the appetizing collection of hot dishes awaiting him in a refreshment-room which in England would offer nothing but a sandwich and a cup of Bovril?

A party of conscientious food-trailers set off one day on one of the many paths to Rome. We dined with Mère X. at Lyons – she is dead now, but her tradition is carried on. She also had a chicken. We breakfasted at Pascal's in Marseilles, when Sauerwein's southern accent became more pronouncedly of the Midi as he dwelt upon the *bouillabaisse*. We got to Cannes and, confronted with all its avenues of Palace Hotels, its correct air of wealthy snobbery, we said to each other: 'This is hopeless. We shall have to eat everything out of season, cooked as it is now being cooked in the same Paris, London and New York hotels.' Sauerwein, having a delicate digestion, only eats once a day, and takes an interest in that one meal. He went from the Carlton Hotel to ask

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the head of the police if it were possible to eat well in his otherwise admirable town. He left that delighted functionary, dreaming of red ribbon (was not M. Jules Sauerwein Foreign Editor of the *Matin*?), with the essential address in his pocket where—first breath of Italy—*osso buco* was the main dish. No alderman could want more from marrow! But in spite of this success the fashionable Riviera is darkest France from a gastronomical point of view. I don't want to suggest that all hotel food is bad and badly cooked. But by economy's inexorable laws it is bound to be dull. When your restaurant manager has to find the common denominator of half the nations of Europe, he naturally saves himself a lot of trouble and his shareholders a lot of money by sticking firmly to 'tried favourites,' which are all very well in their way, but which fail to satisfy an adventurous appetite.

At Nice, where the Italian begins to predominate, there is more conflict and therefore more individuality. There is a little cellar with a sanded floor, down in the dirty old town near the markets, where food is all it can be desired. Don't let the spectacle of mongrel cats and dogs fighting over the hideous refuse of dustbins deter you. Pass through the kitchen, lift up the various lids and make your choice. Drink Bellet and, if you have it in you, contribute to the cheerful jollity which always prevails.



Between Nice and Monte Carlo the country, gastronomically speaking, is dull, unless you make a leg towards St. Jean-Cap Ferrat to Caramello's, whose pancakes are patronized by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. The 'Reservoir' at Beaulieu is sophisticated, but worth the money to those who have it.

Monte Carlo is the last kitchen sink. There is nothing worth eating in the whole Monégasque Principality which you cannot get as well and much cheaper elsewhere. On to Italy. As you gradually approach the Italian frontier a subtle difference in food becomes noticeable. The first difference is due to butter giving way to oil; then you get the 'paste' *motif* repeated louder and louder with the first premonitory bleatings of the calf. Veal

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becomes violently pervading. I have always felt that the first foster-mother of the first Romans was not a wolf, but a precociously motherly calf. Italian veal is much loved by the gods, for, to judge by the beef, it dies young in quantities. Lamb, on the contrary, seems to be stillborn, or jumps from the womb in muttonly maturity. I may be a sinful man from whom the light is hidden, but I do not want to eat meat in Italy. A good *pavesa* or *minestrone* I'll take with any man. I am also to be found among the devout when a 'paste' is really freshly and properly made.

Italians cook their fish well, and a dish of newly caught sardines or young mullet crisply fried in batter should convince most men that all Mediterranean fish are not lacking in savour or the taste of the sea. You would have to travel far to get a better meal than that which opens, on the pavement outside Alfredo's in Rome, with tingling anchovies and crunching radishes leading up to the ribboned beauty of a piled-up plate of *fettuccine*. There are other places in Rome and about it. There is the inevitable Armenonville, Hasselbacken or Eaux Vives on the Pincio, where you get classic food and a classic view over the city. There is a 'grill' opposite the Grand Hotel which is all that a grill should be, and most of the hotel food has enough nationality about it to redeem it from complete banality.

Germany has many sins fastened upon her, but I will maintain that her food and cookery do not merit the contemptuous scorn poured upon it by French nationalist 'chefs' who, indeed, are placed in a very awkward predicament now that Alsace and Lorraine have re-entered the fold with their *sauerkraut*, sausages and hams, of unquestionably German inspiration. These may be barbarian, but I confess that it is with wonder that I hear the same Frenchmen waxing sarcastic at the expense of pork-fed Germans who become lyric over the elegant beauties of a *charcuterie* shop window, with its tasteful display of every part of the pig, from its head to its trotters, with its white and black pork *boudins*, its *rillettes* and *rillons* and its *andouilles* and *cervelas*, all of which become revolting when clad in German. Moreover, let

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no one imagine that German skill and appetite are exclusively devoted to pork. The German 'fine taster' has as much appreciation of delicacy of flavour as most other peoples, and it is not entirely due to the melody of its German name *forelle* that trout form part of the stock-in-trade of every sentimental German landscape poet. Germany has a well-stocked natural larder of trout, and, although Scottish salmon stand pre-eminent, those of the Rhine are not to be despised. Venison and birds abound in great variety, and there are few villages of any size, save in the desolate parts of East Prussia and the darkest towns of the black country, where you will not get a meal simply and sincerely prepared. Where good drink grows and good drink goes, there will you get good food.

Belgium is a striking proof of the truth of this statement. The country itself produces no wine. It brews a variety of beers, ranging from the thin vinegariness of the greenish ale of Louvain to the mellow potency of brown Lambic. This beer has its appropriate cookery of hashes, stews and joints, its *carbonades* and Flemish beef. The whole Flemish school of painting is there to show the content of those thus dieted. But for many years before the war the best bottles from Bordeaux and from Burgundy lined the cellars of prosperous Belgian merchants. Good wine needs no bush, but it does clamour for a good chef. M. Mourier, who, in addition to controlling half a dozen world-famed restaurants in Paris, was also responsible for State Presidential Banquets at the Elysée, used to say that the finest compliment ever paid to his cooking came from the lips of King Edward, who, towards the end of a meal, put his wineglass down and said to his hostess, Madame Fallières: 'Madame, this Yquem is exquisite.' Yquem, certainly the King of Bordeaux, required a great chef's cunning to bring the palate by a succession of artfully devised tastes into a state fit to appreciate all its generous sunshine. In Belgium they also have cooks worthy of their wines, and around the old grey and gold Grande Place of Brussels, in streets and buildings as tortuous and crooked as any of Hogarth, there is one house after an-

other where food and drink combine in perfect gastronomic unity.

One meal a day keeps the grocer away

Belgium, although a country of good trenchermen, curiously has but little nationality in her dishes. Walloons and Flemish between them represent the lighter and the heavier side of food, Walloon specialties reflecting Latin frivolity in one or two specially aromatic sweet dishes such as pastries and macaroons, while the Flemish go in for more serious matters to do with joints and vegetables. It forms in a culinary way an agreeable half-way house between the stolidity of the Teuton and the vivacity of the French.

England has perhaps had more fine chefs than is at present the case, but her public eating-places are as a rule not remarkable. The scourge of the can has been terribly felt, and in country inns, where only twenty years ago you could dine naturally and well, your meal will now come from a refrigerator, your fruit, your jelly or your custard from a tin or a powder. Innkeepers, who might have expected to be saved by the increased road traffic of the motor-car, have been ruined by it—at any rate artistically. Folk with forty-five horse-power champing outside wish to hurry on, for by the irony of logic the very machine which has diminished space seems also to have lessened time. And you cannot get a luncheon or a dinner reasonably served without patience. To my mind there is nothing more pleasant than an arrival at eventide in some small country place where, after a little friendly consultation with the landlord, you order a meal and relax your muscles and your mind with a stroll to the bridge or market-place while your food is cooking, your wine is being *chambré* or refreshed as it may require, and the innkeeper and his servants are busied in their respective spheres in protecting you against a bad dinner and a comfortless night. Many a time, thanks to some fortunate accident upon those great roads of France which break your heart with their length and straight monotony, I have had to waken a

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small innkeeper in search of food. The response in nearly every case was that there was nothing to eat. 'Oh yes, we've got some soup we can warm up, if that will do.' 'What about eggs?' 'Yes, an omelette could make itself. How would Monsieur like it, *fines herbes* or *au lard*?' All this without enthusiasm, and yet the betting is about 50 to 1 on your sitting down to an excellent thick vegetable soup, probably leek and potato, an admirable omelette stippled with crisply fried dice of bacon, good rough bread, country butter and some home-made cheese. In England, alas and alack! you would first of all fail to awaken your landlord if it were 'after hours,' and then he would readily declare that he would give you some cold mutton, tinned peaches and that stickphast preparation which passes by the name of custard. There is a world of difference between supping and having some supper. 'The Original,' Mr. Thomas Walker, who was a London police magistrate in his spare time, but otherwise devoted his talents to food, once expressed the thought that if Parliament would only grant him £10,000 a year for gastronomic enlightenment he would 'promote trade and increase the revenue more than any hugger-mugger measure ever devised.'

There can be no quarrel with English cookery *per se*. That genius of the casserole, Louis Eustache Ude, who tickled the palates and the ribs of Royalty and nobility in England with his science and his sense of fun, ventured to affirm that cookery in England, 'when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world.' Our principles are unassailable. Broadly speaking, we want our meat, our fish, our birds and vegetables to retain their natural flavour and give forth their natural juices without other assistance than that of heat applied in the most natural manner by grilling, roasting or boiling. It is little realized how Puritan we have become in these matters. We still allow mint sauce with lamb and sage in stuffing, and forget a whole period in our history when spices were prodigally used in dishes, when their presence to-day would betray the hand of a garlic-loving foreigner. Their very names sing as sweet sonnets. Wild thyme, sweet marjoram

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and coriander are naturally Hygeia's laughing servants, while bay, laurel, cinnamon, sweet basil and cloves are among her grave attendants.

We admit apple sauce with pork, red-currant jelly with mutton and hare, orange with duck, but how many people in England have enjoyed muscatel grapes with a sole, apricots with their mutton cutlets, plums with their venison? What seems to be more than ever necessary in English cooking is a little urge of curiosity. We should feed adventurously, go questing on the bypaths of the food trail, and be prepared, like all true philosophers, to try everything once, if not twice, before condemning it.

London has its new chair of dietetics. It is to be hoped that candidates for the post will be obliged to cook a meal for the selection board. Proper appreciation of the flesh, bone, brain and heat-forming qualities of food is naturally essential, but let no man of science imagine that man or woman will cook on calories alone. Nearly all American and German cookery-books and a good many English start out with an analysis of our various forms of food. Some go into intimate details and give diagrams illustrating what I may call the internal food trail. French writers on cookery, on the other hand, nearly always preface their volume with aphorisms such as preface Brillat-Savarin's immortal book, a poetic quotation or a literary anecdote. Happiness would reign if by some chance endeavour or genius a balance could be struck between those whose enjoyment in food is largely animal or intellectual and those who, denying the pleasures of the flesh-pot, would have us eating for our body's welfare.

When in doubt, it is a safe rule to drink the wine of the country, to eat its food and follow its customs. They have all been tried by the science of experience. An infinite pathos envelops an Englishman who had ordered what he was told were whiting at the 'Albergo Cacciatori' in Alassio. The fish came carefully filleted, brownly grilled, with a faint powder of cheese on top and just a touch of fennel. The Englishman could scarcely believe his eyes, and it took a lot of Italian persuasiveness to convince him

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that these really were the fish he had ordered and that, whatever whiting might do in the North Sea or the Channel, in the Mediterranean they did not habitually swim about breadcrumbed, nor grow with their tails in their mouths. This innate conservatism of the British about their food need be no matter of pride, for it is shared by nearly every other country. Britain has indeed displayed the most indiscriminating hospitality to an army of French and Italian cooks. Most of the enterprising people who run French and Italian restaurants in Soho, and let me add New York, would fail to make their living in their own countries out of the stews and messes with which they destroy loyal subjects of King George and free citizens in America. A somewhat volcanic friend of mine who was once 'chef' in Soho explained his return to the village with a shrug of his shoulders and the remark, 'Those barbarians will eat anything!' Great English families have, in the past at any rate, been able to employ great artists who to get a required teaspoonful of liquid reduce a whole pig, preferably in a vintage champagne. In those days the possession of a French chef, such as Ude, Courroux, Pierre Moret, Crepin, Auguste, Hallinger or Palanque, was necessary both to a nobleman and to a modish club. Here and there in the long list of those cooks of yesteryear there appears some uncompromisingly English name, such as Farmer, Pratt, Dick Wood, George Perkis or Hogswood, but the dominant tone was French.

Our middle class, having been given this example, has decided that French cookery is superlative and it swallows anything with the *à la* label. Most of what they thus consume is an *à la* libel. If they turned their attention to their own cookery, studied their joints, and were free from culinary snobbishness, they would quickly realize that, even with Canterbury lamb, chilled or 'home-killed' beef, bacon and British vegetables and British beer, instead of some chemical compound masquerading as wine, their meals could be infinitely more attractive, more varied and (horrible word) more hygienic than they are. That is if they could escape from the dead hand of Mrs. Beeton, who has probably done more

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to solidify British cookery into joints, suet puddings, plain boiled vegetables and warmed-up hashes than the Devil himself could expect, and he is a cook with a world-wide reputation for grilling, roasting and stewing.

G. J. A.

CHAPTER III

Cook's Tours in the Kitchen

THE Gironde and the Rhine are notable as the homes of good wine and good food. The Danube has a share of both, but from the wine point of view lags behind these two more favoured rivers. Gastronomy, thank goodness, need not accept the political boundaries of the Treaty of Versailles. The boundaries of food and the means of preparing it are laid down by the much more august workings of Divine Providence as displayed in the mysterious manifestations of climate. But they are also subject to the infinitely more mysterious manifestations of economic laws, and few of the old pre-war Austro-Hungarian recipes, with their casual disregard for the price of butter and cream, are to-day in common usage in Vienna or in Budapest.

Vienna's gastronomic glory lies in her bread and her pastry, but has been more widely spread by her *schnitzel*, the tenderly browned, breadcrumbed cutlet of veal adorned with lemon, capers and an anchovy coyly flaunting its pungency on the top of the dish. Many of her *plats* resemble those of Germany, and the dumpling makes a constant appearance in soup and in the place of vegetables with pork.

People are inclined to believe that Central Europe is exclusively populated by Tyrolese who don't want to be Italians, by Tcheko-Slovaks who live on the hyphen, and by Rumanians who want to live anywhere except in Rumania. As a matter of fact, Austria, and particularly Hungary, are also inhabited by various and prolific breeds of game and fish. There is an abounding quantity of venison, and many of our Yorkshire and Scottish birds come from ancient Hungarian stock. The Danube provides excellent carp, sturgeon and salmon trout. The Styrian fowl has no need to fear comparison with that of Surrey or of Bresse, and the York ham has in Prague a very redoubtable opponent. With all this varied raw material in the ordinary household larder, the

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Central European cook has an unusually interesting field for experiment. This may, or may not, explain the use and abuse of the regional seasoning paprika, which is used in nearly every dish as lavishly as Worcester sauce is poured over innocent, straightforward cooking by a livery Indian Colonel.

I once met a Past Master of the Clothworkers of the City of London who discoursed to me of marrows. It took about ten minutes for us to discover that he was talking of real marrow and I only of vegetable marrow. I had not then tasted Austrian marrow dumpling soup, and missed my chance of becoming a Freeman of the City.



‘We dined with Count Herbert Bismarck. At the end of the dinner he produced as a *bonne bouche* a sort of paste, made principally – as far as I could gather – of lard and garlic, of which he spoke with pride as having been made by his mother.’

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



A Lunch in Genoa

‘The hors-d’œuvre are brought on a big platter, each sort keeping quite clear of its neighbour, yet doing its bit towards making a pleasing and vari-coloured mosaic. There are hearts of artichoke and a bit of fish mayonnaise, strips of anchovy, and a sardine or two; big slices of very pink Italian ham and pale cold veal, and some delicious little pickled mushrooms tumbled in for good measure. A soup of countless vegetables, especially tiny tender leaves of young spinach, cooked in rich *consommé*-like stock, is the alternative.

‘A neighbour’s dish is alluring, and one is led to order a mixed fish grill, with broccoli for green stuff, and is delighted, but almost dismayed, by the hot plate piled high with mullet and those little octopus creatures from the Mediterranean, fried in oil to a golden crispness, well drained and piping hot, with a portion of the inevitable and indispensable lemon, fragrant this time with aromatic oil from having ripened on a tree not too far

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away. Brought in at the same time, and dressed at the table, a filled bowl of broccoli. What good dressing: not too much oil, and best of all not too much vinegar, so that the rich flavour of the greens has a piquant background but is not lost in it.

‘Then come veal cutlets “alla Parmigiano,” ordered out of curiosity, which quite justifies the gamble, and turns out to be veal cutlet fried, with a slice of cooked ham placed on it, and over that some Parmesan cheese, the whole grilled until the cheese is melted and a bit brown.

‘A bit of cheese . . . Gorgonzola, or some round white Bra, and what else?’

‘There are crèmes and zablione on the menu, and the buffet discloses pastry, delicious-looking, very rich, high dishes heaped with yellow pears and apples; others with figs and dates . . . one chooses a huge, juicy, reddish orange from Palermo and is content. White Piedmontese wine and crusty Italian bread make it a memorable meal.’



Alexandre Dumas says that the English live only on roast beef and on pudding; the Dutch on baked meat, potatoes and cheese; the Germans on *sauerkraut* and smoked bacon; the Spaniards on chick-pease, chocolate and rancid bacon; and the Italians on macaroni.



Hardcastle gave Young Marlow:

Pig and prune sauce,
Pork Pie,
Boiled Rabbit and Sausages,
Florentine Pudding,
Shaking Pudding and
Taffety Cream.



Black cat stew is a Cantonese delicacy, to be obtained at ‘The Saloon of the Drunken Moon.’

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A Japanese Dinner

Misoshiru, made from a fermented mixture of soy beans, wheat and salt, with a gamy flavour. White sweetened haricot beans mixed with kawatcha (a kind of mushroom grown in the shadows of rocky boulders), lobster pudding, cold omelette and other trifles, called *kuchitori*.

Hachimono; sole stewed in soy, or salmon and lobster garnished with cucumber, shredded fine.

Brown soy-coloured beans and strips of *kikurage*, ear-shaped mushrooms. Boiled rice served in a separate bowl.

Wanmori—meat or fish and vegetables, fresh salmon and a slice of vegetable marrow with pieces of soaked *fu*, a kind of biscuit made from the glutinous part of wheat flour. The gravy is thickened with *kiya*, which is a starchy substance of a climbing plant. Salad of thin slices of cucumber, with scraped shreds of dried bonito, vinegar and sugar, but no oil.

Sliced root of burdock, salted and preserved.

A sweet kind of sake wine with dinner, and afterwards green tea or cherry-flower tea.

Bonito, a Japanese fish, like tunny, of the family of mackerel and found on the coasts of France and Spain, is a great delicacy, most esteemed early in the season. The Japanese poor have been known to pawn clothes to get an early dish of *hatsu gatsus*. At one time when a man had a steak of spring bonito he threw the head and tail in the street in front of his door to advertise he could afford the delicacy.

An earnest and lucid booklet on Manners and Customs of the Japanese People gives a picture, as neat and brilliant as if it were by Teniers, of a domestic meal:

‘As a rule the Japanese live temperate. Like most other nations they have three meals a day, distinguished as morning, midday and evening rice. Much the same food is eaten at all meals, but breakfast is lighter than the other two meals. Rice is the staple food only in the towns. In the country wheat, barley, and especially

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millet, are used. Rice in the country parts is deemed a luxury on high days, or falling only to the lot of the sick or weak old people. But although the peasants do not eat much rice themselves, they devote a great part of their labour to growing it for other people. Yams, sweet potatoes, beans and peas are a good deal cultivated; but the most important vegetables of the Japanese are the egg-plant and long white radishes which, cut into pieces and pickled in salt, are served at almost every meal. The persimmon, of a bright orange yellow, is the commonest fruit; there are also pears, peaches and grapes, but of inferior quality. Almost every animal food is furnished by the sea. They also eat pigs and game, monkeys and bears.

'In taking food, each Japanese has his own separate portion set before him upon a little low tray. Kneeling upon the mats, he drinks the soup from a little lacquered bowl, while the solid food is carried to the mouth by two chopsticks which he holds between the fingers of the right hand. Even a single grain of rice can be lifted up with them. Besides the soup, the little table usually contains a small porcelain bowl heaped up with boiled rice and several little plates with relishes, as fish, radishes, etc. A small teapot with a porcelain saucer serving as a cup is seldom omitted. A servant kneels at a short distance before a pan of boiled rice, ready to replenish the bowls as they are held out to her. A weak infusion of green tea is usually drunk at the end of the meal.

'On festivals the Japanese usually indulge in sake or rice beer. A good deal of sake is consumed in Japan. It is drunk as a rule warm and easily intoxicates. A Japanese when drunk loses good humour and exhibits especially then his dislike to foreigners.

'The wife eats together with the female members of the household in a separate apartment. They do not use the milk of the cow; it is all given to the calf. Butter and cheese are hence wanting.'

Chinese use no butter, milk, cheese, cream or bread, and soy instead of salt. Everything is minced and the dishes are mostly prepared away from the fire - no wonder Chinese cookery finds

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favour with American housewives. The fat used is sesame oil, from sesame seeds.



Arab Food

The Arab is fond of a good dinner, but invitations are rarely given to the Westerner, for it is unclean for the Arab to eat with him.

Sikvay is a stew of sheep's heads filled with forcemeat, braised and served with oil and vinegar.

Qarid. Fish stew chopped in small pieces, gently stewed in butter, balls of minced liver and vegetables thrown in, served with sauce made of vinegar, capers, mustard, rue, caraway and celery. Tongues, livers, roes, or rare and expensive fish are added.

Wast comes immediately after light entrées, such as 'tardynah.'

Sanbusaj is a cross between a ragout and a patty. It consists of fresh meat pounded with a little fat. Add onions, fresh cabbage, rue, cinnamon, coriander, cloves, pepper, caraway, a cupful of broth and Palmyra salt. Stew it until the water evaporates, and make a dish of it to hold the main stew by plastering it with mustard.

There is a form of haggis much eaten in Arabia, called *Herystl*, made of pounded meat, butter, fat of sheep's tails and kidneys, and almonds surrounded by a double wall of pastry, and with gravy in the centre.

Favourite Arab sweets are *luzinyeh* or almond cake, and *qutaiif*, or fritters fried in almond oil and with oil and syrup oozing from them; they are served after a course of sharp cheese, spiced vinegar, red eggs and olives, pickled fish and asparagus in oil.

The beverage is *dushab*, a mixture of date wine and wine-juice syrup.



The almost universal absence of service in America has had a definite effect upon its cookery. A dish to be desirable, widely used, must not be merely good, as in France. It must be easily and quickly prepared. An American woman, settled in France,

still uses an American cook-book, not a French one. Asked why, 'Because the French think a morning well spent in preparing a single dish.'

The 'emergency shelf' is an American institution, because the American woman is usually without help, and may be far from supplies. The 'emergency shelf' provides a repast complete from soup to sweet, in bottles, tins, boxes and other receptacles devoted to the great American art of preserving the perishable.

The American kitchen is quite often one of the most attractive rooms in the house. Its colour-scheme, from linoleum floor to chintz or muslin curtains and woodwork, is always carefully worked out, for usually its mistress spends a great deal of time there. In modest households the dining-room is not used for breakfast, but the 'breakfast-nook' in the kitchen—a built-in table with benches.

§ *Hindu Cookery*

Hindu cookery is divided into six parts:— (1) Eatables made from wheat and pulses and mixed with butter or sugar, or both; (2) Rice, or rice mixed with pulse or fruits, or both, and fish or mutton; (3) Articles eaten by licking; (4) Drinkables; (5) Suckables such as pickles; and (6) Nutritious diet or good living, such as sweetmeats and flesh.

In food, curry is considered the chief dish and that of tur pulse the best. It is either sweet or sour. The split pulse is first cleaned and all stones and rubbish removed. It is then washed and put in boiling water and covered. When the pulse has become soft, turmeric, salt and asafœtida are put into it and well stirred. The sour curry is prepared in the same way, but instead of turmeric, green chillies, coriander plant, ginger, or cumin seed are put into it, and onions added or tamarinds to make it sour, also mangoes, and the whole is washed well with coconut milk.

Snakes and monkeys are eaten by some tribes in India; at least one of them also eats rats. The snakes, minus head and tail, are stewed with spices. The monkeys are curried. There is one kind of monkey which has a white face, that is never eaten because

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popular belief endows it with a soul. Tiger-fat is esteemed a delicacy in some parts of India, 'but,' says Mr. K. Raghunathji, 'by whom is not generally known.'



In New Zealand lives a worm called the Maori-worm. It makes its home in tree-trunks, but from this chosen abode is withdrawn in order to be fried and eaten. It has a nutty flavour, it is said.



Armadillo roasted in the shell is much appreciated in the Argentine.



The Tuscan marshes, famous for their wild boar, also produce an edible tortoise. It is a favourite local dish, fried in oil with garlic and tomato juice, and served with peas cooked in the same liquid.

In this same marsh district, the Tuscan Maremma, snails are highly prized. When taken from the vines they are kept in a pan for three days, each day heavily sprinkled with flour. Then they are well washed in several waters, and rinsed for some time in running water. Onion, garlic, pimentos and tomatoes are fried brown in oil. When they are well coloured the snails are added, with a little stock, and cooked for an hour.



An Alsatian proverb says:

Snails with *sauerkraut* are excellent
For those who love them to eat in Lent.



Roasted locust is still eaten in the Levant and North Africa—probably because where the locust has rested there is nothing but locust to eat.



In the Congo the larvæ of weaver moths, which spin a nest for a score of themselves, are eaten with the nest.

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Ants are eaten and drunk in different parts of the world. Their acidity makes them a useful substitute for lemon-squash in the southern hemisphere. They are mashed to a paste and eaten on buttered bread here and there.



Spitted water-bug is popular in Mexico.



Midge cake is a Central African dainty.



The Adriatic is being stocked with a new kind of sole, of darker flesh and coarser grain than the Atlantic and Mediterranean varieties. It does not taste like sole, although it bears that name, but a little like shad steeped in wine. It is very good cooked in any of the ways known to sole-cookers.



Genoese cookery is all fresh home-made oil, garlic and sweet basil. It is famous for its excellence throughout Italy, but in its native haunts, save where the tourist and the travelling businessman have calmed its transports a little, the abundance of its favourite ingredients is startling. A rabbit stewed with garlic, basil, and olives in oil can be very good, but the true native Genoese does not count it a success unless the oil comes above the rabbit in the dish!



The cooking of Lombardy, amongst that of the various provinces, is, if not the best, the most widely and best known, especially to the foreigner. The many Italian restaurants that flourish in London, Paris and Vienna serve almost exclusively Lombardian dishes. Risotto, cutlet alla Milanese, *osso buco* (literally 'bone with a hole'), *la frittura piccata* (piquant fry) and *fritto misto*, are perhaps better known in foreign countries than in Italy. That is why the prototype of Italian cookery outside Italy is the Lombardian.

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Bear

If ever there should be a raffle at the local Zoo and a bear should fall to your lot, persevere. By the time you have eaten down to his paws you may appreciate them. As an article of food in Europe the animal is not available, save in the East, and even there epicures have found the mastication of this food a bit of a trial and the appearance of that vaunted delicacy, bear's paws, too painful for the enjoyment.

A governor of Croatia and Dalmatia once received from a local Nimrod the two prized hind paws of a bear, and M. Schlei and his chef prepared them with all the cunning of his art, which, when bear's meat is in question, is mainly devoted to disguising its taste. They call for a lot of preparation. You first disinfect them for forty-eight hours in a red wine marinade with plenty of strong spices and aromatic herbs. Then you have to scald them. Then boil them with more taste-concealing herbs. Then grill them, cover them with red pepper, and serve with a knock-out sauce piquante.

If you follow the wise example of the Governor of Dalmatia speaking to the Governor of Croatia, you 'push them through the window,' declaring it is a long time between courses. On this occasion the Governor caused quite a lot of trouble to the police, for bear's paws when properly blanched, marinated and scented, strangely resemble the human foot, and local sleuths had a great time looking for the rest of the dismembered corpse.



Originally a 'Chartreuse' was a vegetarian dish of Lenten foods. The application of the name to a mould in which game or meat was masked by vegetables was a sly dig at the monks by the eighteenth-century French cook, insinuating that their Lenten fare was a good deal better than they allowed it to appear.

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Sausage with Oysters

(*Gascony*)

In Gascony sausages are made with coarsely chopped meat, rather loosely packed. They are eaten hot, and helped down by an occasional fat oyster.



Soups

The hand that rules the ladle rocks the world.

‘Cold Pudding settles one’s Love.’

(*Old English Proverb.*)

CHAPTER IV

Bread and Cakes

¶ *Breadstuffs*

IF anybody wants to understand how humans can have the same features and not look alike, eat the same things and have different tastes, be subject to the same necessities and completely misunderstand one another; if anybody wants to study in little the causes of war, party government, racial characteristics, foreign manners, and the gulf that lies between one man and another; if anybody wants to understand Life, if he can, a little bit better than he does now, let him spend twenty minutes one day outside the window of a Paris bakery and confectionery, and an equal time shortly after outside the opposite number of that shop in London.

A number of conclusions will leap to his eye:

How rich and luscious are the French!

How dry the English!

How terribly ornate is the French character, how appallingly crusty the English!

Buns! The French haven't the sense to like buns!

Éclairs! The English make them like puddings!

How thoroughly reliable and good are the English!

How richly volatile the French!

What wonderful digestions both must have!

They both eat bread. It looks different, tastes different, and cannot be used for the same purposes, save for eating at table with or without butter. French bread won't toast, and English bread is under-salted; the two sides of the Channel scowl at each other for that. French bread grows in sticks and English in lumps. Parliaments have made war for less.

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And when we get to cakes and biscuits the difference is fantastic. I have counted over one hundred kinds of sweet cake or cakelet, stuffed or masked, or both, with rich cream flavouring, in one Paris window, and that was in war-time. I doubt if Buszard's ever equalled that.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the cakes that are mutually unknown in Dover and Calais. One can only group them in classes.

Fruit tartlets exist in both countries. French ones have the pastry a little overflowed with syrup; the English must have the borders perfectly crisp and dry. Jam tartlets hardly exist in France, though lemon-curd and vanilla custard are sometimes found.

The entire range of scones is unknown in France, both sweetened and unsweetened. One or two cosmopolitan tea-shops in Paris have 'muffins' (really Sally Lunn's), but that is an exception. And Yorkshire cakes, baps, tea-scones, and the small sweetened and unsweetened cakes, from soda scones to rock cakes, have never been heard of. Neither have treacle biscuits, jumbles, and the gamut of cakes from sponge to Rich Fruit. There is an article called Ploom Cakk, sold by French grocers, which by its appearance is meant to be a Genoa cake; but why does it taste of liquorice?

It is only since the war that unsweetened biscuits have been obtainable in France. They are now having a wider and wider sale, and even the French are beginning to like something crunchable with their cheese that is less sugared than *petit beurre*. English dry biscuits are unrivalled in Europe.

When we come to the small sweet cakes, verging on pastry, the superiority is all with France. An English coconut bun is to a French coconut mouthful as a sexton is to a ballet-dancer. The *petits fours* of France are unknown to the average English pastry-cook; the superior confectioner does make some painstaking glacé cherries and marzipan biscuits, but he is much better left to his own, rather than to copied, devices. Excluding biscuits, there are seventy-three kinds of cake or pastry, apart from Genoese, Russian or French pastries, on the menu of our A.B.C. restaurants. No

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such restaurants exist in Paris, but if one adds together the three or four cakestuffs of a popular French restaurant and the two or three of the ordinary café, one has plenty of margin for the hundred or so cream and chocolate cakes of the Parisian tea-shop, and plenty of room for philosophizing on the different habits of eating in two countries of the world, in regard to only one department of eating. Multiply breadstuffs by all other foods, France and England by all the countries, and one will not be able to look a rock-cake in the currant or an *éclair* in the cream without falling into reveries deep beyond description.

¶ *Bread*

It is almost impossible to write of Bread without making a book of it. It is even more difficult to write of it usefully, since it is universally the same and universally different. When Scotland Yard describes a gentleman whose presence there is required, the difficulty is one of selection among the British citizens answering to that description; and sometimes honest John Brown, lawyer's clerk, is arrested when Slim Jim, the Racecourse Ripper, is wanted. The description even of their clothes applies to both, although two men more different in appearance could scarcely be found. The human face, like the loaf, has infinite variations too minute to be described. The bread in Alassio tastes different from the bread in the adjacent village of Laigueglia; but it is made in exactly the same way. Only bread made by big firms in bigger factories is always alike.

Bread is eaten in all countries. It was invented by some anonymous pre-Mosaic baker; by Chin-Nong, Emperor of China, twenty-two centuries B.C.; by Ceres, Queen of Sicily, some time later; and, a few years ago, by the *Daily Mail*. This impeccable pedigree has been suitably illustrated by poets and the unknown great who make proverbs. The function of bread is to promote welfare and domestic happiness when present; revolution and violence when absent. Marie Antoinette's 'Why don't they eat cake?' was the most clarifying epitaph that was ever graven on the tombstone of a great chap-

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ter in history, and bread produced it. Bread, in fact, not only is the basic necessity of the most humdrum daily existence, but also is the symbol of every human necessity. Bread is only the staff, but religion is the bread of life. One eats, or should eat, the bread of repentance, and few are unacquainted with the taste of the bread of affliction. Bread and water are so deeply essential to us that even prisoners must have them, and thereby give them a jail taint; eliminating the water and adding the butter, we have the traditional sweet young maiden (in France, having moved on a course or two, and not being on an anti-obesity diet, she is a little white goose); and not only in the highest Sacrament of the Church, but in the sacred ritual of hospitality of the most diverse races and countries, bread plays the chief part. To break bread in a man's house to this day implies a certain relationship **with him**.

There is no man more unwilling to live on bread alone than the Frenchman, whose table has a very wide horizon; but also there is no man more unwilling to live without it. He eats a meal of bread with every meal, the sentences running concurrently. When he is not eating bread he is asking for it, crumbling it, or merely holding it and looking up the table to see if there is plenty more. Sometimes he conducts his conversation with it, as Beecham conducts an orchestra. Never is it safe for an Englishwoman to decide that she has ordered enough bread for any meal at which French people are to be present. There was an English hostess once, giving her first luncheon party in Paris, who learned this lesson when her guest of honour, being offered a long loaf with its end sliced, as in England, took the loaf instead of a slice.

French bread has a world-wide reputation. The average traveller in France only meets with the sort that is narrow and crust-bound and eats crisply; or with the crescent roll, as fat as a profiterer within and as golden without. The household bread, with its softish glazed crust and its liberal holes, was good eating before the war; but the admixtures of second-class cereals allowed since the era of peace-shortages set in have turned it into a dampish, sourish product.

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Signor Mussolini, at Italy's first Bread Day, at the beginning of 1928, celebrated bread in no uncertain terms. One feels that it is presumptuous of other countries to eat bread, but his exhortation, although it has the profoundly practical end of persuading Italians to grow more and import less wheat, has a delightfully lyrical quality that applies to all nations:

'Italians! Love bread, heart of the house, perfume of the table, joy of the domestic hearth. Respect bread, sweat of the brow, labour's pride, poem of sacrifice.

'Honour bread, glory of the fields, fragrance of the earth, feast of life.

'Do not waste bread, the country's wealth, God's kindest gift, the holiest reward of human effort.'

Italian bread resembles English in its texture. In Northern Italy small round loaves are obtainable which are really something like the cottage loaves of home; but the crust is smoother and paler. It can be eaten on the second day with less travail and expenditure of energy than French bread. Belgian bread is delicious. At one time the chauffeurs of cars bringing tourists to the ruins of Ypres made a point of bringing back bread with them, newly baked in one of the few wooden huts that then formed the Grande Place. There was something pleasantly symbolic about bringing back from such a place anything so hopeful, so eloquent of growth instead of destruction.

England has begun to produce different kinds of anti-fat breads based on the Swedish 'hard bread.' So apparently has Sweden: but for export. It is possible to buy in England hard bread made in Sweden which bears very little resemblance to the hard bread eaten there. For one thing, it is not so dark; for another, not so crisp; and, above all, the aniseed flavour is omitted. In Sweden, a country so thinly populated that fresh bread must be home-baked in all the country districts, the hard bread in many thicknesses, from one-sixteenth to half an inch, is eaten with everything, but especially with slim wafers of the chocolate-brown cheese that has been

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buried from ten to a hundred years, over that; veil-thin slices of very fresh pink radish; coarse black pepper and salt to taste.

In addition, the Swedish kitchen abounds in scones and cakes and rolls. Once two English travellers had a breakfast in Norrland which they will not forget, since they took it with the Primrose family and a blameless Squire Thornhill. It was served on a trestle-table under apple-trees. Down its length towers of crisp brown *hårdbrod* of various girth alternated with jugs of foaming new milk; while Olivia and Sophia bore from the house plates of hot brown and white scones, drop-scones, and something so like baps that his native accent sprouted instantaneously from the speech of the Scotsman present; Dr. Primrose surveyed his family and his guests with a radiance of hospitality that no deadlock of language could dim; and 'Moses and the little ones' served all. When Mrs. Primrose came from her oven and smiled down the table at the Doctor, one guest privily poured milk upon the ground to the great son of Auburn.

North America is quite sure that she has invented 'hot breads.' She has a similar delusion about apple-pie, mulligatawny and a few other things. And we do owe her buckwheat and maple syrup. But the necessity, or at least the desirability, of remaining or becoming slim has perhaps changed the amount of certain foods consumed to a greater extent in America than anywhere else. For cakes, pastry of all kinds, hot breads, sweets, candy, have survived all doctor's evidence against them; they could not survive the change in the mode.

Compromises are attempted; bran and wholemeal 'muffins' are now found anywhere and are supposed to be more wholesome, and not fattening. (Muffins in U.S.A. are unsweetened tea-cakes; the term is not confined, as in England, to a particular kind of cake.)

About ten years ago, there came a rage in America for 'French pastry.' Confectioners' windows were crammed with most fantastically coloured and shaped cakes, consisting apparently entirely of puff-paste and immense quantities of whipped cream. Mostly it

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was not whipped cream but white of egg, and these cakes were almost invariably exceedingly bad.

In almost every American home at least one kind of hot bread is served at breakfast, very often at lunch, and even at dinner. These are very varied and really delicious; favourites are cornmeal muffins and corn-cake: almost every mistress has a recipe differing slightly from every other. Many of the southern ones are famous and kept secret.

¶ *Parker House Rolls*

(*Kentucky*)

A standard American hot bread, often served freshly made at the midday meal. They must be begun thirty-six hours before wanted.

At noon of the day before, work two quarts of well-sifted flour into two tablespoonfuls of lard, a little salt. Hollow the centre, pour in a pint of scalded milk, set it in a cool place until night, when to the milk add half a cupful of yeast and half a cupful of sugar. Knead in the morning, and set it to rise. At midday roll it half an inch thick, cut it in squares, folding down the four points into the centre. Place them an inch apart to bake in a hot oven (about ten minutes).

REAL SCOTCH SCONES

Six Recipes from 'Tried Favourites'

¶ *Wheaten Meal Scones*

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful each of soda, cream of tartar, and sugar with 3 teacupfuls of wheaten flour. Rub into this a dessertspoonful of butter or margarine. Then add about a breakfastcupful of buttermilk to make a soft dough. Care must be taken to mix thoroughly until all the flour is absorbed, and it is firm enough to handle without working, after it is on the baking-board. Sprinkle flour on the board, then put half the dough, sprinkle a little flour on top, then gently work with fingers into a round half

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an inch thick and fire on a girdle or in a quick oven for about ten minutes.

¶ *Spiced Scones*

Mix 2 teacupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoonful each of cream of tartar, salt, ground ginger, ground cinnamon, and a dessertspoonful of sugar. Heat a piece of butter the size of a walnut with a tablespoonful of treacle and rub into the flour. Mix well, and then add a little buttermilk to make a soft dough. Care must be taken to mix it thoroughly until all the flour is absorbed and firm enough to work on the board. Gently work into a round half an inch thick, taking half the dough at a time. This quantity will make eight scones in all. The secret of having nice scones is not to toughen the dough after it is on the board. Fire on a moderately heated girdle.

¶ *Cream Scones*

Rub an ounce of butter in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, a pinch of salt, a small teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat one egg and a small quantity of fresh cream sufficient to mix to a stiffish dough. Roll out once only on the board and handle as little as possible. Prick the dough well over before cutting into shapes. Bake on a floured tin in a quick oven. After being cooked, cut a tiny slit at side and slip in a bit of fresh butter.

¶ *Oat Cakes*

Mix $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of fine meal, 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 3 oz. of lard or dripping with hot water and roll quickly out. Care should be taken not to have the dough too dry. Sprinkle the bake-board well with meal, and also the dough. Cut either square or round. Bake in a quick oven.

¶ *Scones*

Rub 2 oz. butter into 1 lb. flour, then add 2 oz. sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cream of tartar. Dissolve $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. bicarbonate of soda in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of

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sweet milk, or preferably buttermilk, cold, and mix all in a basin to a stiff dough. Roll it out about an inch thick and cut into the needed size and bake in a moderate oven about fifteen minutes, or on a girdle, and serve hot. When required for breakfast, the sugar is often omitted. Care should be taken to roll them on the slab as little as possible.

¶ *Indian Wheat Bread*

(*K. Raghunathji*)

The wheat flour is well rubbed with butter, pouring cold water into it, kneaded. The dough is made into balls and the balls rolled on a round wooden table with a rolling-pin and rolled into a sort of thick bread as big as the palm of a man's hand. Butter is rubbed to it and wheat or rice flour sprinkled. It is then folded and again butter and flour applied, and then rolled into the usual size of a bread. Butter is rubbed on the upper side, it is taken gently on the palm of the right hand, and laid on the frying-pan on the side on which butter is rubbed. When baked the upper side is rubbed with butter and again put on the frying-pan upside down. It is then removed from the pan and folded so as to make four pieces and placed on a plate. Cakes made in this way taste well when eaten fresh. Excepting the Pardeshis, Banyas and well-to-do people, this bread is eaten by no other people below the Ghauts. It is eaten by the rich with sugared and spiced milk or a mixture of butter and sugar, pulse curry, semolina, to which is added butter and fish or mutton curry. Bread generally lasts for a week if well baked, and is eaten by all Hindus with milk and sugar, sugar and butter, butter and pulse, with simple pulse or butter, or with pulse butter and sugar mixed together, but not with sugar alone.

¶ *Brown Scones*

Mix well together $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. wholemeal flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking-powder, 1 oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt. Add sufficient buttermilk to make a rather soft dough. Work a little on a board. The meal should be

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drier than the white flour, as it requires more room to swell. Roll it out and cut in shapes. Bake them on a floured tin, say, half an hour. To test if done, put the finger on the largest one and it should feel firm.

§ *Yorkshire Buttermilk Bread*

Mix $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. moist sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. lard, 1 lb. raisins, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mixed peel, and a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little buttermilk to a stiff paste; then loosen it with more buttermilk, and bake it in a moderate oven from two to three hours in four loaves.

WHOLE CAKES

§ *Gingerbread and Pain d'Épice*

It is hard on gingerbread that its name should be associated with false display and empty seemings; for there does not exist in the world a product more essentially dependent for its success upon good material conscientiously blended and patiently tended. In fact, it is this very goodness and solidity which have brought about its proverbial character; it was only because gingerbread is good and true to its last crumb, solid, rich, nourishing, that it was at once in demand, and at the same time could be formed into castles, 'Turks' heads, babies, churches, and what not; gilded, decorated and adorned with a thousand fancies that made a gingerbread fairing a gay as well as a satisfying gift.

The trouble lay with the adornings; and the disillusionment of The Day After, the wretchedness of Ichabod, the humdrummitude of Monday morning, are crystallized in the sad old saying: 'The gilt is off the gingerbread.' It is consoling to reflect that by tea-time a healthy appetite will rejoice that the cake is still there to be enjoyed.

Mankind needs a festive bread, and it is known that such a dainty was invented very shortly after bread itself. Experiments with spiced flours were bound to follow on the discovery of baking,

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and the poor of Rome were offering honey-bread to the gods in very early times. It was an appropriate sacrifice, containing all the necessary elements of life, and the extra sweetness and savour which dignify necessity. It was thus, and remains, typical of the human need to be fed and the human wish to be pleased; the outward adornment representing in due course the delight of the human eye in being titillated by glitter extraneous to the purpose of the object adorned.

English gingerbread used to be eaten by all classes, long after sack and mead had been replaced by less sweet drinks. Nowadays it is children's food, though in country places good housewives still bake ginger breads and cakes and biscuits. Its elaborate adornment is very rarely seen, even at fairs: fairs themselves are going where the maypoles have gone, but they and gingerbread will die together as they have lived; and the spirit of the latter is still so firmly implanted among us that there is in England no grocery, however American, no Club, however Pall Mall, that does not still keep, and on demand produce, those Ginger Nuts or Ginger Biscuits which the conventional and the tooth-whole crack loudly, but which the wise, the experienced, the real ginger-hound, the secret ginger-tippler, keep behind the ice-pail on the sideboard for two days before eating. Only then have they acquired that velvet richness, softness and silence which form their glory.

¶ *Pain d'Épice*

French honey-cake has an outward resemblance to gingerbread, but its cold heart is virgin of ginger, which the French will not touch, and treacle, of which they are ignorant. On the other hand, when made with rich dark honey it has an admirable taste of its own, which is often obscured by too many spices that neutralize each other, by slabs of almond, and even by the alien presence of cherries. Not thus was made the *pain d'épice* that Marguerite de Valois loved, that Louis XIV brought back into fashion, that was served ceremonially on great occasions for centuries in France, and that played its part in history as the reputed vehicle of the poison

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that killed Agnès Sorel. The *nonnettes* of Reims prolong to this day a renown earned by the city centuries ago. At the end of the fifteenth century Rémois *pain d'épice* played in French society the part filled now by Paris chocolate as a luxurious gift. The original recipe, with much other culinary lore, was part of the plunder the Crusaders brought to Europe from Asia. The mixture of honey, rye flour, spice and eggs, was almost certainly reinforced with ginger at the beginning; England alone has kept the ginger, and replaced honey by treacle.

To enjoy *pain d'épice* to-day go to a village grocery or a fair anywhere in France; avoid the loaves hygienically done up in transparent paper, and attend only to the stacks of fragrant brown. Choose a dark one that has no interpolated fruits, nuts or other 'improvements,' and that has the least-glazed outside. Cut slices about an eighth of an inch thick, paring the outside off very thinly, butter them with the freshest butter, press two together, place these sandwiches in an air-proof tin; three days later give lunch a miss, and about four o'clock open that tin and deal with the sublime contents with a grateful heart and an eager other-where.

§ Country Gingerbread

Rub 4 oz. of butter into 2 lb. of flour, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 2 oz. ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ground caraway seeds, then mix to this 2 lb. of treacle and 3 well-whisked eggs and, last of all, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of carbonate of soda dissolved in a small cup of warm water. Stir the whole briskly together, well grease a shallow tin and half fill it only, as the gingerbread should rise and be very light. Put it into a moderate oven and bake for an hour and a half; when cold cut it up into thick squares.

The oven must be very steady, and it is well to line the tin with heavily buttered grease-proof paper and to lay another sheet over the top, as all treacle cakes and puddings are liable to burn outside before they are cooked in the middle.

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¶ *Siennese Gingerbread*

(*Panforte, a Tuscan Specialty*)

Boil 4 lb. of honey with 12 oz. of chopped blanched almonds and walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of chopped candied peel, a little pepper and cinnamon and a pound of grated chocolate. Mix well over the fire, add enough fine rye flour to make a firm paste. Form it into slabs about an inch thick. Put them in the oven for a few minutes to dry. With fine flour and more almonds a richer cake is made that is a great favourite in Tuscany; it is mixed wetter, baked in tins, and served with sugar over it.

¶ *English Jumbles*

Rasp on some lumps of sugar the rinds of 2 lemons; crush it with as much more as will make up 1 lb. of sugar. Mix with it 1 lb. of flour, 4 well-beaten eggs, 1 lb. of treacle, a spoonful of ground ginger and 6 oz. of warm butter.

Pour it very thinly in spoonfuls on a greased tin and bake them in a very slow oven for 20 minutes. The jumbles should be perfectly crisp when dry, and should be shaped round the finger while still warm.

¶ *Honigkuchen*

(*German*)

1 lb. each of honey and flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. almonds pounded coarsely, a dram of pounded cloves, grated peel of a lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of carbonate of soda dissolved in water. Let the honey and butter come to the boil, take off the fire, and in a few minutes stir in the flour and spice by degrees, then the almonds and lastly the soda. Let the mixture stand by in a cool place. In the morning roll it out half an inch thick, cut it into little square cakes, put half an almond in each corner and a slice of peel in the middle and bake in a moderate oven a pale brown.

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¶ *Quick Cake*

This American recipe comes with the endearing remark that it is almost entirely fool-proof.

Beat together for 7 minutes $\frac{1}{3}$ cup soft butter, $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates, stoned and chopped. Bake it in a deep buttered and floured cake-tin for about 40 minutes. If the ingredients are added separately it will not be a success. American butter is salted, so a little salt should be added here.

¶ *Maryland Fruit Cake*

This most courteous cake will keep indefinitely, is good after even ten years or more; but it seldom has a chance to show its prowess in this direction. It is a godsend to dwellers in the country, where motors bring unexpected tea-parties without producing unexpected grocery or bakery vans.

Cream 1 lb. of fine sugar with one of butter, add 12 eggs beaten to a froth, or 6 and a proportionate amount of egg-powder with a little baking-powder beaten up in milk. Sift in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of rosewater, 1 of brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cinnamon, a grated nutmeg, the grated rind of an orange, a pinch of clove.

Roll in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, absorbing it all, 2 lb. each of currants and seeded raisins, 1 lb. finely shredded citron peel, and add them to the batter.

Line a greased pan with oiled paper, pour in the cake and bake it in a moderate oven from 4 to 5 hours.

¶ *Berliner Pfannkuchen*

(*German*)

Stir 3 tablespoonfuls yeast or $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dried yeast into $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of lukewarm milk, mix this with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour and set it to rise. Have 1 lb. of flour warming in another pan, add to this the grated peel of half a lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, almonds blanched and pounded finely, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sifted sugar, a little nutmeg, grated, salt, the yolks of 8 eggs. When the yeast batter has risen, add it to the other in-

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gredients and use lukewarm milk enough to make the whole as thick as light bread-dough. Now add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of warmed butter and beat the mass at least a quarter of an hour, until it is so smooth and light that bubbles appear and it drops from the spoon. Cover and let it partly rise, then slightly work it together again. Take a part of it at a time on the pastry-board, roll it out a bare $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and with a round cutter $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter cut out the cakes. On half of these put a teaspoonful of thick jam, leaving a good $\frac{1}{2}$ inch margin of paste round the preserve. Moisten this round and lay another cake on the top. Press them round, and if spread at all cut them out again. Lay them on a floured tin and set in a warm place to rise, but not too high. Fry in boiling fat a light brown on both sides. When cold, sift sugar, or ice with white of egg, lemon juice and sifted sugar.

¶ *Lemon and Coconut Cake*

(Jamaica)

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of sugar and butter creamed, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk, the juice and grated rind of half a lemon, 2 eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted into the flour. Bake in a shallow square tin and ice with lemon icing.

¶ *A Cake the Spanish Way*

(Old English)

Take 12 eggs and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of the best moist sugar and mill them in a chocolate-mill till they are all of a lather; then add 1 lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pounded almonds, 2 oz. candied orange-peel, 2 oz. citron peel, 4 large spoonfuls of orange water, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cinnamon and a glass of sack or sherry.

It is better when baked in a slow oven.

¶ *American Strawberry Shortcake*

Sift a heaped dessertspoonful of baking-powder into 1 qt. flour; with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, a little salt,

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enough sweet milk (or water), make a soft dough, roll it out about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, place one layer in round baking-pan and spread lightly with butter, upon which sprinkle a little flour; then add another layer of crust, and spread as before, and so on until all dough is used. Bake it about 20 minutes in quick oven, turn it out, and while hot take off the top layer, place it on a dish, spread it plentifully with well-sweetened whole strawberries. Place layer upon layer, treating each one in the same way. To be served hot with cream, or iced. The dough can be made with thick sweet cream instead of the butter and milk, and is sometimes baked in thicker layers and split with a hot, sharp knife.

§ *Walnut Cakes*

(*American Recipe*)

Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of butter to a cream, then add a cupful of white sugar, 2 well-beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk and 2 cupfuls of fine flour mixed with a good teaspoonful of baking-powder; bake in buttered shallow round tins. Whip some cream with a little fine sugar till quite thick. When the cakes are cold, spread the inside of one or two of them, according to number, with the cream, and sprinkle over the cream some finely powdered walnuts, place one on the top of the other and ice with white *glacé* or a fondant icing, ornamenting it with half-walnuts dipped in the icing all round.

§ *Cremona Honey-Cake*

(*Torrone*)

Put into a copper pan 6 lb. of honey over a slow fire and clear it three times with white of egg, beaten up in a little water. Stir the honey well without ceasing, cook until it breaks easily when tested in cold water. Then add 6 lb. of blanched and chopped almonds. Stir well until they are distributed evenly through the honey. Flavour according to taste. This *torrone* takes between six and seven hours to make, as it must be stirred all the time, and be cooked very slowly. It will require more than two arms to enable it to stir all the time without interruption, especially towards the

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end, when the paste has become very firm. Keep it in a dry place.

¶ *Italian Chestnut Cake*

Take 1 lb. of chestnut flour and pass it through a sieve, mix it with a pint of water and a little salt. Pour the water in little by little, reducing it to a floury liquid, into which throw a handful of pine-kernels. Add some chopped nuts, raisins and leaves of rosemary. Mix well. Cover the bottom of a dish with oil, place the mixture in it about 2 inches thick, and sprinkle oil over it as well. Bake it slowly.

This cake is as common as bread in the chestnut districts of Italy, and is sent far afield by wandering pedlars, who are sometimes also itinerant musicians. No fair is complete without its stall of *castagnacci*, for the cakes are, like our gingerbread, the approved sugar-bread of the people. Many of the peasantry make their own chestnut flour, grinding it between two stones by hand.

Chestnut Cake and Pease Cake keep very well; hence the possibility of leisurely travel and road-trade.

¶ *Genoan Pease Cake*

This cake is sent out from Genoa by means of the inhabitants of Lucca, who also carry the chestnut cake into all parts of Italy and neighbouring countries. It is very good, is cut in slices and eaten hot with syrup. It is one of the pleasures of the Italian wayside.

Make a paste with pease-flour and a little water, add a pinch of salt. Pour oil into a copper pan, enough to cover the bottom; throw in the paste, stir it and the oil thoroughly together. Bake in a moderate oven till the cake is golden-brown. Sprinkle pepper over it. To cook it properly the pan should not be more than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high.

¶ *Leeds Cake*

(*An Old Yorkshire Recipe*)

Mix $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter or margarine rubbed into $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour; add $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped almonds, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. ground

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almonds, 1 tablespoonful of baking-powder, nutmeg, a wineglassful of rum and 8 eggs. Bake it in an oven that is sharp at first, steady and moderate afterwards.

§ *Scots Seed Cake*

Take $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of dried and sifted flour, fresh butter washed in rosewater and finely pounded loaf sugar; 6 oz. blanched sweet almonds, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. candied orange-peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. citron, all cut into thin narrow strips; one nutmeg, grated, and a teaspoonful of pounded caraway seeds, 12 eggs, the yolks and whites separately beaten; with the hand beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, and then the eggs gradually, mix in the flour a little at a time, and then the sweetmeats, almonds and spice, and lastly stir in a glass of brandy; butter a cake-tin and pour in the cake so as nearly to fill it; smooth it over the top and strew over it caraway comfits. Bake it in a moderate oven; it must not be moved or turned till nearly done, as shaking it will occasion the sweetmeats to sink to the bottom.

§ *Light Chocolate Cake*

(*A Jewish Recipe*)

Beat the yolks of 6 eggs with a few drops of vanilla, whisk the whites to a stiff froth, drop the yolks slowly into the whites, beating it all the time; then add 6 oz. of sifted sugar, 2 oz. of grated chocolate and 3 or 4 oz. of white flour, and beat the mixture only till all are well mixed. Grease a cake-tin, sprinkle it with raspings, turn the mixture into it, and bake it in a well-heated oven. To cool, turn the cake on to a sieve and stand it on its side.

§ *Scots Christmas Bun*

Mix 4 lb. raisins, stoned, $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, well cleaned and dried, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. almonds blanched, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each candied orange and lemon peel, cut small, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of pounded cloves, Jamaica pepper and ginger. Rub 4 lb. of flour into $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, add a little warm

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water and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint fresh good yeast, work it into a light smooth paste; cut off nearly one-third of the paste, to form the sheet or case, and lay it aside; with the rest work up the fruit, sweetmeats and spices; make it into a round form like a thick cheese. Roll out the sheet of paste, lay the bun in the centre and gather it all round, closing it at the bottom, by wetting the edges of the paste, and cutting it so as to lie quite flat. Turn it up and run a wire or small skewer through from the top to the bottom every here and there, and prick the top with a fork. Double and flour a sheet of oil-proof paper, and lay the bun upon it; bind a piece round the sides, also doubled and floured to keep the bun in a proper shape. Bake it in a moderate oven.

This is the old-fashioned way; nowadays the bun is usually a parallelogram.

¶ *Yorkshire Spice Bread*

Mix 4 lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lard, 2 oz. yeast, 4 eggs, salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of warm milk and water and 2 tablespoonfuls of syrup, into a dough like bread and leave it to rise. Then add 2 lb. of currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. stoned raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mixed peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, 1 lb. sugar, a little cinnamon and nutmeg. Knead it well, and place it in bread-tins to rise again, then bake it in a moderate oven.

¶ *Ligurian Bread*

(Sweet)

Put 1 lb. flour into a basin and make a hole in the middle and put about 2 oz. of yeast steeped in a little tepid water, and form a paste with part of the flour; cover the paste with the rest of the flour, and leave for an hour in a warm place. Then add 3 oz. of butter, the same amount of sugar, the yolks of 3 eggs, a pinch of salt, a little malagga (pulp of grape) and a few pine-kernels. Mix and knead everything together into a firm consistency. Form into a loaf, cut a cross on top, cover it with a cloth and leave it again for not more than an hour. Cook it in a moderate oven until the bread is of a good nut colour.

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SMALL SWEET CAKES

¶ *Eccles Cakes*

Works of reference have remarks to make on the importance of Eccles as a suburb of Manchester, as a town on the Ship Canal, as a producer of thread, gingham and fustian: but who that knows the real glory of the place can forget that the borough is the mother of the real, the godmother of the imitation, Eccles Cakes? These delectable currant turnovers were made by two elderly maiden ladies who little dreamed that they were raising Eccles to the heights of Richmond and Banbury as a cake-making town.

The highest and noblest form of Eccles Cake is a superlative slab of puff-paste slit open, stuffed with currants, put into the oven and eaten hot. All survivors agree that the night they subsequently passed was worth it. A simpler form has the currants mixed with the paste, in the proportion of 4 oz. fruit and the same of sugar to 6 of butter and 1 lb. flour. The paste, mixed with milk, should be fairly stiff. It is rolled out, cut into shapes and cooked in a slow oven.

¶ *Tea Cakes*

(One of Lancashire's many prides)

Make a dough with 1½ lb. flour, ½ lb. each of currants and sugar, 2 oz. grated lemon peel, ½ lb. lard, a teaspoonful of baking-powder dissolved in milk, and 2 beaten eggs. Cook the cakes in an oven quick enough to raise them at once without browning them too much before they are cooked through.

¶ *Maids of Honour*

(Richmond, Surrey)

Beat together the yolks of 7 eggs and ½ lb. powdered sugar; pound not too finely the same quantity of blanched sweet almonds, with a few bitter ones and two tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water; mix in the almonds the last thing, and bake in patty-tins lined with paste.

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¶ *Bread Cheese-cakes* (Derbyshire)

Slice 1 lb. of bread very thinly; pour over it 1 pint boiling sweetened cream, leave it 2 hours. Then beat it up with 8 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter and a grated nutmeg; add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants and a table-spoonful of brandy. Bake in patty-pans or saucer-shaped pastry.

¶ *Raspberry Shortbreads* (A Yorkshire Recipe)

Beat 6 oz. butter to a cream with 3 oz. sugar, add 8 oz. flour and a packet of raspberry blanchmange-powder, and work with the hands until it is perfectly smooth. Make it into a short thick roll and cut it into slices about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Place half a *glacé* cherry or a bit of angelica in centre of each, and bake them in a slow oven until the edges are slightly tinged with brown.

¶ *Leeds Parkin*

Mix 2 lb. medium oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lard or butter. Add 2 lb. of golden syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of milk. Pour into well-greased and flattish tins and bake slowly.

¶ *Sponge Parkin* (Yorkshire)

Rub 2 oz. lard or butter into 2 breakfastcupfuls of flour, add 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, 1 breakfastcupful of sugar, 2 table-spoonfuls of treacle, 1 egg, and a breakfastcupful of milk. Mix well together and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes or half an hour.

¶ *Yorkshire Rock Cakes*

Rub $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter or lard into $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, then mix in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of raisins, 2 oz. candied peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar, and 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat 1 egg with a pinch of salt and add to the dry ingredients, if required, a little milk to make into a stiff dough. Place little pieces of the dough on a well-greased tin and bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes.

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¶ *True Shrewsbury Cakes*

Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter to a fine cream and put in the same weight of flour, 1 egg, 6 oz. of castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of caraway seeds. Mix them into a paste, roll out thinly, cut them round with a small glass, prick them, lay them on sheets of tin and bake them in a slow oven.

¶ *Coconut Cheese-cakes*

(*West Indies*)

Beat 3 eggs with a cupful of milk, a cupful of curd and a cupful of sugar and coconut, grated. Stir over the fire till thickened. Cool, and then put into tartlet cases and bake in a hot oven.

¶ *Palestine Cakes*

(*Jewish*)

Beat 4 oz. of butter with 4 oz. of sugar to a cream, add 2 eggs, previously well beaten, and then stir in lightly 4 oz. of potato-flour and 2 oz. ground almonds. Spread the mixture smoothly on a very well-greased shallow tin and bake in a quick oven for from 10 to 15 minutes. While it is still hot cut it into any shape preferred.

¶ *Jewish Almond Cakes*

Rub $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter into 1 lb. flour, add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. ground almonds and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. castor sugar. Beat 1 or 2 eggs with a little flavouring, lemon essence, and add it to the flour to make a smooth dough. Roll out the paste $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and cut into shapes with a cutter and place them on a baking-sheet. Bake them in a moderate oven from 20 to 30 minutes until a nice brown. Cool them on a sieve.

¶ *Jewish Butter Cakes*

Rub $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter into 1 lb. flour with the tips of the fingers, add 6 oz. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, and a little shredded peel. Beat 1 or 2 eggs separately and stir

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into the flour with a wooden spoon, or knead with the hand until the paste is quite smooth. Roll it out carefully and cut it into shapes and bake them in a moderate oven from 20 to 30 minutes on a flat tin. For a change, some of the peel can be put on the outside of the cakes to decorate.

§ *Jewish Stuffed Monkey*

Make a stiff dough of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. brown sugar, grated lemon-peel and 2 eggs. Line some patty-tins with this pastry and fill with chopped almonds, sliced mixed peel and a lump of butter. Cover with a top of pastry and bake them in a slow oven.

§ *Naples Cakes*

(*Zeppole*)

Bring to the boil 2 glasses of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of Marsala, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of white wine and a little pepper. Sprinkle in $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour and stir until the paste no longer sticks to the bottom of the pan. Put oil on the pastry-board and turn the paste on to it, add 2 eggs and knead well and strongly. Roll it out, cut it into small flat cakes like biscuits, and fry them in olive oil.

§ *Mantuan Wafers*

Make a soft paste of 1 lb. flour, 4 oz. sifted sugar, 5 oz. butter, the rind of a lemon and a little water. Cut it into rounds the thickness of a penny and the size of a small saucer. Put one on the top of another, well floured so as not to stick together.

Meanwhile, blanch and pound up together with a little sugar, 3 oz. sweet almonds and the grated rind of a lemon. Beat well for an hour 6 yolks of eggs with 3 oz. sugar. Sprinkle in some flour slowly and the 6 whites beaten to a froth. Place a little of the mixture on each round. Double them in half and press the edges together, brush over with white of egg, sprinkle with sugar, and bake until a light golden-brown.

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¶ *Sicilian Cannòli e Testa di Turco*

Mix together and knead well $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, 3 oz. sugar, 2 oz. of lard or dripping and 2 eggs. Add a little red wine. Roll out and cut out small ovals about 6 inches long. Wrap the ovals round small skewers, so that the edges meet in a point. Fry them in boiling oil. When the paste has become brown and crisp, dry on blotting-paper, and remove the sticks. For the filling, mix sugar with milk-curd, add some chopped chocolate, some candied peel, also chopped, pistachio nuts, and fill the *cannòli*. This filling can be made with different flavourings and colours. Make a large piece of the *cannòli* paste into the shape of a Turkish cap and fry. Place in the middle the little *cannòli* and pour honey over them.

¶ *Tuscan Easter Cakes*

Put into a basin 1 lb. of flour, in the middle place 2 oz. of yeast, dissolved in a little warm water, knead with this a part of the flour. Cover up and leave for 3 hours. Add 3 eggs and 4 oz. sifted sugar. Knead again with a little more flour, cover with about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour and leave again for 3 hours; then add 16 yolks and 8 whites of eggs and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of white sugar and knead well, adding a little more flour. Let it stand for a little while, then work in 4 oz. of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of aniseed, $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of rosewater, another $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar and a little more flour, so as to obtain a very firm paste.

Form it into shapes, and leave it in a warm place to rise, covered with a cloth. Paint it over with yolk of egg and bake it a golden brown.

This *Schiacciata* is served at Leghorn at Easter.

¶ *Tuscan Honey Cakes*

(*Cupate*)

Mix equal quantities of chopped dried nuts and honey. Let the mixture boil and add a little grated rind of orange and ground aniseed. Cook it a golden brown.

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Make a paste of flour and eggs. Roll it out as thinly as possible, spread the hot mixture between cut-out discs about 2 inches in diameter and bake them for 2 or 3 minutes. Serve them cold.

§ *Carnival Nuts*

(*Castagnole Romagna*)

These little cakes are traditional in the Roman province, especially at Carnival time. In substance, appearance and name they indicate whence we got our doughnuts, which came to us, like so much of our pastry, direct from Italy at the time of the Renaissance. They are lighter than doughnuts, having less flour in them, but the common origin is unmistakable.

Make a firm paste with flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of brandy, a little grated lemon-peel and a little salt. Knead it well and add little by little a small spoonful of olive oil. Roll it out, form it into pieces the size of a chestnut and throw them into newly boiling lard, but let them cook slowly. Sprinkle them with sifted sugar. Butter may be used instead of oil. A variation consists in adding the beaten whites of the eggs when all the other ingredients are mixed.

§ *General Lee's Jelly Cakes*

(*Southern U. S. A.*)

Make a sponge-cake of 10 eggs, 1 lb. of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, grated rind of 1 lemon, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Bake in shallow tins. Beat the whites of 2 eggs very stiff with 1 lb. of powdered sugar, the juice and grated rind of 1 orange and the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Use this as filling for the cakes, placing them in layers.

§ *American Nut Spice Cakes*

Mix together strictly in the following order:— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, yolks of 4 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful clove, $\frac{1}{4}$ nutmeg, grated, 1 cup raisins, seeded and cut in pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of currants,

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$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped English walnuts and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls baking-powder. This quantity makes 2 loaves.

¶ *Cinnamon Toast*

Spread very thin, delicate toast with butter and dredge it thickly with a mixture of sugar and cinnamon.

¶ *Cinnamon Buns*

Philadelphia specializes in cinnamon buns, capons, ice-cream and scrapple.

At noon of the day before the buns are made, mix 1 cup of mashed potato, 1 cup of sugar, 1 yeast-cake melted in a little tepid water. Leave it till night, then add 3 eggs, 1 cup of milk, a teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of butter, and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Next morning add to the mixture enough flour to stiffen dough for handling.

Roll the dough into an oblong $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, cover it with a layer of mixture composed of 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, pounded together, cinnamon to taste. Roll it up, cut it in slices, let it rise again during about half an hour and bake it.

¶ *Cinnamon Walnut Cakes*

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter with 1 cup of sugar (preferably brown), add 2 eggs, well beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of baking-powder, a tablespoon of cinnamon, a powdering of nutmeg, a scant cup of nut meat. Bake it in individual tins.

¶ *Zucker Brezeln*

(German)

Rub $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter into as much flour, add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar, the yolks of 3 eggs and the white of 1; use enough sour cream or milk to make it into a dough. Mould with the hands into little bars about 6 inches long and as thick as the finger. Bend into crescents and brush them over with white of egg, and strew over coarse powdered sugar and finely chopped almond. Bake till a pale colour.

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TEA-CAKES

§ *English Johnny Cake*

The original Johnny Cake, although Americans do not realize it, was an Irish and Scotch girdle-cake of meal, boiling water and salt, baked about an inch thick before or over the fire. In different parts of the English country-side there are still various ways of making it; with semolina, or wheatflour and cornflour, and other mixtures such as this:—

Rub 2 oz. butter into 2 teaspoonfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt. Add 1 teacupful sugar and a teacupful of polenta, one egg slightly beaten, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teacupfuls of milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavouring. Pour it into a greased dripping-tin and bake it about 20 minutes at the top of a rather hot oven.

§ *Yorkshire Tea-cakes*

(*A tested favourite*)

Mix 1 lb. flour and 2 oz. currants with a pinch of salt. Rub in lightly 2 oz. lard and mix in 2 oz. castor sugar. Cream together 1 oz. yeast and a teaspoonful castor sugar. Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk warm and mix it with a well-beaten egg. Pour this and the creamed yeast in a hole in the centre of the flour. Leave it in a warm place to rise for 20 minutes. Now beat in all the flour round it and leave it to rise in a warm place for one hour. Form into tea-cakes. Place them on a baking-tin, leave them for 20 minutes, and bake them in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

§ *Stamp and Go*

(*Jamaica*)

These are rough cakes made with rather more cornmeal than flour, a little butter and lard. The mixture when boiled must be very thick. When cold, shape it into cakes. The country people when travelling stop at the wayside shops and buy them with slices of bread. They are very substantial.

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§ *Blackburn Cracknels*

Crush 1 oz. of Volatile Salts to a powder and put them into a basin; make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk just warm and pour it over the salts; allow all to stand while preparing the other ingredients. Rub 4 oz. lard and 1 teaspoonful of salt into 1 lb. flour, add the milk and mix well. Take about an ounce of the paste, roll it $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, cut it into a round with a large cutter or pan-lid, put it on a greased baking-sheet, pricked with a fork, and bake at the top of a hot oven 7 minutes. Always work the scraps from one cake into the next, as they become very stiff and difficult to roll out if allowed to stand.

These may be made richer with the addition of 2 oz. more of lard.

§ *North Country Pikelets*

Whisk 6 eggs and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of milk well together and mix it slowly into a smooth batter with 2 lb. flour. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. bicarbonate of soda, 2 oz. fine sugar, and, if liked, the same of dissolved butter. Lay this batter in spoonfuls on the frying-pan or griddle, leaving room for each to spread. When they are set, turn them over to brown on the other side.

§ *Isle of Wight Doughnuts*

Work smoothly together with the fingers 4 oz. of good lard, 4 lb. of flour, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fine brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of allspice, 1 dram of pounded cinnamon, half as much of cloves, 2 large blades of mace beaten to a powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast which has been watered for one night, and should be solid, and as much new milk as will make the whole into a rather firm dough. Let this stand for one hour, or an hour and a half, near a fire, knead it well and make it into balls the size of a small apple, prod them with the thumb, put a few currants in the middle, enclose them well, and throw the doughnuts into a saucepan half filled with boiling lard. When they are equally coloured, lift them out and dry them near a fire on a sieve. When

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they are made in large quantities, as they were in certain seasons on the island, they are drained upon very clean straw.

The lard should boil only just before they are dropped in, or the outsides will be scorched before the insides are done.

¶ *Cape Crullers*

(*Oblietjes*)

Mix 2 lb. flour, 5 eggs well beaten, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, a cup of sherry and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon into a dough and work it into balls the size of a walnut; fry them quickly one at a time, roll each as it comes out of the pan. Two people should make them, one to bake and one to roll them.

¶ *Aberdeen Crullers*

Beat to a cream $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fresh butter and mix with it the same quantity of pounded and sifted loaf sugar and 4 well-beaten eggs; add flour till thick enough to roll out. Cut the paste into oblong pieces about four or five inches in length; with a paste-cutter, divide the centre into three or four strips, wet the edges and plait one bar over the other, so as to meet in the centre; throw them into boiling lard or clarified suet; when fried a little brown, drain them before the fire and serve in a napkin, with or without grated loaf sugar strewed over them.

¶ *Barm Brack*

To 3 lb. of dried flour allow 1 lb. each of fresh butter and brown sugar, 2 oz. caraway seeds, 8 well-beaten eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls fresh yeast and some grated nutmeg. Dissolve the butter in a pint of milk, so as to make the whole into a dough not very stiff; work it well, cover it with a cloth and set it before the fire to rise; when well risen, bake it in a buttered tin. When it becomes dry, it may be toasted and eaten with butter.

¶ *Real Irish Potato Cake*

Mash the cold potatoes on a well-floured baking-board. To each pound add a teaspoonful of table salt. Knead into the

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potatoes as much flour as their moisture will absorb. Roll them out quite thin, and cut in circles and diamonds. Have a griddle or frying-pan very hot, and lay the cakes upon it, turning them in about five minutes, or when they show brown patches. Neither water nor milk is needful, nor should dripping be used either in mixing or in cooking them. The pan must be perfectly dry and very hot, and shaken over the fire to prevent burning.

The way to eat them is almost as potent a reason as their economy for their exclusion from polite tea-parties. They must be served so hot that a piece of cold butter placed between two of them begins to run out before there is time to eat them. The real way, of course, is to have them in the kitchen, straight from the pan, at an honest-to-God kitchen table scrubbed to snow-colour, with a tower of golden Irish half-salted butter whose pet name is Cut-and-Come-Again Primrose, and hot plates large enough to catch the butter drip from extended chins. Drawing-room editions of this fine work are feeble things.

§ *Beaten Biscuits*

Make into a stiff dough with sweet milk 1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt and a large tablespoonful of lard or butter. Beat them for half an hour before baking. If not able to beat more than 5 minutes, 1 teaspoonful of soda and 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar should be added.

§ *American Hot Biscuits*

Take 3 large cupfuls of flour and 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder. Moisten it with water, knead and roll it out thin, cut out with a tumbler and bake for 20 minutes. Serve with butter.

CHAPTER V

Cheese and Curds

¶ *Cheese and Curd*

NURSERY rhymes occasionally give us hints of regional cookery. We can learn from the statement in regard to little Jack Horner, not only that his ego was in a charmingly satisfied condition, but that in his day plum-pie, rather than mince-pie, was the Christmas dainty. And Miss Muffet's supper, much preferable to that of Wordsworth's unspeakably stupid infant, which apparently consisted of a porringer, was curds and whey. Junket, perhaps, with Devonshire cream on it, a faint dusting of nutmeg and not too much sugar. No wonder the spider sat down beside her.

Or possibly it was merely milk left to set in a shallow dish, and then very plentifully sugared, for a lady of Miss Muffet's age, who could not have yet learned the charm of dusting it with rather coarsely-milled pepper.

It could not have been Yorkshire curd, which had been building Yorkshiremen for some centuries before Yorkshire heard of Yaourt and Dr. Metchnikoff, for the mention of whey is against this supposition, Yaourt pandering in its close white to the fastidious, who cannot bear the greenish look of the *petit-lait* or buttermilk.

Curds are found in primitive cookery from China round the world, and of course especially in pastoral countries, where sour milk exists in plenty, and becomes so much a necessity that methods of curdling sweet milk are invented. Sisera's last meal was of curds, probably of goat's milk.

The Balkans are more noted for its use than any other country, and Hungarian Gulyás is based on it. But it plays a part in the cookery of almost every national school save the French, who will eat it as cheese, but in no earlier shape. Yaourt is obtainable in a good many French restaurants, but only as a foreign product which is cheap and nourishing.

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Spanish mixed stews, including fresh meat, ham, fish and vegetables, in their composition find sour milk an admirable blender. Germany regards sour milk as an asset rather than as an accident. In America its uses are not misunderstood; witness recipes from far South Dakota. Smetana, the Russian sour cream, is sold in any town which has a Russian dairy.

From curd to cream cheese is but a step; and thence to full cheese.

The Swedes eat cheese with their *hors-d'œuvre*; the Italians with their soup; the French in a *soufflé* before the meat and with bread before the sweet; the English after the pudding, either plain as a savoury, or at a wayside inn, on long walks, with thick bread and strong, flattish draught ale; and there is no strong silent man in the world, nor even on the film, who needs control more than will the Englishman who has rashly asked for butter at that inn, and been served with a substance whose taste is as bright as a college blazer. Rancid butter is but tender young cheese that took the wrong turning. Cheese is but well-bred butter, well-married and free to cut capers if it chooses.

The Americans export their Cheddar, which they disdain, and import their Roquefort, which they never receive in good condition. They call their Cheddar 'rarebit food'—as though a rarebit can be made with any old kind of cheese! Let Gloucester hear of this and there will be trouble. The best double-Gloucester, the strongest local ale, the most carefully made toast, are essential to a good rarebit; but carelessness in this respect, plus cigarettes between courses, has led a happy-go-lucky Anglo-Saxondom into accepting the pale smooth mass, upon a toughened bread, which is served to the hardy British customer by hardened Italian restaurant-keepers in London and the provinces.

There are people who put potato in their rarebits. The result is perfectly eatable and pleasing; but of course it is not rarebit.

The original Welsh rarebit was a slice of the cheese, made only in Wales, of cow's and sheep's milk, toasted till it threatened to melt and laid on thin, crisp toast, buttered but not sodden,

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and eaten very hot. The melting of the cheese into ale came later.

In their use of cheese England and Italy once again show a fundamental likeness, and France once again stands out in a place of her own. The French use scraped Gruyère in their cookery, the Italians and English powdered Parmesan. The difference in consistence between the two is very great. The Gruyère melts into lumps, the Parmesan into fine threads. The numerous English hard cheeses have produced an admirable cheese chapter in her national cookery-book, but the housewife will do well to put different sorts of cheese into her successive cheese-dishes throughout the week.

She will also do well, anywhere out of Italy, to buy her Parmesan ready powdered in bottles, or to have it sent to her from friends there. The Parmesan sold by the average import grocer is apt to be of bad quality. The bottled Parmesan can be rendered every whit as good as the fresh by rubbing it in grease-proof paper in a very little butter before using it.

Cold cheese does not rank as cookery, although its use is regional enough. Its forms can be best studied in Sweden, where the whitest new-formed cheese from yesterday's milk neighbours on the table with a chocolate-coloured tablet that is cheese which has been buried for a hundred years. In France the 'made cheeses' are her glories – Brie and Pont l'Évêque and a hundred local cheeses which the happy traveller discovers for himself. The inventor of Camembert cheese, a farmer's wife, now has her statue in her native town. If all statuary had subjects as worthy of remembrance, the sculpture galleries of the world would have more visitors. Madame Harel is shown in the Normandy lace cap, gold cross, fine fichu and apron, over a plain stuff gown, and sabots, with on her hip the copper cheese-vat called 'the drake,' which first had the honour of giving Camembert to the world in the hamlet called 'Villedieu-les-Poêles.' Blessings upon Godtown-the-Frypans, christened in a happy day.

In Hungary, Russia and the other curd countries, when one

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wants to be thoroughly greedy one orders cream cheese, which will be brought in splendour whose rays are nicely disposed deposits of butter, caraway seed, paprika, chopped onions, chopped gherkin, capers and made mustard. Having looked at this, and, let us hope, praised God, one makes it all into a lordly mush, and with crusty bread crowned with fine butter, one eats, sapiently saving the horn of the bread with which to collect all save the pattern from the surface of the plate.

Edam does still make cheese, but I am assured that when a 'Dutch Cheese' is particularly well-flavoured it is sure to have been manufactured in Whitechapel. This seems pre-eminently one of those statements which are best left unplumbed, lest investigation lead to life-long dislike of a cheese which, in spite of its domestic nature, is not without subtlety when properly handled. That extra flavour, in conjunction with what we know of the variegated fragrance of our immigrants (on whom be the peace that passeth the quota), recalls the sapient advice of one who had lived long upon the Californian slopes: 'Always have a Chinese cook; and never go into the kitchen.'

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¶ *Kentish Cheese*

Slice 2 lb. English onions in a deep baking-dish and sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Then slice over the onions 6 oz. to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cheese, taking care to cover up all the top of the onions. Put dots of butter on the cheese and bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a brisk oven. Serve it very hot.

¶ *Cheese Pudding*

(*Welsh*)

Toast and butter 2 slices of bread, put them at the bottom of a dish; lay on them $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Cheddar or Gloucester cheese, cut in very thin slices, with salt and pepper; add 2 more slices of buttered toast and another $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cheese. Pour over this 1 pint of hot milk, let it stand 20 minutes, then bake it for another 20 in a moderate oven.

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¶ *Cheese and Polenta Fritters*

(Piedmont)

This is a family dish in Piedmont. Make a paste with 1 quart milk and 8 oz. maize-flour, heat it, then salt it, bring it to the boil, and pour it boiling on to the pastry-board. Dip a knife into boiling water, and spread the mixture out to the thickness of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, cut discs with a wineglass, place two together, knead and squeeze a little, put in the middle of each a slice of cheese. Beat up two eggs, egg and breadcrumb the discs. Fry them in boiling oil and serve hot.

¶ *Skewered Cheese*

(South Italy)

Mozarelle cheese is a specialty of Southern Italy. Cut the cheese in slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square; cut bread the same size.

Put the bread alternately with the cheese on skewers (several pieces), finish with the bread. Pour hot milk or stock over them, and after ten minutes egg and breadcrumb and fry them.

¶ *Sicilian Cheese-Biscuit*

(Torta di Fave)

Make a paste of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, 8 eggs, 2 oz. of sugar and a little grated cheese. Make a flat cake. Fry it brown on both sides.

¶ *Pimento Cheese Salad*

(U.S.A.)

Wash pimentos and dry them. Cut off the tops of pimentos and fill them with cream cheese chopped with the tops of the pimentos. Serve them in lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise, and crisp salt biscuits.

¶ *A French Cheese Savoury*

(Croque-Monsieur. Marcel Boulestin's Recipe)

This is classed as a *petite entrée* in *Grands et Petits Plats*, but undoubtedly its success as a savoury in England would be uncontested.

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§ *Croque-Monsieur*

Melt a lump of butter without browning it; add gradually two spoonfuls of flour and a cup of boiling milk. Let it cook fifteen minutes; leave it for ten to cool. Then add 2 eggs, pepper, salt, 4 oz. grated Parmesan and Gruyère mixed. On squares of stale bread lay a slice of lean ham and a spoonful of the cheese mixture. Fry the squares, being careful not to overturn them, in boiling beef-kidney fat. Drain them, drop a dash of cayenne on each, and serve them very hot indeed.

These are exquisite, and a couple of them would make a perfect luncheon.

§ *The Fondue*

Like a garden, a cheese *fondue*, well made, is a lovesome thing, God wot. But nobody agrees as to how it should be made. If one begins to study its nature one finds that one has intruded on a battleground of giants—Dumas, Brillat-Savarin and Victor Tissot all give totally different recipes, and Italian writers in praise of the Piedmontese *fonduta* will have nothing to say to the French recipes. The only sure things are that the Italian must be made with *fontina*, a Piedmontese cheese like Gruyère, but greasier; and that the French should be made with *vacherin*, a form of Gruyère that has all the buttermilk in it. Also, the *fondue* must be extremely hot. There is a restaurant in Paris where it is served on little brasiers, so that it gets hotter and hotter, like Pharamond's tripe.

§ *Dutch Cheese*

(Spain)

Cook a pint of milk with 2½ oz. sugar. Mix 8 oz. flour with the cold milk and stir till it has thickened, then leave it to get cold. Grate 10 oz. Gruyère cheese and beat 12 eggs, yolks and whites separately. Add the cheese to the eggs, then add this to the cold

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mixture. Pour it all into a greased mould and cook it in a *bain-marie* for an hour.

CURD

¶ *Tyre or Curds*

(*India*)

Gently warm some fresh milk, but do not boil it. Throw into it a little piece of stale butter about the size of a French caper and stir the milk thoroughly. Set it aside, carefully covered, in a warm place, and the curds will have formed ready for use after a period of about 12 hours.

¶ *Kerry Buttermilk*

Put 6 quarts of buttermilk into a cheese-cloth, hang it in a cool place and let the whey drip from it for two or three days; when it is rather thick, put it into a basin, sweeten it with pounded loaf sugar, and add a glass of brandy or sweet wine, and as much raspberry jam, or syrup, as will colour and give it an agreeable flavour. Whisk it well together and serve it in a glass dish.

¶ *Cream Cheese Tarts*

In Poitou goats'-milk cheese is used in a favourite sweet—the *tourteau fromagé*. With plenty of sugar and enough milk to make it a smooth cream, it is baked in a good short-crust, and eaten with more sugar. In the Limousin, cream cheese is creamed with butter instead of milk, mixed with flour and baked in a buttered tin. The Alsatian form of the dish has the short-crust beneath, and the cheese has eggs and cream and a little flour in it. Lard and butter are dotted over it before baking.

¶ *Neapolitan Curd Pudding*

Pass through a sieve about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of milk curd, and beat it up well with 4 yolks of eggs. Beat the whites to a froth, with 4 dessertspoonfuls of sifted sugar, a little cinnamon, a little chopped lemon-peel, the grated rind of a lemon and 2 dessertspoonfuls of water. Beat all this mixture together for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour. Butter a mould

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and sprinkle breadcrumbs in it. Pour in the mixture, cover it with more breadcrumbs and dabs of butter. Bake it 30 minutes.

¶ *Cassata*

(*Sicily*)

Make a caramel and add to it 1 lb. of pounded blanched almonds. Knead and work up the paste until it has a dry and firm consistency.

Pass 1½ lb. of sugar twice through a sieve, add flavouring, essence of chocolate, pistachio, lemon, etc., to taste, and 2 lb. curd. Place layers of the almond and the curd paste alternately in a cake-mould. When it is hardened turn it out, place on the top preserved fruit and sugar.

This dish is eaten at all Sicilian Church festivities. At Easter-time a lamb is placed in the middle, at Christmas the 'bambino Jesu.' In the confectioners' shops in Palermo, Trapan, Catania and Messina, workers are employed who are real artists in the work of making sugar figures and *pasta reale*.

¶ *Sour Milk Cake*

(*India*)

Mix well ½ cupful of butter with a cupful of sugar, 2 of flour, a teaspoonful each of salt, ground chocolate, and ¼ teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Dissolve a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a cupful of thick sour milk, and add it to the rest of the ingredients. Pour all in a greased tin and bake at once ¾ hour.

¶ *Curd Tart*

(*Yorkshire*)

Heat 2 quarts of sour milk very slowly (adding a little tartaric acid if the milk has only just turned and is not solid). When the curd has caked, let it cool, then drain it through a hair-sieve; or, preferably, hang it in a fine napkin over the sink till next morning. Beat an egg and its weight in sugar to a white cream with 2 oz. of butter and ½ oz. bicarbonate of soda. Add the curd (it will be

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about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) and a teaspoonful of lemon essence. (If you are in a lemon-growing country the juice of a fresh lemon is better, and will replace the tartaric acid.) Mix in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. currants that have been rubbed clean in a hot dry cloth, or washed and well dried. Line a buttered tin with short-crust, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, before baking; fill it with this mixture, section it with the remains of the paste rolled into strips and twisted, and cook it in a fast oven for 20 minutes.

§ *Curd Pie*

(*Yorkshire*)

If there is a larger quantity of curd, cook it in a deep cake-tin, beating the white of 2 eggs separately to a froth before adding it to the other ingredients, which should have the extra yolk among them. It will be even more delicate if the curds and whites are beaten light with fresh or sour cream and a little nutmeg. The pie will need longer cooking than the tart, but the oven should be sharp when it is first put in: otherwise the pastry and the curd will mingle, instead of setting separately, and the pie will be sodden at the bottom.

§ *Walloon Tarte à la Mackaye*

Fresh white milk-cheese, after having the moisture squeezed out, is mixed with one or two eggs, beaten well, castor sugar, a few currants and a little lemon or vanilla flavouring. This mixture is put into a shallow round tin lined with good pastry (made with butter and oil instead of lard) and baked a golden brown.

Mackaye is Walloon for white milk-cheese and is a favourite Sunday treat round about Liège.

§ *Hattered Kit*

(*The Lowlands*)

Bring 2 quarts of new milk to the boil and pour quickly over 4 quarts of fresh-made buttermilk, after which it must not be stirred; let it remain till cold and firm, then take off the top part, drain it in a hair-sieve, and put it into a shape for half an hour. It is eaten with cream, served in a separate dish.

CHAPTER VI

Dessert

SWEET DISHES

FROM boiled suet pudding with treacle to meringues there is a long way to go—all the way between Rome and the Giant's Causeway, all the distance from a vineyard to a hop-garden; the even longer trail from a sun-hat to the umbrella-stand. English puddings are thought terrible in France and Italy, where meals finish with light sweet wines, and suet is a coarse raw material, never envisaged by the cook as an ingredient till it has been washed and perfumed like a society beauty, and melted down into dripping. And even then it is only to be used for heavy meat dishes. The exquisite pastry of France and Italy is mostly butter and air, the flour being there only to prevent the butter from vanishing. Then the real point of the dish appears, in the shape of fruit or cream, very much sweetened. The *flans* or open tarts of France are delicious; and the *tarie Maison* of a French restaurant lingers long in the memory.

It is only an etymological accident that links the Latin combination of fruit and pastry with the solid English 'tart,' so called because we have become slipshod in the use of words and say tart where we should say pie. This is one cause for the confusion which exists in American minds as to pie. Most New Englanders are convinced that pie is a New England product; a glance into any old English cookery-books would bereave them of that proud illusion.

A pie is a deep collection of fruit or meat, roofed with pastry.

A tart is a layer of fruit or jam or custard spread over pastry, and sometimes with a lattice-work of pastry over it; the dish not more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep.

A covered tart is the shallow dish again, with a flat roof of pastry over its layer of filling.

Pielets and tartlets are respectively deep or shallow pastries not larger in diameter than an ordinary saucer.

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Northern Europe likes hot pastry; Southern Europe prefers it cold. England likes it boiled, and dumplings of suet-paste are found on the western shores of the Continent, but steak and kidney pudding, apple pudding, and their variants are entirely English.

Especially in the presentation of desserts, Americans are a little child-like in taking a great deal of time and trouble to decorate. Cake icings made at home will be as elaborate in tints and shapes as at the confectioner's. A salad ready for the table, will be an over-elaborate and too balanced mosaic of colour. Even meat dishes, fish, will have the accompanying vegetable or garnishing in elaborate ripples or whorls, or some 'design.' Carrots are diced in tiny stars, crescents, etc. This elaboration progressed to being a real disguise. The mistress of the house who succeeded in serving a dish which looked least like what it really was felt triumphant. There has been recently a reaction, helped by much newspaper humour at her expense; and over-decoration has now gone the way of the 'bird baths.'

BAKED DESSERTS

§ *Bakewell Pudding*

Cover the dish with thick puff-paste and put a layer of any kind of jam, about half an inch, in the dish; then take the yolks of 4 eggs and the white of one, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raw sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, melted, and flavour with essence of lemon or almond. Mix all well together and pour them upon the jam. Bake in a cool oven; serve it cold.

§ *Yorkshire Pudding*

(A Yorkshire Recipe)

Put 6 tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt in a basin, make a hole in the middle into which pour a little milk. Break in two eggs and beat into a smooth batter, and then thin down with a little water. Let it stand half an hour.

The joint to be eaten with Yorkshire Pudding must be roasted before the fire. Place a shallow baking-tin under the joint to catch

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the dripping. When dripping and tin are quite hot, pour in the batter. When browned on one side, cut in squares and turn.

In winter two tablespoonfuls of snow can be used instead of eggs. In this case the batter will be slightly whiter.

This is one of the dishes which every cook thinks she can make, and the English nation, as a result, has acquired a patient habit of eating leather. Nearly all popular English restaurants serve Yorkshire Pudding with roast beef. The effect on the foreigner is unfortunate; he acquires the belief that the English like flour either underdone or stodgy, and in any case without flavour, and he never realizes that in Yorkshire Pudding we possess a great glory. It should taste like golden fried cream, saturated with the good juices of the beef.

§ *Yorkshire Wine Pudding*

Heat a pint of sherry together with cinnamon and lemon-peel, add 4 oz. grated sponge biscuits, 6 eggs beaten with a little orange-flower-water and a little salt and sugar, a little marrow and currants; bake the pudding $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, and serve it strewn with sugar.

§ *Dowlet Pie*

(*An Old English Sweetmeat*)

Chop some roasted or parboiled veal and mince it with beef suet and sweet herbs, seasoning with sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon; then bind it with sufficient beaten egg and roll it into balls, with a date stuck in the middle of each. Place the balls in a pie-dish with plums, either ripe or dry, according to the season. Bake it, and just before it is done pour in white wine, butter and sugar scalding hot, and shake it.

§ *Beggar's Pudding*

(*Old English. Lucky Beggar!*)

Take some stale bread, soak it in hot water, then press out the water and mash the bread; add some ground ginger and grated nutmeg, a little salt, sherry, sugar and currants, mix these well

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together and place them in a well-buttered dish, smoothing the mixture with a spoon; lay some butter on the top and bake in a gentle oven. Serve it hot with grated sugar over it or turned out of the pan when cold: it will eat like a cheese-cake.

¶ *Lemon and Apple Cheese-cakes*

(*South Africa*)

Peel a very large apple and cut it up very finely. Melt 2 oz. butter and stir in one egg well beaten, then a cupful of sugar, the apple and the grated lemon-rind and the juice. Line a baking-dish with puff-paste, pour in the mixture and bake it till nicely browned.

¶ *Predikant's Tart*

(*South Africa*)

Beat up the yolks of 12 eggs, add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. castor sugar, 2 table-spoonfuls of orange-flower-water, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter beaten to a cream, the grated rind of a lemon and the juice of two. When it is well mixed, stir it in a lined saucepan over a slow fire till it begins to thicken. It must not boil. Put the mixture in a dish and bake it.

¶ *Gisadas*

(*West Indies*)

Grate a coconut, add brown sugar, a little of the coconut water, nutmeg, cinnamon, rosewater, one egg beaten up; put it into pastry tartlets and bake them.

¶ *Le Flan de Poires Poitevin*

(*Recipe of the 'Chapon Fin,' Poitiers*)

Make a flaky paste and cover a round tartlet-dish. Make a French pastry cream, using half milk and half boiled cream. Fill the pastry with alternate layers of the cream, of chopped pears which have been previously cooked in vanilla syrup, and of shelled nuts. Finally a top layer of cream; cook it in a slow oven and serve it with an apricot sauce flavoured with Kirsch.

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¶ *Dutch Sweet Macaroni*

Boil 6 oz. macaroni in 1 quart of water or milk to which a pinch of salt has been added. When the macaroni is dry enough, add 3 oz. sugar and 3 oz. butter, also 3 oz. sultanas; place it in a dish covered with grated breadcrumbs and brown it in the oven.

¶ *Dutch Vlaai*

Take 8 oz. flour, make a hole in the middle, add 2 oz. yeast, 2 oz. sugar, a little milk and 4 oz. butter. Mix it well and roll it out. Cover a flat round tin with the paste, set it near the fire to rise, and cover it with stewed fruit.

Lay the rest of the dough in strips over the fruit. Brush the strips of dough with beaten egg and bake it.

¶ *Coconut and Cassava Pudding*

(Jamaica)

Butter a small pie-dish and place in it 6 Cassava Cakes buttered on one side. Strain a cupful of milk with 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, add the yolks of 2 eggs, pour this over the cassava and soak it a few minutes. Put grated coconut on top and bake 20 minutes. Spread meringue over it.

To make Cassava Cakes, soak the cassava in sweetened milk, beat a tablespoonful of sugar with a tablespoonful of butter and cinnamon, add 3 well-beaten eggs, mix thoroughly, and bake in a buttered tin.

Cassava can be obtained from the West Indian Produce Association in London, and from importing agents in all big towns of Europe and the U.S.A.

¶ *German Chocolate Pudding*

Blend over a hot plate 4 oz. flour in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or cream, stir in 2 oz. melted butter, mix smoothly. Then add 4 oz. sugar and 2 oz. chocolate. If the latter is sweet, less sugar will do. Stir it over the fire till it thickens. Set aside to cool, well covered. When cold, add the beaten yolks of 4 eggs and some vanilla. Beat the

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mixture about 10 minutes. Fold in the 4 whites of eggs, slightly beaten, pour all into a mould and bake $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Serve with rich cream chocolate sauce.

¶ *Chocolate Pudding*

(*Roman Italy*)

Chop 2 oz. each of candied peel and blanched almonds. Pound them, pour a teaspoonful of milk over them and pass them through the sieve. Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of milk, add grated lemon-rind, mix in it 4 oz. grated chocolate; when melted, let it cool, add the candied peel, almonds, 1 lb. of honey, a little spice, and lastly 3 oz. of grated breadcrumbs. Boil in a double saucepan, stirring all the time. When the mixture is of the correct thickness, the spoon should stand upright in it.

Butter a large cake-tin and line it with a thin paste. Pour the mixture into it and bake it in a moderate oven.

¶ *Apple Stefan*

(*Jewish*)

Thickly grease a pie-dish and put brown sugar thickly all over it.

Line the dish with good suet pastry. Fill it with sliced apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of allspice, brown sugar, chopped almonds, a handful of raisins or sultanas, a tablespoonful of water, and one of golden syrup, and bake it very slowly for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours with a piece of buttered paper over the top.

¶ *Orange Pudding*

(*Ceylon*)

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of white bread into dice and put it into a bowl with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 2 oz. sugar and a dessertspoonful of desiccated coconut, adding the grated rind of a large orange. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boiling milk over the mixture and allow it to soak and cool. When cool add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice and the juice of the orange. Beat up an egg and stir it into the mixture, pour it into a buttered pie-dish and bake it in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Serve hot; when cold it may be cut in slices and fried.

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¶ *Welsh Tart*

Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar with 2 oz. of margarine, beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of flour, a pinch of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking-powder. Line a dish with short pastry, spread with a little jam or marmalade, pour in the mixture and bake it for 20 minutes. The mixture may be flavoured with almond essence.

¶ *Coconut and Apple Pudding*

(England)

Peel and core 4 or 5 apples, cut them in halves, place them in a pie-dish, put a little jam in each. Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, sweetened to taste, and pour it over $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. desiccated coconut, then add the yolks of 2 eggs and stir the mixture. Spread it over the apples and bake it in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, spread over the pudding, and bake again in a slow oven till it is set.

¶ *Yorkshire Apple Pie*

It is well known that Yorkshiremen eat cheese with their apple pie, which is, after all, only another form of having cream with it, which they also do, serving thick yellowy cream. A handful of Yorkshire elderberries gives a pie a beautiful flavour and colour, but perhaps one of the best things to do with this classic dish is to add some preserve of quince. Nobody will know that it is quince and everybody will want to know what kind of apple this heaven-sent pie was made with.

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¶ *Yorkshire Cowslip Pudding*

Bruise 1 pint of cowslip petals, stew until tender in a gill of new milk, let them cool, add 1 oz. melted butter, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, well beaten, 2 oz. sugar and a little lemon-juice; turn into a buttered mould and steam it 2 hours. Serve with the following sauce:

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Put in a saucepan a teacupful of cowslip wine, the whites of 3 eggs, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Beat well over the fire until it begins to thicken; pour it over and round the pudding.

¶ *Rice and Fruit Pudding*

(*German*)

About a pound of rice, 4 oz. each of prunes, apples and raisins. Quarter the apples and stone the prunes. Place a clean cloth dipped in salt water stretched out in a pudding-basin. Lay the rice all round it and the fruit in the middle in layers, a little salt sprinkled between. Add grated lemon-peel, a few cloves, cinnamon, and an ounce of sugar. Cover the fruit all round with the rice. Tie up the cloth rather loosely to allow the rice to swell. Then boil the pudding in the cloth in a roomy saucepan, placing an old plate at the bottom of the pan under the pudding. Cover the pan and boil for 2 hours. May be eaten with roast meat, melted butter and pounded sugar, or with gravy.

¶ *Coconut Pudding*

(*Hawaiian*)

Soak 4 tablespoonfuls of tapioca all night. Add 1 quart of milk and cook it in a double boiler for at least ten minutes. Beat the yolks of 4 eggs with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, add milk and half a cupful of grated coconut, cook it 5 minutes longer, take it from the fire and when cold turn it out into a shallow glass dish. Beat the whites of egg with 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, pour it over the pudding and brown it in the oven.

¶ *Irish Buttermilk Pudding*

Turn 1 quart new milk with 1 pint buttermilk; drain off the whey and mix with the curd grated breadcrumb, grated peel of lemon, half a nutmeg, grated, a gill of cream, 3 oz. clarified butter, the beaten yolks of 4 eggs and the whites of 2, sweeten it well and bake it, with or without a puff-paste, for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. It may be boiled.

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¶ *Muffin Pudding from the Border*

Pare off the crust of 2 muffins, split them in half; put into a tin mould a layer of apricot jam, then a layer of muffin, next one of fruit, and then the remainder of the muffin, and pour over them a pint of warm milk in which 4 well-beaten eggs have been mixed. Cover the shape, and place it in a saucepan with a small quantity of boiling water. Keep on the cover and let it boil 20 minutes; serve with pudding sauce.

The pudding will be better if prepared three or four hours before it is boiled.

¶ *Fashionable Apple-Dumplings*

(*England, 1845*)

'These are boiled in a knitted or closely netted cloth (the former have, we think, the prettiest effect) which gives quite an ornamental look to an otherwise homely dish.'

¶ *Hasty Pudding of Kent*

Boil a pint of milk, and while it is boiling throw in a handful of flour and a pinch of salt and let it boil a minute or so. Then pour it into soup or porridge plates, put on each a large lump of butter and a spoonful of brown sugar. It really is delicious, and somehow Kentish folk seem able to throw in the flour without getting a lumpy mess. Less skilful folk have to mix the flour with a little milk separately.

¶ *Irish Black-Pudding*

Blanch and pound to a paste, with a glass of rosewater, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sweet almonds; grate $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. breadcrumbs; mince 1 lb. of fresh suet, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cleaned currants, a teaspoonful of pounded cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, a pint of cream, the well-beaten yolks of 4 and whites of 2 eggs, a glass of brandy, and some candied lemon-peel. Mix all the ingredients well together; sweeten with pounded loaf sugar, and boil them in a cloth, and when cold, cut the

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pudding into thick slices; heat them in a Dutch oven, or broil them upon a gridiron.

¶ *Pippin Pudding*

(English)

This is a dessert half-way between pudding and dumpling: the sugaring of the apples after their cooking is curious, but brings out their distinctive flavour.

Make a good puff-paste, rolled half an inch thick, pare the apples and core them, put them in the paste and close up the pudding, tie it in a cloth and boil it; a middling-sized pudding will take an hour and a half in boiling; when cooked turn it out on a dish, cut a piece out of the top, add butter and sugar to taste; put on the top again and send to the table hot.

¶ *Mexican Leche Crema*

Beat up 3 eggs, leaving out 2 of the whites, and add to them gradually 1½ pints milk; then mix them very carefully with 4 tablespoonfuls of fine wheat flour, 2 oz. finely-powdered loaf sugar, with grated lemon-peel to give a flavour. Boil these ingredients over a slow fire, stirring constantly to prevent burning, until the flour is quite dissolved. Line a shallow dish with ratafia biscuits, and when the *crema* is sufficiently boiled, pour it through a sieve upon them. Before serving, powdered cinnamon should be dusted thickly over it.

¶ *Malaga Sweet Potato Preserved*

(Spain)

Steam 4 lb. of potatoes with their skins on, then peel them. Make a syrup of a quart of water and 3 lb. of sugar, stirring it for an hour. Then put in the potatoes, and cook all together for ½ hour. Stand the pan on one side, covered with a linen cloth, for 24 hours. After this take out the potatoes with care, bring the syrup to the boil, replace the potatoes and cook them for another ½ hour. Again draw the pan to one side. Place the potatoes in jars, and when the syrup is thick and sticky pour it over them.

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¶ *Buddino Nero*

(Italy)

Pound 6 oz. sweet almonds with 6 oz. melted sugar; stir them over the fire till golden. Remove them and mix in 6 beaten whites. Cook them in a buttered mould in a *bain-marie*. Serve cold with Zabione made of the 6 yolks, 2 oz. castor sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Marsala or vermouth, added when the yolks and sugar are beaten white. Stir all over a clear fire till frothy and serve it hot. On no account let it boil.

FRIED DESSERTS

¶ *French Pain Perdu*

Soak small crustless slices of white bread, fruit loaf, or brown bread in milk that has been boiled to half its bulk with sugar and flavouring to taste. When the bread has absorbed the milk and is half dry, sprinkle it with sultanas; fry the slices in butter till both sides are golden-brown; dredge them with sugar and serve hot.

¶ *Torrija*

(A Spanish form of Pain Perdu)

Cut squares of bread about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness, dip first into milk (do not soak too long), then into beaten-up egg. Drop them into boiling fat, fry a golden brown.

Serve with golden syrup warmed.

¶ *Blini*

(Russian)

Mix together $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups meal with 4 cups of flour and half a yeast-cake, and leave it to rise for a good 8 hours. Before cooking it add 2 cupfuls of warm milk and 1 tablespoonful of salt. Fry it like pancakes, and serve one on top of the other, well buttered.

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¶ *Highland Bonnets*

Boil in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water for 10 minutes a stick of cinnamon and the peel of a lemon; strain and mix it with 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir it over the fire for 2 or 3 minutes; add a bit of butter the size of a walnut; when cold mix in the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, a little salt and pepper; beat it well, drop dessertspoonfuls of the mixture into boiling lard, drain them upon a sieve, and when served sprinkle them with pounded sugar.

¶ *Poor Knights of Windsor*

(*London*)

Take a French roll, cut it into slices and soak it in sherry; then dip them in yolks of eggs and fry them; serve them with butter, sherry and sugar.

¶ *Cinnamon Balls for Passover*

Beat the whites of 3 eggs stiff, add 8 oz. castor sugar, 6 oz. ground almonds, and 1 dessertspoonful of cinnamon, and mix well together. Roll into small balls and bake in a moderate oven for 15 or 20 minutes. Then roll in icing-sugar.

¶ *Burgundy Vine Fritters*

Pull young vine-leaves from their stalks and lay them on a strainer in a dish of white wine, grated lemon-rind and sugar. In 2 hours lift out the strainer, and when the leaves are well drained dip them in batter and fry them in deep fat.

¶ *Acacia Fritters*

Auvergne is a country of contrasts; its mountains are forbidding, but between them the earth is rich with orchards and pasturage. The people are as famous for their economy as the Picards; they are reserved and have great qualities of endurance. Perhaps this accounts for so many of them becoming concierges, in which career a kind of dour perseverance is needed. The reserve they drop as a rule; the concierge who does not gossip about his

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locataires is very much in the minority. For some reason or other Auvergne also provided the greater number of little chimney-sweeps in the days when small boys were sent down chimneys to sweep them. Perhaps they were specially small, though the food of the district would not suggest it.

Auvergne cookery is plain, strictly practical, and has little concern with sophisticated sauces and complicated operations. There is no play of fancy about the Auvergnat, and yet, once a year, when the acacias are in bloom, he eats a very poetic dish.

Take a spray of acacia flower and dip it in water, let it drain well. Plunge it into fine pancake batter, letting every blossom be well covered. Fry it in deep fat. It should be whole, and bright golden when finished.

¶ *Fritters*

(*Spain*)

Soak 2 small French loaves, cut in slices, in milk to make a pulp. Moisten them with a well-beaten egg and fry the slices in boiling oil.

Make a syrup of 8 oz. sugar, a gill of white wine and a gill of oil, a stick of cinnamon and 3 cupfuls of water. Mix it thoroughly well and pour it over the fritters. Sprinkle them with sugar and grated cinnamon.

¶ *Auvergne Milliard*

(*Pampille*)

Prepare a batter as for fritters—the more eggs used the better the milliard.

Stalk some large black cherries and pack them tightly into a pie-dish. Pour over them the batter, which should almost entirely cover the cherries, and bake it in the oven. When the batter is firm the milliard is cooked.

Do not stone the cherries, as the stones give a fine flavour; if you stone them, add a glass of very good Kirsch.

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¶ *Clafoutis*

(*Limousin*)

Mix 3 spoonfuls of flour, 3 of powdered sugar and a pinch of salt. Add 3 eggs and mix well with a spoon. Pour in a little at a time a pint and a half of milk and mix well together. Spread some black cherries on the bottom of a pie-dish and pour in the batter. Cook it in the oven and serve hot, sprinkled with sugar.

¶ *Matefaim*

(*Dauphiné*)

Place 10 spoonfuls of wheat flour in a bowl, break into this 5 eggs; beat it well, adding enough water to make a thin paste, a little salt, and a liqueur-glassful of brandy. Heat some olive oil in a large pan; when it is hot, but not boiling, pour in the paste, a spoonful at a time, and make one cake of it. When done on one side turn it and cook it on the other.

In Franche-Comté the Matefaim is dropped in spoonfuls into boiling fat and served in fritters.

CREAMS AND JELLIES

¶ *West Country Bread Custard*

Take a pint of cream, grated nutmeg, and sweeten; take thin slices of bread and place in a pie-dish with the cream, afterwards add a handful of raisins which have been boiled in a little butter, and bake.

¶ *Toast Cream*

(*Belgian*)

Boil 1 pint of milk with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, pour it over 4 slices of pounded toast, cool it, add 1 pint of milk and a tablespoonful of vanilla and freeze it.

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¶ *Mocha Cream*

(Belgian)

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of best butter beaten to a cream with some castor sugar, then drop in slowly a teacupful of strong black coffee, stirring all the time. Use as a layer in a sponge cake.

¶ *Chestnut and Orange Cream*

(Italy)

Boil 1 lb. of chestnuts, peel and pound them very finely with a little butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, the juice of an orange and a spoonful of cream.

Put this in a glass dish and garnish with orange quarters and whipped cream to which a little powdered sugar has been added.

¶ *Petit Brulé*

(Creole. Mrs. Rorer's Recipe)

Select perfectly smooth, thick golden-skinned oranges. Cut round the orange, then with a spoon-handle loosen the skin from the orange almost to the end and turn it inside out, making a cup. Now cut the orange from the cup, leaving half of the orange with the cup on top. Place the orange in a plate or saucer. Into the cup put one whole clove, a tiny bit of bay-leaf, a tiny stick of cinnamon, one lump of sugar, and pour over 2 tablespoonfuls of the best brandy. Bring these to table with the after-dinner coffee, one to each guest, light the brandy till the spirit burns away. Pour the contents into the coffee. The burning of the brandy in the orange-skins with the spices gives the most delicious flavour.

¶ *Prune Whip*

(U.S.A.)

Mix together, very lightly, 1 generous cup of cooked and seeded prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped nuts, 1 scant cup of sugar and the whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff. Pour into a well-greased pudding-dish and place this in a vessel of hot water. Bake it 20 minutes in a medium oven. Do not allow the pudding to scorch on top.

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¶ *Dutch Lemon Cream*

Beat the yolks of 4 eggs for 10 minutes with 8 oz. of sugar, add the juice of 5 lemons and 1 quart of white wine. Boil in a *bain-marie*, and beat till all the froth has disappeared. Decorate the cream with the beaten white of egg or mix it with the cream.

¶ *Rice with Red Currant Juice*

(*Dutch*)

Boil some rice in milk and serve with red currant sauce, which is made thus: Boil 3 pints red currant juice with 1 pint of water, a stick of cinnamon, 3 oz. of sugar and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cornflour for 5 minutes. Equal quantities of water and red currant juice may also be used.

¶ *Angostura Jelly*

(*Creole*)

Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine, 3 cups of boiling water, 1 cup of cold, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar, stir till dissolved and cooled, then add 1 pint lemon jelly and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls Angostura, strain it and set in a mould.

¶ *Ale or Porter Jelly*

(*North Country*)

For a large shape add to 1 quart jellied stock an imperial pint of strong ale or porter, 1 lb. loaf sugar, the peel of 1 and the juice of 4 large lemons, a stick of cinnamon, and the beaten whites of 4 eggs; put these all into a saucepan, stir them gently; let the jelly boil for 15 minutes and strain it till it runs perfectly clear.

¶ *Milk and Carrageen (Irish Moss)*

Soak a few pieces of Irish moss overnight. Strain off the liquid and place it in a saucepan with a pint of milk. Boil it for a few minutes, add a little sugar and flavouring. Pour into a mould. When cold, turn it out and serve with cream.

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¶ *Grape Jelly*

(*Spain*)

Wash and stone 20 lb. of white grapes and put in the preserving pan on a slow fire. As the fruit gets hot press out all the juice with a wooden spoon. Dilute 8 lb. of sugar in a quart of water, add the grape-juice, strained, and hold over the fire, stirring constantly. When the jelly is sticky, put it in earthenware pots and cover them with parchment paper.

¶ *Ice-cream*

Ice-cream, at least in the East of America, is to the Americans, in many ways, what tea is to the English. It is nourishment, but it is also a social axle. It is served casually when an afternoon guest drops in. The flapper offers it to the young man at home, and he offers it to her at the 'drug-store'—that American drug-store where everything is sold from current magazines and gramophones and stationery to sweet iced drinks.

To the harassed hostess—and in middle-class servantless America the hostess is pretty sure to be harassed—ice-cream is superior to tea as a resource, for it is served also as a dessert. Every one likes it; in the smallest place it can be had at a moment's notice, as easily, as certainly, as a loaf of bread. Or it is made at home as easily, literally, as we make tea. More easily, for a child is given the little freezer to turn for a few minutes, in mountain or sea household not supplied with electricity. Otherwise the electric freezer in a few moments turns the cream, sugar and flavouring into the icy sweet.

There are two kinds of ice-cream—ice-cream and other kinds. (The native Philadelphian would not concede the other kinds—they are not real ice-cream—they are silly imitations.) 'Philadelphia' ice-cream is pure ice-cream, crushed fruit or other flavouring, and sugar, frozen. Nothing else. Other ice-creams are composed of varying mixtures, often first cooked, of milk, cream, fruit, corn-starch for thickening, etc. Often they can omit cream entirely.

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¶ *Ices*

The art of making ices belongs especially to Italy. The origin of making ices belongs to the Middle Ages, and the first ice was served in Paris to Catherine de' Medici in 1533. The secret remained at the Louvre. The way to make ices was introduced into France in 1660 by a certain Procopio Coltello, a citizen of Palermo. According to Seneca, the manner in which the ancients preserved ices is the same as the modern method.

CHAPTER VII

Eggs

‘Eggs and oaths are easily broken,’ says a Danish proverb; but a broken egg can be made to serve a purpose, after all. The Romans cooked them a score of ways, and the constant attention of every cook to them has dowered us with many hundreds of recipes for egg dishes, apart from their use as liaison officers in dishes meant to cohere. They are the most universal form of food, and what we should have done if the pheasant of the Indian jungle had never flown abroad and become a domesticated fowl it is difficult to imagine, save for the woman who has had to provide food for a liver-subject. ‘No eggs,’ says the doctor cheerfully, and leaves her with a crevasse at her feet.

The egg to-day is not to be used with the light-hearted liberality of our grandmothers. New-laid eggs, like tiaras, are little worn. Even the curate’s egg of proverbial fame is expensive, and the 18 yolks and 14 whites of the old recipes must be slimmed as much as the modern woman’s figure. Not without deep thought would we to-day serve a dish of 15 poached eggs as an entrée. Think, then, what must have been the Eden-like conditions of the year 1739, when the ‘Cuisinier Royal’ not only recommended the fifteen, but ordered one to begin preparing them by ‘taking the juice of six roast ducks’!

SAVOURY EGG DISHES

¶ *Omelettes*

Omelettes were known in Western Europe before the Crusaders left home. Edmond Richardin’s famous *Art du Bien Manger*, published in 1910, gives over seventy ways of making them. It is thus clear that the omelette may be looked upon as public property, on which all may exercise their private inventiveness. Louis XV invented the omelette *aux pointes d’asperges* for the

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Dubarry. Fulbert Dumonteil tells a story of a potato omelette, invented when the eggs had been overset in a struggle for a kiss.

Friendships have been broken in the great controversy as to whether whites and yolks should be beaten together or separately. It is no matter for arbitration; the two parties must for ever hold their own banner and fight for it, undepressed by the undoubted fact that both methods can produce admirable omelettes.

¶ *Spanish Omelettes*

(*Tortilla*)

Spain has several ideas to give the cook who wants novelties for omelettes. Strips of red and green and yellow pimento are delicious in omelette. Whitebait omelette is worthy of serious attention and partly-fried onion is good.

¶ *Omelette Poularde*

(*Recipe of the Hôtel Poulard, Mont St. Michel*)

This dish may be said to have made the gastronomical fortunes of Mont St. Michel. Countless are its imitators, and countless, too, the wives who rue the day their holidays ever took their husbands to the Hôtel Poulard to taste that omelette; for let them not hope that communication of the Poulardian recipe is going to turn the omelettes of their cooks from rubber to froth of Ambrosia. Too many folk fondly imagine that when they have broken some eggs they have made an omelette. They unhook any old pan from the wall, shove it on a gas-ring with a little bit of suspect butter, pour in some eggs (probably from Siberia), jiggle the mixture about for a time, and pray that it may turn out to be only lightly-cured leather.

More than this goes to the making of an omelette, whether it be Brillat-Savarin's, of carps' roes and tunny-fish, or the famous one of *la mère Poularde*.

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First of all, you cannot cook a real one on a tin pan. The presiding genius of the Poulard establishment has been good enough to confirm to me that there is no real recipe for his famous dish, which contains nothing whatsoever except eggs, butter and a pinch or so of salt. So instead of telling the inquiring to choose two good fat carp and remove the roes, or to choose a fine plump partridge, as is frequently the habit of cooks, you only choose your pan, which must be a heavy lined one of copper.

Secondly, beat up yolks and whites together with a little salt with a whisk until they are stiff and thick.

Thirdly, into the pan, which meanwhile has been heating, put plenty of the best fresh butter, about a quarter of a pound to every half-dozen eggs.

Fourthly, when the butter has become really hot and frothy pour in your omelette. Stir it vigorously at the beginning with the flat of a fork, so that when cooked there will not be too much foam on the top.

Fifthly, when this is done let it cook, and don't touch it. Move the pan till the omelette rolls, better still, slides, and when coloured serve it folded up like an apple turnover.

If the omelette will not slide in the pan, it means that you can either blame your parsimony in using too little butter or that your butter is not rich enough.

The artist adds: *'Important—the omelette must be made over a wood fire; and add the tour de main!!'*

§ Dutch Pancakes with Bacon

Make a light dough of 1 lb. flour and 1 lb. meal, a saltspoonful of salt, 3 pints of tepid milk and water. Knead the flour and add 3 oz. of yeast, which must be stirred with a little sugar or tepid milk. Leave the batter to rise for half an hour on a moderately warm part of the stove. Slice 1 lb. of bacon, and fry three slices in the frying-pan till they are light brown, add a spoonful of batter and fry the pancake brown on both sides.

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¶ *Savoury Batter*

(*North Country*)

Make a batter with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, 1 pint water, 3 eggs and baking-powder, and set it aside to swell. Chop $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. cold meat, dredge it with flour, and mix with it 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful thyme and marjoram, salt and pepper. Put it into the batter and beat the whole well. Well grease a pie-dish, pour the mixture in, and bake it about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a hot oven at first to raise the batter. Turn it on to a hot dish and serve brown gravy with it.

¶ *Norfolk Dumplings*

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, 2 eggs, a little salt, and make them in a good thick batter with flour. Have ready a clean saucepan of water boiling and drop the batter into it for two or three minutes. Be particularly careful that the water boils fast when the batter goes in. Then throw them into a sieve to drain, turn them into a dish and stir a lump of fresh butter into them. They must be eaten very hot.

¶ *Eggs in Moonshine*

This is an English variant of *Œufs à la Tripe*. To justify its name the sauce must be very gently poured over the eggs, so that the rounds of onion (which must be hardly coloured at all) remain whole.

Break the eggs into a dish upon some oil, either melted or cold, strew salt on them and set them over a chafing-dish of coals, and cover them; see that the yolks are not too hard; put to them a little vinegar, salt and grated nutmeg; make the sauce of an onion cut in round slices and fried in good oil; serve them hot with the sauce over them.

¶ *Tiger-Skin Pigeon Eggs*

(*Chinese*)

Boil half a dozen pigeon eggs and remove the shells. Make a thin paste of 3 whites of egg and cornflour and cover the pigeon

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eggs; fry them in sesame oil a light yellow. Roll them again in cornflour paste, this time made with water, fry them in oil two minutes.

§ *Chow Eggs*

(*Chinese*)

Scramble 6 eggs with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. minced pork, 3 mushrooms, 2 bamboo shoots, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of Chinese sauce, using sesame oil, serving immediately.

SWEET EGG DISHES

§ *Pancakes*

From the solid nursery pancake of England and the fairy-thin product of France, it is a far cry to the marvels of the up-to-date restaurant where ministrants with due ritual prepare the sacred flame that is to burn round the many forms of *Crêpe Suzette*. It is said that the name of Suzette was given to them by King Edward VII, for whom they were invented, and who first tasted them on a hotel *terrasse* where a small French child, Suzette, was playing. Pancake purists can never approve of them. The hot sauce of butter, brandy, curaçao, Kirsch, sugar and other ingredients, according to the cook's fancy, is delicious, and the flame when it is lighted in the dish is a pleasing excitement; but a perfect pancake should be eaten dry, with no more than lemon-juice or a dab of melting butter on it. The Bannerman omelette I ate in Soho the other day was a marvel—it had a knob of ice-cream wrapped in it and a miraculous sauce of the Suzette variety; but it was a worldly dish, pancake in a party dress. I remember with even greater gratitude the piles of crisp, thin flakes of fried gold, served hot and hot from the pan, in the garden of the 'Pré-Catelan' at Hardelet, and washed down with great jugs of milk. Pancakes were festival food in France till recently, and their nature was indicated by the arrival in the kitchen of all who were to eat them, since it was necessary that the transit from the pan to the

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throat should be as short as possible. Each guest tossed his own pancake.

In Brittany pancakes of rye and barley flour mixed are made on an oiled griddle, and when cooked have each a lump of butter folded into the middle.

There is a French form of two-day pancake, now disappearing, but once the delight of all children and their elders, and still made in some parts of the country. The pancake batter was made into hard paste with extra flour, and left to stand overnight. The next day it was rolled extremely thin, cut into shapes, and these were thrown into boiling water till they rose to the top. Then they were drained and fried, in very hot butter. These were the once-famous and still-remembered *Echaudés*.

¶ *Pancakes*

(*Dr. Strauss' Recipe*)

Beat the eggs with the milk, scatter in the flour, just stir it round, pour in the pan at once. There will be numerous small nodules of flour not wetted. The air imprisoned therein when poured into the pan expands quickly and converts each nodule into a bubble, so that the pancake is like fried froth. The temperature of the pan is of great importance.

¶ *Pancakes Faletto*

(*Nice*)

Make a batter of flour, milk and yolk of egg, add sugar and flavouring and melted butter, and cook a spoonful at a time in the pan. Make a sauce of Kirsch, butter, orange brandy, Cointreau, and sugar, and serve the pancakes in the sauce.

¶ *Leipzig Pancakes*

Beat well the whites of 4 and the yolks of 8 fresh eggs, and add by degrees $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pounded loaf sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of sweet cream just warmed, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of clarified fresh butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of

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fresh yeast, and a wineglassful of spirits of wine; then mix in as much sifted flour as will make it into a thick batter; let it rise for half an hour; roll it out thin; cut it into rounds or oblong pieces, and lay on them jam or marmalade; double them and let them stand again to rise, and fry them in boiling fresh lard or butter.

¶ *Cherry Pancakes*

(*Dutch*)

Make thin pancakes and while the batter is in the pan add some fresh cherries, previously stoned. Cook them both sides.

¶ *'Three in the Frying-pan'*

(*Dutch*)

Beat 12 eggs with a good pinch of salt, add 12 oz. flour and 12 oz. meal, slowly add a pint of milk. Beat it all and add 6 oz. currants and 6 oz. raisins and 2 oz. yeast previously mixed with a little sugar or tepid milk. Let it stand for half an hour.

Fry little cakes of the dough three at a time in a frying-pan.

¶ *Portuguese 'Toisinho-do Ceo'*

Beat the yolks of 12 eggs until they are quite thick, grease four small basins, half fill them with the beaten eggs, place the basins in a preserving-pan of hot water, and put a cloth over to keep in the steam. When they have boiled a little, try the eggs with a very pointed wedge of wood to see if they are done, which is known by the contents not sticking to the wedge. Turn the egg-mixture out of the basins and cut it in slices. Make a strong syrup of a pint of water and 1 lb. of sugar; when this boils, put in the slices of egg and let them just boil up. Put the slices in a dish and pour the syrup over. Sift powdered cinnamon on the top. To be eaten cold.

¶ *Portuguese Sonhos*

Pour a breakfastcupful of boiling water on to the same quantity of flour; beat this in a basin until the paste is smooth, then add

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a little salt and 3 unbeaten eggs; stir this batter until it is quite smooth. Put in a very clean saucepan $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. dripping; when it boils, drop in a dessertspoonful of batter at a time. It ought to rise and float in the fat like a ball, and when golden is ready for draining. Make a syrup of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of loaf sugar to a pint of water; place the *sonhos* in a basin and pour the syrup, boiling, over them. To be eaten the following day cold. Delicious.

¶ *Marmalade of Eggs*

(The Jews' way. Old English)

Take the yolks of 24 eggs, beat them for an hour; clarify 1 lb. of best moist sugar, 4 spoonfuls of orange-flower-water; 1 oz. of blanched and pounded almonds; stir all together over a very slow charcoal fire, keeping stirring all the while one way till it comes to a consistence, then put it into coffee-cups and throw a little beaten cinnamon on the top of the cups.

This marmalade mixed with pounded almonds is also made into cakes of all shapes, such as birds, fish and fruit.

CHAPTER VIII

Fish

§ *Anchovies*

FRESH anchovies are delicious, but they are almost as unusual as if the fish were a rare one. It has been so long understood that an anchovy comes out of the salt sea and so into the brine-barrel, that the fresh fish is only parenthetically met with, and then in seaports. Nobody takes much notice of the poor little thing till it has been salted, though it makes a fine *friture*. But it is better slowly unsalted, and made into fritters or toasts, with herbs and oil and vinegar.

Spices have moved North. The Mediterranean anchovy is merely salt; the Provençal has a herb or two with it; the Scandinavian (of which the brine is three times changed) is less salt, but comes to table with generous warmth of cloves about it.

Anchovy butter is the first resource of all cooks who despair of making cod or whiting interesting without it; it should be the last, for it deserves a better office in the hierarchy of garnishes.

In English restaurants boiled fish is often served with an ineffectively pink and rather dirty-looking sauce which is called after the anchovy. It has upon the observer, who is not, after observing, the consumer, an effect quite anti-cocktail. It does not really taste of good honest salt, but too often its efforts to do so seem directed towards a desire to make the fish taste like the taste of a fish that tastes like something else. I cannot but deprecate the use of this sauce by the otherwise impeccable Pullman service to the coast. That pink dab upon the plate beside the whitish fish should not precede that first view of the Channel, upon the Viaduct over Rendezvous and Tontine streets at Folkestone, where the hardy say: 'Oilskins, what?' and their companions produce capsules.

(On the other hand, let me say at once that the best, crispest,

most mixed, most sympathetic dry biscuits in the whole of that Empire on which the sun never, never, never, nor hardly ever, sets come out of a box on the Victoria-France line. They are good going to the Channel. But they are Heaven after the Channel, when one is just beginning to think that in another ten minutes one may decide not to die.)

In old days anchovies were used as lardons or in stuffing for meat much more than they are now; it was thought that this form of salting was more amusing than plain salt, and also permitted of the saline element being disseminated through the interior of the joint. This method has partly returned to favour with the sudden fashion for regional cookery. It provides a really pleasing variant of the usual way, but on two conditions only: (*a*) that it is done seldom enough to remain a variant and does not become a monotony; (*b*) that the nature of the material larded or stuffed be most strictly consulted in relation to the quantity of anchovy used. White meat needs much less than red.

Anchovy has made more than one classic appearance in English literature, but never respectably; either it is classed as among the luxuries affected by the young exquisites of the period, who must have their food from abroad, or it appears in the rôle of the thirst-producer, as when Falstaff ate it with his sack.

§ *The Pissaladiera*

There is a use for the anchovy upon the coasts of Southern Europe. Those who go fishing, if they know the usages of the country, take with them a formidable engine of war called a *pissaladiera*. It is not a weapon of defence against the fish; it is a food. It is an open tart, sapiently baked by the wife of the oldest fisherman in the place (for it is a dying tradition), consisting of crust not too short, on which rolled anchovies, crisp rounds of onions, and stoned olives are made tender in oil by means of a hot oven.

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§ *Italian Anchovy Toast*

Fry bread in butter flavoured with tomato sauce; lay split anchovies on it, powder them with cheese and shavings of olive, and finish them on a grill or in a quick oven.

§ *Bream Patties* (Spain)

The stuffing for these patties is made with 6 oz. fried tomatoes, a spoonful of flour and some grated nutmeg. When all is well mixed, pour in 1 pint of milk, stirring it continually. When it is thick, let it cool and pour it on the pounded fish.

For the paste, put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour in a basin with a pinch of salt, 4 oz. butter, melted, and a cupful of white wine. With a wooden spoon, mix it well until it is thick enough to knead. Work it for 10 minutes, put it into a cloth and leave it for 10 minutes, then roll it out to the thickness of a coin. Cut it in rounds with a glass, put on one half of each a spoonful of stuffing, fold the other half over in half-moons, and fry them in boiling oil.

§ *A Carp larded with Eel in a Ragoo* (Queen Anne's Favourite)

Take a large live carp before he wastes, scale and slice him from head to tail in five or six slices on the one side to the bone; then take a good silver eel and cut it as for larding, as long and as thick as your little finger; roll'd in sweet herbs, spice and bay-leaves powder'd; then lard it very thick on the slash'd side; fry it in a good pan of lard; then make for it a Ragoo with gravy, white wine vinegar, claret, the spawn, mushrooms, capers, grated nutmeg and mace, a little pepper and salt; thicken it with brown butter and garnish it with slic'd lemon.

§ *Cod*

Cod is the Mary Ann of the fish course. Even in France it is frequently served in thick fried steaks with a plain white sauce, as though the chef didn't feel up to making it interesting. But

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set him to dressing it as sole, and his pride is aroused—you will never taste better sole. But only in fillets may the cod and the sole be confounded. Their figures are too diverse for other mystification. In fillets, cod is sole *à la* This and *à la* That—so long as the sauce is good. The sauce is that towel which in Turkish baths makes it a matter of difficulty to decide on the social status of the wearer, and leads to dreadful complications; e.g. when that frightfully nice woman, whose face you felt you knew, and with whom you had such a cordial conversation about your friends, turned out to be the governess of the very friends about whom the talk waxed the waxiest.

There was a period in England when cod, sapiently mixed with halibut, made a very good turbot entrée, especially if called a *suprême*. To-day it may be served alone, and called cod (such is the effect of the excessive price-complex upon the nerves of the purse), but the rather brutal English monosyllable may be graciously expanded into *cabillaud*, *baccalà*, or *bacalao*, *à la*, *alla* or *al* something or other, according to choice of language. But one might try it English fashion, perhaps on Empire Day.

¶ Cod Mould (England)

Put cod into just enough salted boiling water to cover it for a minute or two—till it can be taken from the bones and skinned. Take bones, skin, head, tail or other debris, and put them with salt, a spoonful of vinegar and a bunch of marjoram, to boil in 1½ pints of water till it is only ½ pint. Strain it and let it cool. Pound the fish with some breadcrumbs, or pass them through a fine mincer. Chop some onion, fry it in oil, add sour milk and tomato *purée*, mix it with the onion and pour it on the fish; add the fish-stock and flavour the whole to taste. It should make a thick, almost solid cream. Line a greased pudding-basin with slices of tomato or hard-boiled egg, or both, or tomato and cucumber, for cold consumption, boiled macaroni for hot; or merely with brown breadcrumbs; fill it with the cod mixture, adding a beaten

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egg if it is too liquid, and let the oven deal with it gently for 20 minutes.

A good batik effect for this homely but amiable dish can be achieved by making patterns on the pudding-basin with fillets of anchovy in diagonal streaks, yolks like suns, lightning-shaped strips of red or green pepper, set in cochinealed breadcrumbs.

It is then called 'Next-morning Cod.'

Penitential Cod, as used in Catholic countries in Lent because they must, and at other times because they know no better (for what other reason can one find?), must *always*, even if the recipe does not say so, have the water changed as often as possible during the soaking. The easiest way to accomplish this is to fill a dish to within an inch of its brim with fish and leave overnight in the sink, with a cloth tied taut over the edge, and let the tap run at the rate of a dishful in ten minutes until morning.

¶ *Creole Salt Cod*

(*Court-bouillon Lamorie*)

This New Orleans form of *Court-bouillon de Morue* requires salt fish soaked overnight. Fry a small piece of salt pork in lard or butter, and when the fat is browned thicken with flour. Add onions, sliced, garlic and pepper. Simmer the fish for 10 minutes. Serve with pounded plantain or rice.

¶ *Salt Cod*

(*Tuscany*)

Cut soaked dried cod into pieces. Fry garlic in oil; when it is coloured, add the fish and the juice of a tomato; simmer it 10 minutes.

¶ *Venetian Shaken Cod*

(*Cucina delle Spec. Regionali*)

This is a dish that is found nowhere else but in Venice. The gourmets say that there is not in the world a better method of preparing this dried cod. It is a cookery tradition of which the Venetians are almost as proud as of their celebrated canals.

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Take the salted fish, soak it and boil it; when cooked put it on a plate, pour over it oil, chopped parsley and garlic, pepper and salt. Cover it with another plate and—here is the secret of this dish—hold the plates firmly together, shake and agitate them with all your force, and continue thus for a good half-hour, until the foam has begun to come. This is the sign that the fish is perfectly ‘shaken,’ and that it has become a cream. Serve it with garlic.

¶ *Salt Cod and New Potatoes*

(*Spanish Morue*)

The codfish must be thin and soaked well for 12 hours. Wash a second time before cooking. After boiling, baste in flour and fry in a casserole. Fry an onion and some garlic in oil, add sliced potatoes, and when these are cooked put them, together with some peas, in with the fish and one or two spoonfuls of fish-stock and cook for a couple of minutes.

¶ *Clam Bakes*

Clam bakes are old favourites among the many fish and barbecue parties of the Eastern U.S. associated for ever with the name of Rhode Island as the correct place for these feasts: Rhode Island and clam bakes, Greenwich and fish dinners, are for ever associated. Even picnic-baskets have not entirely superseded the old-fashioned bake, nor altered its procedure, though to-day its ingredients are simplified. An elaborate clam bake (from which all can evolve their own, in accordance with the economic pressure of to-day) is a noble meal, but a good bake can be made so long as there are clams, stones, seaweed, fire and good company.

A hole some 4 feet deep is dug in the ground and smooth flat stones are laid on the bottom; on these a fire of wood is kindled, which is kept up half an hour or more until the stones are of a red heat. Then several bushels of clams in the shell are poured over the stones and on these is laid a layer of seaweed. Indian corn in the ear is placed in quantity proportionate to the clams upon this; then layers of seaweed and more clams, then chickens

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prepared for cooking; then another layer of seaweed and more clams; potatoes in their jackets come next, although some cook the potatoes separately, and more clams. Any game in season may be added, and the top layer is always seaweed preceded by more clams. In Rhode Island etiquette turkeys are deemed an essential layer late in the autumn. The heat evolved from the stones and retained from the fire in the sides and the foot, and the steam rising from the seaweed, slowly and thoroughly cook each and every layer in about 2 hours.

§ *Baked Clams in the Shell*

Mince the meat of 25 clams. Melt a tablespoonful flour, salt and pepper, and a little of the clam liquor. When it thickens to a heavy cream-like consistency, stir in the minced clam meat, and simmer until tender. Rinse the clam shells and fill with the mixture, strew breadcrumbs over lightly and bake.

§ *Clam Pie*

Roast some clams, cut off the gills, mince the soft parts, and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cream. Stew the soft parts of 20 others rather lightly in their liquor, and add a bit of onion, a slice of bacon, a shallot, pepper, salt, a sprig of parsley. When done lift out the bacon, combine the mixtures, and bake in paste not too rich.

§ *Clam Soup*

In $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts boiling water put a small slice of bread, a teaspoonful of butter, a bouquet of herbs, some whole sweet peppers, a little mace. Add a quart of clams and a pint of their liquor. Boil gently for 45 minutes, and strain. Add a cup of cream, and pour on toasted bread-cubes.

§ *Clam Chowder*

In a large iron pot fry light brown a few small onions with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork. Strain away half the pork and place on the rest a layer of

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clams scalded in their own liquor. Sift flour on the surface, then place a layer of parboiled potatoes, salted and peppered, then a layer of onions and so on until all the ingredients are in. Pour on water and clam liquor to cover, and cook it for about 30 minutes. When done, add 1 quart boiling milk and stir it till it is thick. Float crackers on the top to serve. Tomato juice may be added and cream used instead of milk.

¶ *Pike*

The pike is more honoured in France than in England, and during the Second Empire a *Brochet à la Chambord* was a standard dish at banquets. It cost even in those days from £5 to £10, which would be a sufficient deterrent to the ordinary house, even without the special care required in preparing it—let ever so little of the roe remain in the fish, and those who partake of it will be convinced they have swallowed an emetic. Chambord pike is larded with truffles, gherkins, carrots and spices; stuffed with truffled quenelle mixture; slowly stewed in spiced water and basted with champagne; baked, half uncovered; and served with a *ragoût* of veal stock, still champagne, curry powder, lemon-juice, artichoke bottoms, mushrooms cooked with marrow, truffles stewed in claret, roes and tongues of carp, liver of sea-eels, truffled quenelles of turbot cooked in cream, spiced eel and olives cooked in Madeira, Alsatian crayfish cooked in white wine, glazed sweet-breads, quails and other small birds, cocks' combs and kidneys, anchovy butter, guinea-fowls' eggs, ortolans and a few other things. There are even more elaborate forms of it than this.

¶ *Quenelles Lyonnaises*

(*Restaurant Garcin, Lyons*)

Take some fresh pike and pound the flesh in the mortar with some coarse salt. Add an equal quantity of butter or veal kidney fat, then an equal quantity of cream, or a third of each. Mix this well, and finish by adding a few eggs, which will give the mixture the right consistency, and season with salt, pepper and nutmeg.

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Then make it into quenelle shapes and serve with *financière* sauce, shrimp sauce, or simply *au gratin*. These quenelles are one of the principal delicacies of Lyons, whose cookery is venerated in the rest of France as French cookery is venerated in the rest of the world.

¶ *Pickled Pike*

(*South Africa*)

Cut fish into slices, pepper, salt, and leave them to dry till next day. Fry them in boiling fat. Boil sliced onions, chillies, bay-leaf, turmeric and vinegar, put the fish in jars with layers of onion between, fill with vinegar. In two days it is ready, but will keep a long time.

¶ *Raw Fish Party*

(*The Chinese Cook-book's Recipe*)

Skin and bone 7 lb. of pike, cut into dice. Dry with a clean cloth. Cut up 6 lb. of carrots, 2 cupfuls of green pepper, 2 pieces of ginger-root, a cupful of Chinese Chowchoo, and lemon leaves the same size. Put the carrots in a bag and squeeze all the juice out of them. Put a tablespoonful of vinegar and a little salt in a large bowl. Add enough carrot and mix well with oil; mix vinegar with 3 tablespoonfuls of peanut oil, a teaspoonful of ground peanuts and ground almonds, and spread this on the fish and salt. Add the remaining vegetables. Then add salt and mix well.

¶ *Alsatian Pike and Sauerkraut*

When the kraut is boiled, clean a large pike, scrape and cut it into neat pieces, dip them into the beaten yolk of an egg, then into breadcrumbs, and fry them of a nice brown; rub some butter upon a dish, and put into it a layer of kraut and some grated cheese, then a layer of pike and a little sour cream; then kraut, and so on till the dish be full. On the top put some bits of butter and some good broth or gravy, strew crumbs of bread thickly over it and bake it half an hour.

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¶ *Sandre*

(*Baltic Pike*)

This is found in the lakes and rivers of the northern countries. It resembles the pike and grows to a great size. Like the pike, it has a voracious appetite, shown by the shape of its mouth and its teeth. It is a favourite in Germany and Norway, where it is fairly common. It is very seldom found elsewhere as it dies as soon as it is taken from the water, and it cannot be sent any distance without spoiling.

The Swedish method is to clean it through the gills without opening, and cut it in slices. Make a broth by cooking the juice of four dozen oysters, blanched in half a bottle of white wine. When it boils remove the oysters, beard them. Cook the fish in this stock, adding parsley and the trimmings from a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of mushrooms which have been prepared for the garnish, salt and boil for 20 minutes. Remove carefully the slices of sandre.

Strain the sauce and thicken with a little roux and three yolks of egg and a gill of cream. At the last minute add the oysters and the mushrooms, a piece of butter, the juice of a lemon and a pinch of cayenne. Pour the sauce over the fish and serve.

¶ *Curried Prawns*

(*A Malay Recipe*)

Shell 1 quart prawns. Fry a sliced onion without colouring it, add 1 oz. curry powder, a little salt, 1 oz. sliced ginger and 1 chilli, sliced, and simmer it 15 minutes in stock. Add a cucumber, cut up, then the prawns, and stew them till tender. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint coconut water infused from the fresh or desiccated fruit with boiling water, and a dash of lemon-juice.

¶ *English Cold Boiled Salmon*

If there is anything at once more delicious, more difficult to come by, and more socially distinguished than cold salmon with cucumber jelly, it must be stewed nightingales' tongues, or roc's egg omelette. It is delicious by nature, difficult to come by be-

cause salmon-cooks are rare, and socially distinguished not merely by its expense, but because of its close association with the London Season. From supper at Buckingham Palace State functions to luncheon at the last house in Grosvenor Square graced by an American hostess, from the Royal Enclosure at Ascot to the Club lawn at Henley, from the super-picnic on Eton and Harrow Day at Lord's to the R.Y.S. dinner at Cowes, cold boiled salmon leads the gay round of society life, with cucumber as train-bearer.

It is good most of the time, very good quite often, and perfect—just now and then. When it is perfect it is of even colour throughout, equally flaky everywhere, and just so cooked that the flakes are faintly reluctant to separate. One usually sees it pinker in the middle than at the edges, or else whitey-pink and dry.

It must be boiled very slowly, but very regularly. Not what cook calls slow boiling, which means that she comes out of the scullery when she hears the lid jazzing, but really steady, quiet cooking. A good help is to fold a napkin to the size of the saucepan, with several extra thicknesses in the middle, and lay it under the fish. Always let the fish grow cold in the water in which it has cooked—water salted, and dashed with vinegar. And always wrap a piece of linen or oiled paper round the skin of the piece to be cooked, tying or sewing it in place.

§ *Baked Salmon*

(*Old English*)

Cut a piece of salmon in slices an inch thick and make forcemeat as follows: Take some of the flesh of the salmon, the same quantity of eel, and a few mushrooms. Season with pepper, salt, nutmeg and cloves. Beat all together till very fine. Boil the crumb of a small roll in milk, beat with 4 eggs till thick, then let it cool, and mix it all together with 4 raw eggs. Remove the skin from the salmon and lay the slices in a dish. Cover every slice with forcemeat, pour melted butter over them, and add a few crumbs of bread. Lay a crust round the dish and stick oysters round it. Put in the oven, and when nicely browned, pour over it a little

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melted butter with some red wine boiled in it and the juice of a lemon.

¶ *Irish Baked Salmon*

Take half a split salmon, plunge it in boiling water for 2 minutes. Remove the bones, and stuff it with breadcrumbs, chopped oysters, chopped fresh herbs, pepper, salt, mixed together with a yolk of egg beaten up in cream. Roll the salmon and bake it in a round buttered dish in a quick oven, with browned breadcrumb and dots of butter over it. Serve it with cucumber sauce.

¶ *Canadian Baked Salmon*

Rub a tablespoonful of salt into the fish, place it in a baking-dish, score it across three or four times, filling the slits with a stuffing of breadcrumbs, minced parsley, black pepper and salt, moistened with milk, basting it plentifully with milk for 30 minutes in a moderate oven, and serve it with its gravy, into which hard-boiled eggs have been rubbed through a sieve.

¶ *Russian Salmon Turnover* (*Coulibiac*)

Coulibiac is a national dish in Russia. It can be made equally well from sturgeon, trout or eel.

Prepare a short crust. Cut into dice the salmon, lay it on a plate with pepper and salt.

Fry in butter onions and mushrooms, add the pieces of salmon, and cook all for 5 minutes. Pour it into a bowl to cool. Mix in hard-boiled eggs, fennel, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. buckwheat or large semolina, cooked, and parsley. Roll out the paste to half an inch thick and spread it on a cloth, making it in a long shape. Spread the fish mixture on the crust and bring the edges towards the centre, closing them with glaze. Turn the *coulibiac* over on to a buttered baking-tin so that the join is underneath, and leave the crust to rise for half an hour. Just before putting it in the oven brush over with melted butter and sprinkle fine breadcrumbs. When it

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is done, pour in some melted butter through a hole in the top. It is cut in slices before serving.

¶ *Newcastle Potted Salmon*

Scale the salmon and wipe it very clean, but do not wash it; take out the bone and cut it to fit into the pot, season with salt, mace, cloves and whole pepper, lay four bay-leaves on it, and cover it over with butter; bake it, and when it is done, take it out to drain from the gravy; then put it into the pot to keep, and when cold cover with butter.

¶ *Grilled Sardines or Royans* (*Biscay Coast*)

The royan is a small fish closely resembling the sardine, but more delicate. It is rarely seen on the Paris and London markets on account of not keeping well in transit, but is particularly good on the shores of the Bay of Biscay.

Wipe them, clean and remove the heads, dip them in oil and season. Place them on the grill and cook on a very bright fire for a few minutes. Serve with butter separately. Sardines are best done in this way; on the Mediterranean coast sprigs of thyme are fried with them, but removed before serving.

¶ *Spanish Sardines*

Cut up 2 onions, moisten them well with 4 oz. oil, and fry them with 2 lb. of peeled tomatoes. Scrape and clean 4 lb. sprats, removing the head and backbone. Put the tomatoes and sprats in layers in an earthenware vessel and cook in the oven, with the lid on the pot, for 20 minutes.

¶ *Sea-Urchins or Sea-Hedgehogs*

These are the prickly-pears of the sea and the best way to enjoy them is to get them oneself. Go to a fishing village on the Riviera such as St. Jean. Buy a *pissaladiera*, if its conjunction of salted pastry, olives, anchovies and onions does not affright you. . . .

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Hire a boat, with a dark-gold fisherman and his lighter-gold son. Let it be a very good day in spring, and early in the afternoon, with just enough breeze to cloud with purple the blue sea and make it indeed wine-dark. Row to the nearest rocks, and there look down into Neptune's silk and velvet carpet till you see his little soft cushions of brown and dark red and purple and deep blue. Take a long stick, cleft at the end, and try to detach one of these cushions from its rocky sofa. Allowing for the movement of the water, and for refraction, you will be lucky if you get within two feet of it. But when you do succeed, give the stick a sudden, sapient twist, and bring the creature to the surface. And, having made a pile of them, return by sunset, when the whole range of mountains down to Italy is flushed with unnamable colours and the sea is a stew of melted jewels.

Or, of course, send the cook to the fish-market to buy your urchins, or sea-chestnuts.

Then eat them—if you like, or if you must—either cooked, or preferably like caviare, on strips of toast or buttered bread.

The only edible part of the sea-urchin is the red meat or coral sticking at the foot of the shell in the form of a star.

In order to open them you must first remove the mouth, which is on the flattened side, with the point of a pair of scissors, turn the shell over and empty the guts away. The coral only should remain in the shell and can be removed with a spoon into a cup with some of the liquid. When sufficient has been collected, it is eaten with breadcrumbs.

It can also be eaten straight from the shell after removing the guts.

¶ *Sea-Urchin Purée*

Open two or three dozen sea-urchins, remove the coral and pass it through a hair-sieve. Make a mayonnaise or a *remoulade*, to which add the *purée*.

This *purée* is often served in Provence with cold fish, and is also used as a flavouring for certain sauces and fish soups.

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¶ *Shad*

'If the fish be large, half a pint each of water, Madeira and Port wine, and half a cupful of tomato or mushroom sauce. Cover the fish with herbs and breadcrumbs, bake it in this liquor. . . . If you choose, add a pint of oysters.' Thus nonchalantly spake Maryland, half a century ago, about the shad we think little of. But nine fresh shad figured in the fish banquet given to the unfortunate little bride of Charles IX after the Mass of Notre Dame upon her entry to Paris in 1571. Then, and for nearly three hundred years after, the shad of the Seine were famous for their succulence, especially when roasted on the spit. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and steamboats have banished the shad from Parisian waters. The patient anglers who sit behind a stick and a string for one fish an ounce heavy would have the shock of their lives if they caught a shad. He is a robust person who has been known to grow to three feet long; is very solid, very dry, and keeps his bones in uncomfortable and unexpected spots all over his person.

He has been praised by very fastidious people. In Europe he is an Easter dish, this being the time when he comes up the great rivers from the Atlantic, the Caspian, and the Mediterranean. Shad was once a Holy Week dish of almost ritual standing, served grilled upon a bed of sorrel. This is still the favourite method of cooking the fish in Europe.

In America planked shad is as honoured a member of the fish visiting-list as a grilled sole with us.

¶ *Planked Shad*

Open it down the back and lay it, skin down, on a well-greased 1½ inch plank of oak or birch specially kept for fish. Rub pepper and salt into a lump of butter, and place it in small dots all over the fish. It may be cooked in the oven or under a diffused heat, not too near it, for about 30 minutes, and should be sent to the table on the plank, with parsley butter in a separate dish, and lemon round it.

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¶ *Barbecue Shad*

(*Maryland*)

Split the back of the fish, flatten it, and lay it, skin side down, on a grill, and butter the upper side generously, covering it with a plate to increase the heat. Meanwhile brown a tablespoonful of flour in an equal quantity of butter, add salt, pepper, a few drops of water. Place the shad in a deep dish, pour over the gravy, and add a little lemon-juice.

¶ *Tamarind Shad*

(*Bermuda*)

Cut the shad in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices, rub salt well into them, and leave them for a day. Wipe them dry, and put them in a jar with tamarinds, chillies, and vinegar. Leave the shad, closely sealed, for a week; then fry it, and eat it crisp and hot.

¶ *Sorrel Shad*

(*French*)

Scale, empty, wash the shad, and stuff it with a mince of chopped sorrel, thyme, lettuce, a very little shallot, breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, and a teaspoonful of mild vinegar or white wine, with a yolk of egg and butter. Tie the shad together with thread, put it in a bag of oiled paper with a spoonful of tomato sauce, thinned with milk, and grill it.

¶ *Roman Shad*

The same procedure, but with chopped garlic, chervil and sweet basil instead of sorrel, and plenty of oil instead of butter.

¶ *Stewed Shad*

(*U. S. A.*)

Stuff the shad with oysters, and stew it gently in its liquor and a glass of chablis. Thicken the sauce with a lump of butter rolled in flour (cornflour is better), and serve with brown bread *croûtons*.

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¶ *Fried Shad Roe*

Good salt bacon-fat is the only proper medium for this. The roe should be marinaded in salt water for an hour, dried and lightly pricked with a fork, and slipped gently into absolutely boiling deep fat and cooked for 20 minutes. It is served with lemon and *croûtons*, potato chips, and sometimes a green vegetable *purée* such as spinach or sorrel.

¶ *Shark Fins*

(*The Chinese Cook-book*)

Boil 2 lb. of soaked fins with garlic and ginger-root, changing the water several times when boiling. Drain it, add 2 tablespoonfuls lard, double as much as will cover it of primary soup, and stew 30 minutes. Then put it well drained into another pan containing 6 pints of primary soup and boil it up. Change it again into a third pan of primary soup. Add gravy made of one cup of chicken, cornflour and whites of eggs, Chinese sauce, a little cornflour and salt, and a tablespoonful of red vinegar.

¶ *Shrimp Balls*

Chop the meat of 2 lb. of shrimps, mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of cornflour, one tablespoonful of Chinese sauce and white of egg. Mix into small balls. Pepper and salt or soy sauce; fry in oil.

¶ *Aubergine de Crevettes*

(*Serbia*)

Scoop out an egg-plant, parboil this with the shell. Chop the pulp and season with salt and pepper. Cut up an onion and brown in butter, add one cupful of chopped cooked shrimps, fry for 5 minutes, then add the egg-plant and cook all together for 10 minutes more. Add 1 egg and half a cupful of breadcrumbs. Fill the shell with the mixture, cover with breadcrumbs, lay pieces of butter on top and brown in the oven.

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¶ *Sole*

There is very little history to sole. It has been a delicacy for centuries in every place within hail or transport of Dieppe and Dover; with white wine sauce and shrimps and mussels in France; grilled in England (and now in France); fried in both countries; with a Colbert finish in the latter; and steamed between two plates in the chamber of the convalescent. Semi-royal ladies invented ways of cooking it for royal lovers whose fervour had lost its first youth, and could be better roused by attention to other portions of the anatomy than the heart. But otherwise it is a happy fish, for it has no history. Recipes for grilled, fried and Colbert sole, for sole Normande and Dieppoise, are to be found in every cookery-book.

¶ *Brittany Sole*

In a buttered shallow dish put a layer of raw potatoes, cut very thin, then a large sole, then another layer of potato, salt, pepper and chopped herbs. Cover it with fine breadcrumbs, pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cider over it, put dots of butter over the surface, and cook it for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a quick oven with a buttered paper tied down over it. Remove the paper 10 minutes before serving.

¶ *Poitevin Sole*

(*'Le Chapon Fin,' Poitiers*)

Cook the sole in Bourgeuil red wine with mushroom heads and little onions. Reduce the sauce and thicken it with butter. Serve the vegetables with it.

¶ *Soles*

(*'Hôtel de la Couronne,' Rouen*)

Butter a long dish, place at the foot mushroom peelings, a sprig of thyme, bay-leaf, parsley, salt and coarse pepper. Then put in the sole. Moisten with a little stock made from the cooking of the mushrooms or fish, but do not cover the fish entirely. Cover the dish with a greased paper and then with another dish. Place

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on the fire to boil and withdraw to the side to simmer gently after reaching boiling-point.

Drain off the stock and reduce on the open fire. Withdraw to the side and add some pieces of butter, beating till you have sufficient sauce. Strain through muslin.

Serve the sole on a dish, garnish it, place it in the oven to warm, and then add the sauce.

For the garnish, have a band of Nantua sauce, decorated with little Duchesse potatoes stuck with green asparagus tips and a piece of glazed truffle, mushrooms with shrimps' tails and Nantua sauce, and large shrimps; but the garnish may be varied to suit individual taste.

¶ *Hindu Soles*

(*Solache*)

Put in a pot fine-cut onions, chillies, coriander, garlic, salt and turmeric and ginger pounded, coconut scrapings, ambsul skins and salt. Add the flesh of the soles and bake it. It is from the fact that ambsuls or soles are put in this dish and made rather sour that the preparation gets its name. It is eaten with bread or baked rice, and sometimes with curry rice.

¶ *Ceremonial Fish Dish*

(*Rhajna. K. Raghunathji*)

The fish is cut with fine-cut onions, chillies, coriander, salt and turmeric, rolled in a plantain leaf and baked, fire being placed both on the top and below it. This dish is considered the best dish and is eaten in pleasure parties, on tables and chairs with clothes on.

¶ *Sole Marguéry*

Fillet a large sole and place the fillets flat in a fire-proof dish well buttered. Season the fillets and moisten with white wine and mushroom juice. Cook in the oven for ten minutes.

Cook separately 3 dozen mussels and remove from the shells

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and add to the soles with the same quantity of peeled shrimps. With the stock in which the mussels and the fillets have been cooked and the liquor obtained from cooking the bones and trimmings of the sole make a sauce, which reduce slightly and bind with two yolks of egg, pour on the soles and brown slightly in the oven.

¶ *Sturgeon Steak* (Denmark)

Remove the bones from a large steak, lard with anchovy fillets and bacon, and place in a deep dish with salt, coarse pepper, oil, vinegar, onions and carrots cut in slices, parsley, thyme and bay-leaf. Leave it to marinade for two hours. Then after tying the steak, place in a fish-kettle with the marinade, and cover the fish with half white wine and bouillon, bring to the boil on the fire, cover, and finish in the oven.

When the fish is cooked, strain the sauce and thicken with roux. Add a few drops of anchovy sauce and gherkins sliced. Pour over the sturgeon.

¶ *Iced Swordfish with Brittany Sauce*

Clean and scale two large swordfish, cutting off their heads, which keep on a plate separately. Cook them in a large pan with butter, flour and water, and a drop of raisin wine. Add the two fish heads, parsley, onion and garlic. Boil for a quarter of an hour. Salt and pepper. Remove the broth from the fire and add the fish, which cook again for 20 minutes. Take out the fish and serve in a long deep dish with the two heads touching the centre of the dish. They are not eaten, but merely strengthen the sauce.

Put the sauce in a pan and throw in a quart of mussels, previously shelled, and 2 dozen oysters, 3 truffles cut into rounds, and cook for 5 minutes.

Garnish the spine of the fish with the truffles, mussels and oysters, pour the sauce carefully on, and arrange the remainder of the truffles, mussels and oysters round the fish. Place rings of lemon round the dish, and put it on ice, or in a very cool place.

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¶ *Trout. Truites Corrèziennes*

Hôtellerie du Chapon Fin, Brive (Corrèze)

Take fine fresh trout, cook them in very hot butter in the frying-pan, milk and flour, seasoning, salt, pepper, etc.

Prepare separately cèpes cut up small, and crisply fried in butter, and add them to the trout with lemon-juice and mixed herbs.

¶ *Stuffed Trout*

(Spain)

Select 2 lb. of large trout and cut off the heads. Make a stuffing of 2 oz. truffles and 2 oz. mushrooms, salt and pepper. Remove the backbone from the trout and stuff it. Cook it in boiling water to which a small onion and some carrots have been added. Allow the fish to cool. Roll it in flour and egg and fry it in boiling oil.

¶ *Terrapin*

Terrapin and Canvas-back duck are the two holy mysteries of American cooking. They are both expensive dishes, and seem to be as irrevocably wedded on a menu as curds to whey or beans to bacon. A terrapin stew is one of those things in life towards which it is impossible to remain neutral. Its appearance, odour and taste must excite either profanity or poetry. There are few men with the Olympian attitude of Arnold Bennett, who, when offered terrapin by an anxious American hostess who had been singing its praises, exclaimed with disappointed surprise: 'Why, it's merely mud turtle!' or with the bravery of a guest at the Lord Mayor's banquet who refused to eat the green fat of his turtle soup on the ground that he did not like it!

Dumas and Ducleré, a one-time chef of the Rothschilds', were even more daring when they declared that it was no doubt owing to the lack of culinary refinement in England that the turtle is used for soup. While it would take a stout stomach to attack a dish called mud-turtle stew, it sounds more possible when called

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terrapiu, and a chance of eating it well prepared by an experienced coloured lady from Maryland or Virginia should not be missed.

Terrapiu dinners are to Washington and national American politics much what the old fish dinners at Greenwich were to British political institutions, and a proper appreciation of the stew has helped more than one politician to politico-gastronomic fame.

¶ *Terrapiu*

(*Maryland*)

This is a Maryland recipe. The terrapiu used to be a joy of Maryland and Virginia only, but railways and cold-storage vans have changed all that.

Boil the terrapins, putting a scant tablespoonful of butter in the water, until very tender; the flesh should loosen at the toes. Throw a quart of cold water over them, then pick, keeping the liquid that runs out of the shells.

Brown a tablespoonful of butter with a little flour, pour over the terrapiu meat (there should be a quart). Mix with it three cloves, six allspice, pepper, salt, the yolk of an egg. If desired, a pint of cream may be added, or a glass of wine. If more liquid is required, use some of the cold water that was thrown over them.

¶ *Terrapiu*

(*West Indian Recipe*)

Skin, bone and scald, chop the meat into dice. Add a small piece of salt pork and salt beef, tomatoes, shallot, herbs, black pepper, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add some sauce, made of butter, lime-juice and a glass of sherry. Mix and place in the turtle back some breadcrumbs and bake in the shell.

¶ *Stuffed John Dory*

Saint Peter found a silver piece in a fish with which to pay tribute to Caesar; the black mark near the fins was the thumb-mark left by the Saint. Hence the French name of 'Saint-Pierre'

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given to this fish. St. Peter keeps Heaven's gate, and the English name of John Dory, though due to the golden colour of the skin whilst in the sea and taken from the French 'doré,' is more picturesquely said to be our version of the Italian 'janitore.'

St. Christopher also sponsors the fish, if one leaves St. Peter and his coin on one side, and prefers to believe that when the former took up the little boy who was to grow so heavy on his shoulders, he caught a gay-coloured fish and held it up to amuse the baby, leaving his thumb-mark on it.

England had the right to Anglicize the name of this, since the best of them are found off her south coast.

Clean the fish and then cut the fins carefully, as they are very sharp and almost poisonous. Remove the gills, clean the fish, and stuff it with 4 oz. beef suet minced finely, 4 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, a beaten egg, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg and chopped parsley. Place it in a baking-dish covered with white wine and bake it. Serve it with sauce hollandaise, lobster sauce or black butter.

¶ *Eels*

Jupiter's private life (which was very public) was lacking in all trace of respectable monotony; but nobody seems to know how he came to be called the father of the eel. He was a slippery customer in many of his dealings, it is true; but, unlike this alleged daughter, who often does it, he never got into a stew. The domestic habits of the eel are mysterious, and its manner of getting born is not very clear; still, we know it did not spring fully-skinned from Jupiter's brow.

Jews will not eat eel; Dumas says that the Scotch and the Poles, who catch big ones, will not touch them, because they are too serpentine. There is the song of Lord Rendal to show that the land variety were used as pie-meat once. The dying hero, whose mother keeps him up to ask him silly questions when all he wants is that she should make his bed and let him lie down—his bed unmade after supper—a scandal!—Lord Rendal in pangs tells his curious parent that he has eaten of eels and eel-pie; that the

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eels were all speckled and spickled, mother, and that the lady got them from hedges and ditches.

They are safer when taken from the river. The famous French *matelote*, 'the Eel's Hornpipe,' is made to dance over the hot coals with onion and white wine. When well made it looks rather like rabbit-stew, and its taste is nondescript.

There are a dozen and a half French ways of cooking eel. The habitués of the Waterloo Road should appreciate the French jellied eel, though they would probably prefer onions to garlic.

¶ *Provençal Jellied Eels*

Cut the eels in slices, and cook them for a few minutes in a *mirepoix* sauce, made with plenty of vegetables and herbs. Throw in chopped garlic fried in oil and moistened with vinegar, and let the eels cook till tender. When they are nearly cold arrange the slices on a rather deep dish, strain the sauce through a cloth and pour it over the eels to set.

¶ *Lorraine Fried Eel*

Blanch the eel, cut the best part in thin slices; pound the rest with sharp and sweet herbs, garlic and onion to taste, or chopped mushrooms. Spread the slices with this mixture, and place them on pieces of fried bread, buttered and covered with a thin layer of tomato sauce or a slice of fresh tomato. Beat up an egg with flour and milk to a thick cream, pour a little over the *croutons*, and fry them in boiling fat.

¶ *Brittany Stewed Eel*

Stew slowly some large river-eels (preferably fresh-caught from the Loire) in an earthenware pot with young carrots, young onions and other sweet vegetable, such as a parsnip or two, and some prunes, first cutting the eel into 2-inch pieces. Make a thick red wine sauce and pour it over the stew 10 minutes before serving it.

Carême thought eels worthy of his serious attention. His recipe for *Anguille de Seine à la Louis XIV* takes more than two pages of

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close print. Two bottles of wine are poured over it at one moment; and fifty carps' tongues, cooked with truffles, are required for the sauce, among many other things. But in his day one made a dish as Tasso made a poem—in cantos.

§ *Belgian Eel* (*'au Vert'*)

Chop sorrel, strain it, put it in a fireproof dish with sliced eel fried in butter, and cook it in the oven. This can be eaten hot or cold.

§ *Italian Eel Stewed in Wine*

The famous fisheries of Comacchio provide Italy with her best eels, though the eels from the lake south of Viterbo mentioned by Dante run them a close second.

Fry garlic, or onion and sage, in a little oil; add the eel, seasoned and sliced, and brown it. Dilute tomato *purée* with strong, white wine, cover the pan closely, and cook it very slowly.

§ *Piedmont Filleted Eel*

The eel is cut in 3-inch strips, which are then fried in butter very quickly with chopped parsley and garlic, root artichokes, and a glass of Marsala; then let them stew slowly.

§ *Italian Eel in Lent*

Marinate an eel in wine vinegar with chopped herbs; cook it in the marinade with onion, carrots, parsley, and celery cut in dice, for 20 minutes. Rub the sauce through a coarse sieve and pour it over the eel.

§ *A Tuscan Variant*

When the fish is well marinated, make a stuffing of the liquid with chopped vegetables. Stuff it and let it bake very slowly in a covered dish with a spoonful of oil and a glass of Marsala.

In Germany eels are treated with great care, and the results are much to the taste of their consumers.

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§ *Hamburg Eel-Soup*

Hamburg is famous for Jews, Lessing's Dramaturgie, shipping, and its eel-soup. This dish is almost as much of a mystery as the other specialties of the Hansa city, and is best tasted there. No British or American housewife should order it from her cook. To begin with, the cook probably looks upon eels as things which nature intended to be grown in jelly and devoured in ham-and-beef or sausage-and-mashed shops. The eel is not regarded by most kitchens as either elegant or dressy. Moreover, the preparation of Hamburg eel-soup calls for quantities of patience and faith beyond the ken of any but a Hamburger.

The sailing directions alone call for the lucidity and terseness of a General Army Order, for the process starts with two converging operations. First of all, cook in a quart of beef stock for about half an hour some peas, beets, a head of celery, chopped parsley and thyme. Then add flour, boiled beans and purslane, and go on cooking the mixture for another quarter of an hour. Meanwhile the eel has been skinned (it's so simple!), has been cleaned for an hour in a bath of equal quantities of vinegar and water, with some young onions, peppercorns and salt, and has boiled briskly for a quarter of an hour.

Effect a junction between these two forces and place the lot in a soup-tureen where 3 yolks of egg, 1 lb. of cut-up pears, some lemon-juice and peel have been warming up. The soup is usually served with little semolina balls or dumplings. A cynic says, if the natural flavour of eel still permits, add half a bottle of Worcester sauce or a stick of dynamite. The poor mutt never was in Hamburg.

§ *Eels in Ale*

(*North Germany*)

Place the eel in a stew-pan with some chopped onion, laurel and beets; cover it with light beer, and cook it gently, adding some butter and potato-flour at the last moment. Crisp and crunchy

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pickles go well with this dish; or hot gooseberry jam may be served, in true North German fashion.

§ *Stewed Eels à la Bordelaise*

Cut up the eels and stew them for 25 minutes with sliced carrot, sweet herbs, garlic, three big onions, salt, peppercorns and mushroom trimmings, covered with sufficient red and white wine. When the fish is cooked, remove the slices and reduce the resultant broth to half, using this in the making of the sauce. Prepare medium-sized mushrooms and an equal quantity of small onions. Cook the mushrooms in a little salt water, to which have been added butter and lemon-juice, and braise the onions in a little clarified butter. Drain these vegetables and add them to the fish, and be careful to keep the water in which the mushrooms have been cooked, which is to be added to the sauce. Add some roux to the sauce and reduce till it is the right consistency. Salt to taste, add a little cayenne, pour the sauce into the pan containing the fish and warm it all up together. Serve in a deep dish and make a border of fried bread.

§ *La Bouilliture d'Anguille Poitevine*

(*Recipe of the 'Chapon Fin,' Poitiers*)

Cut the eels in slices and cook with chopped mushrooms and a dry white wine of Loudun, pepper, salt and herbs. Remove the pieces of fish and place in timbales. Mix the sauce with cream and serve very hot.

§ *South Italian Eels*

(*Capitone*)

In Naples and in all the Southern Provinces *capitone* is the name given to eels when they are very large. It is the custom to eat it at Christmas time. Cut off the head of the eel and skin it and cut it into pieces about two inches long. Make a mixture of grated breadcrumbs and cinnamon with a pinch of sugar and salt.

Roll the eel in this. Then tie the pieces to a spit, crossing one

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piece over another. Roast them in front of a moderate fire for 2 hours, basting well with the liquor that drips from the eel; do not use any fat. Serve them with lemon.

§ *Tourte aux Anguilles (Eel Pie)*

(*Recipe of the Restaurant 'Aux Vendanges de Bourgogne' Châlons-sur-Saône*)

Make a short-paste of two parts butter to three parts flour, salt and water. Cut it into two large rounds. Cut the eels into slices an inch long, salt and black pepper, crisp them in hot butter, braise them in Burgundy, add a *mirepoix* of onions and garlic, celery and leeks, a handful of mushrooms, and moisten with a little white wine. The pieces of fish must not be broken. Remove after cooking and thicken the sauce with good fish-glaze, pass all the mushrooms and *mirepoix* through the colander, and again through the hair-sieve, remove the bone from the slices of eel, place the fish in the pie and cover with the fish stock, which must be very thick. The fish and stock must be cold before putting into the pie. Serve the pie very hot.

§ *Eel-Pie Island Pie*

Skin and wash the eels, cut them into pieces finger-length, season them with mace, pepper and salt, lay them in a dish with butter over them; cover it with puff-paste and bake it in a gentle oven; when done pour a little gravy into it.

§ *Lampreys (Lamproie Bordelaise)*

(*Recipe of the 'Chapon Fin,' Bordeaux*)

Hang up living lampreys to bleed. Pour into the pot in which the blood is to drip a little red wine, to prevent its coagulating. Keep this blood carefully as it is used in making the sauce.

Prepare separately a *mirepoix* of carrots, onions, and ham, braised in butter, then add shallot, thyme, bay-leaf, and parsley.

Add a quart of good red Burgundy for each lamprey and reduce it till it thickens, then moisten with demi-glaze and mix it well.

Soak the lampreys in boiling water in order to skin them, and,

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what is very important, remove the sinew; cut them in slices and clean well in cold water; season with salt and pepper and boil up again in boiling oil.

Cook also in boiling oil as many large leeks cut in pieces as lampreys.

When the sauce is well blended, strain it and add the lampreys and leeks.

Cook them and, at the last moment, add the blood, which will bind and colour the sauce.

¶ *Herrings*

Not without reason do the old English and Manx and Scotch songs salute herring as 'King of the Sea.' If he became to-morrow as rare as sturgeon, and as expensive, epicures would think him delicious indeed, and his roe on toast would be served with royal honours like those rendered now to caviare. A really fresh herring, slit thrice across and larded with seasoned butter, grilled on the under side till the butter is absorbed, then turned so that the slit side browns too, is fit provender for kings and poets, even for multi-millionaires and other aristocrats. Rolled in butter and then in oatmeal, after the fashion of Loch Fyne, where his throne-room used to be, Herring the King is a noble zenith to the noble meal that the Scotch call breakfast. Fresh, salted, smoked, kippered, pickled; boiled, baked, grilled, potted; herring would be universally admired, only for his amiable frequency, which makes him the friend of the poor and revolts none but the purse-proud.

¶ *Herrings*

(*Glasgow Bailies or Magistrates*)

Take 6 or more fresh herrings, split and take out the backbones, leaving the tails, fill them with a stuffing made of a teacupful of breadcrumbs, a little chopped parsley, a sprig of tarragon, a small piece of lemon-rind, either grated or chopped very finely, a little melted bacon-fat and the yolk of an egg. Roll up the herrings tightly, tie the roll with cotton, and let each tail stand up. Place

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one against another in a pie-dish with sufficient vinegar and a little water, salt to taste, a few peppercorns, a clove and a couple of bay-leaves. Bake them for about 20 minutes, basting once or twice.

§ *Herring Pancakes*

(German)

Skin, bone and cut up a couple of dried herrings, make a light batter of flour, eggs and milk, drop in the pieces of herring and fry in boiling butter, sufficient to make a thick pancake.

§ *Rollmops*

(Dutch)

Soak pickled herrings 24 hours, cut them lengthwise in two strips, remove the bones and skin. Cover each strip with a layer of capers, chopped onions, German mustard, pickled cucumber, Roll and fasten with a fine wooden skewer.

Place these rolls in a stone jar and pour over them vinegar that has been boiled with onions and allowed to cool. Tie up the jars till required.

§ *Brandade*

When Lent brings again the more or less compulsory addition to the menu of salt cod, people who do not like it are so sorry for themselves that they would hardly be able to believe how many people have a real passion for it. Adolphe Thiers was so fond of *Brandade de Morue*, that when it was struck off his diet by his doctor, he, with Mignet, retired to his study and in private prepared and ate large quantities of this dish, smuggled into the house by Mignet. Madame Thiers was told that they were engaged on serious business, and the two old schoolboys had all the fun of doing something forbidden, as well as indulging in their favourite food. It is a charming story, so we will not ask if Madame Thiers' nose was in good working order. There are many good ways of preparing salt cod, but not one of them would prevent every one in the house from knowing that salt cod is being prepared.

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¶ *Brandade de Morue*

(France)

Cook 2½ lb. of salted cod in water. Cut it up into large dice. Make hot ½ pint oil with a pounded clove of garlic; throw in the cod and mix it all well till it becomes a smooth paste. Draw the saucepan to the side of the fire and add slowly 1½ pints oil, stirring it well till it is all mixed with the paste. From time to time mix in 2 or 3 spoonfuls of boiling milk until ½ pint has been used. When the *brandade* is ready it should have the consistence of potato *purée* and be quite creamy. If preferred, substitute cream for half the quantity of oil.

¶ *Dutch Salt Cod*

(*Stokvisch*)

Soak 2 lb. of *stokvisch*, then place the fish in a saucepan well covered with water, add 1¼ lb. rice, 2 lb. potatoes, and 1 big onion, sliced. The fish should be cooked in three-quarters of an hour; stir well, then add pepper, salt, mustard, 5 oz. fat or butter, and a little milk may also be added. Place it in a dish and allow it to brown in the oven.

The *stokvisch* can also be sewn in rolls and served with boiled potatoes, rice, fried onions, melted butter and mustard sauce.

¶ *Cold Fish Curry*

(English)

Cut into round thick slices cold boiled salmon, soles, or other fish, fry them in butter. In as much vinegar as will cover the fish, boil a little salt, two or three cloves of garlic, turmeric finely pounded, three cloves, a little nutmeg, ginger and black pepper pounded, and pour it hot over the fish. Cover it closely, and when it has stood 24 hours it will be fit for use and should be eaten cold with boiled rice.

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¶ *Fish Patties the Italian Way*

Take some flour and knead it with oil into a paste. Take slices of salmon; season them with pepper and salt and dip them into sweet oil, strew them with chopped onion and parsley, lay each in the rolled-out paste, which fold over in the shape of the slice of salmon; take a piece of white paper, oil it and lay it under the pastry and bake it. It is best cold and will keep a month.

Mackerel done the same way, head and tail together folded in a pasty, eats well.

¶ *Lorraine Fish-Stew*

Boil mixed fish in broth seasoned with herbs and bay-leaf. Add as much red wine as will cover the fish after it is cooked and the broth reduced. Brown some small onions in butter, take them out and thicken it with flour, pour in the fish-liquor, let the onions cook in it till tender, and then pour all over the fish.

¶ *Fish Pie* (Greece)

Line a pie-dish with a paste of cooked semolina, oil, water, pepper and salt. Make a sauce of milk, tomato *purée*, onion, salt, pepper, nutmeg, clove and garlic, let it thicken well; when it is tepid add a beaten yolk and powdered Parmesan. Pour it over flaked cold fish and fill the pie-dish with the mixture. Cover it with semolina paste and brown it in the oven. When cold, cut it in slices.

¶ *Maltese Baked Fish*

Put half-slices of lemon in deep slits made in any big fish. Lay it in an earthenware dish, half buried in sliced potatoes, tomatoes and onions, sprinkle chopped herbs over it, including saffron and mint, and fill the dish with oil and water in equal quantities. Bake it slowly, constantly basting it and the vegetables.

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§ *Lenten Chicken*

(Italy)

Rub slices of bread with garlic, lay them in a soup-tureen, pour over them salted vinegar and leave them to absorb it. In three saucepans boil (1) a cauliflower, 8 oz. of French beans or scarlet runners, celery and carrots; (2) a beetroot; (3) $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. potatoes and 2 bunches of salsify. Drain them; when cold, mince and mix them, adding a little oil and vinegar, as for a salad. Bone a fairly large whiting, haddock, or a piece of cod, or use lobster or crayfish; mix through it all a little oil, salt and lemon-juice. Fry 2 dozen prawns, cut in quarters 6 hard-boiled eggs, chop 6 boned anchovies with 3 oz. capers. Place a layer of this mixture in a salad-bowl, then a layer of a paste made by pounding together 2 boned anchovies, a little parsley, garlic, 4 oz. pine-kernels, 2 oz. capers, 3 hard-boiled yolks, breadcrumb soaked in vinegar, the pulp of 24 olives and a pinch of salt, passing it through a sieve, adding half a tumbler of vinegar and half a tumbler of oil to mix it well. Fill the bowl with alternate layers, ending with a layer of fish. Dilute the rest of the sauce with tomato *purée*, pour it over the salad, decorate it with oysters, prawns, olives and carrots, cut up into little rounds, and leave it, covered, on ice for an hour before serving.

§ *Grilled Fish, Tunis Fashion*

Rub salt, pepper and nutmeg into slits made in a medium-sized fish of any nature, and grill it over a charcoal fire, constantly sprinkling it with oil in which a sliced lemon and a crushed clove of garlic have been lying overnight.

§ *Tunisian Fish-Cakes*

(*Kefta*)

Leave a raw onion in salt for six hours, and then pound it into a solid mass with soaked breadcrumb, pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Add the pounded flesh of any white fish raw, and enough beaten white of egg to bind it. Form it in croquettes and fry them.

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Dried rosebuds are among the spices available in North Africa, and are used in this dish.

¶ *German Fish-Balls*

Make balls of filleted fish, breadcrumb, chopped onions and grated carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of sugar, pepper and salt, and beaten egg. Breadcrumb them and boil them $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in gravy made from the fish-bones. Thicken the gravy with a little flour, add chopped parsley, pour it over the fish-cakes, and serve them cold.

¶ *Russian Fish Pie*

Line a pie-dish with a yeast dough, and fill it with layers of boiled rice, smoked fish in thin slices, seasoned with pepper, salt and nutmeg, and slightly moistened with sour cream. Cover the pie hermetically and bake it.

¶ *East Indian Fagadu*

Put some cleaned spinach into a saucepan without any water, add the meat of a lobster, or a pint of shrimps, picked from the shells and cut small, an onion and a clove of garlic minced fine, some salt, a few chillies or cayenne; let it cook very slowly till nearly done, add some onions, sliced and fried brown; cover the stew-pan close for a short time, then keep stirring it till it becomes quite dry; sour it with lemon-juice.

¶ *Moli*

(*India*)

Slice an onion and fry it in butter with 2 sliced green chillies and a little green ginger. Mix in 1 oz. flour and add $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of coconut milk made from scalding grated coconut with boiling water. Add 2 lb. of cooked fish cut up and simmer it 10 minutes. Raw fish may also be used, but naturally will require more cooking.

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¶ *Stewed Fish*

(Jewish)

Lay slices of any white fish in a pan with sliced onion, a little powdered ginger, salt and pepper, and a tablespoonful of oil. Cover the pan, and after 2 hours cover the fish with water and let it stew till cooked. Put the fish in a hot deep dish, thicken the sauce with 2 eggs, some flour, add lemon-juice, and pour it over the fish.

¶ *Hawaiian Curry*

Grate a coconut and soak it in its liquor. Brown a chopped onion in butter, add a tablespoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and the coconut milk. Pour it over the raw fish, cook it slowly, and serve with plenty of rice.

¶ *Stuffed Fish*

(Australia)

Make a stuffing of $\frac{1}{2}$ lobster, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of prawns, 1 oz. bread-crumbs, and seasoning, butter and an egg; stuff fish, bake it with butter, and serve good brown sauce or melted butter.

¶ *Bouillabaisse*

‘Thackeray, of course . . .’

Well, how else should an English book approach bouillabaisse than by mentioning Thackeray? I do it *pour l'acquit de ma conscience*, to pay my duty, but never can I believe that the dear man ever tasted bouillabaisse in the New Street of the Little Fields. And indeed his ballad is not of bouillabaisse, but of lost youth—a dish that in every country is only served cold *à la vinaigrette*, or with sharp sauce. I have eaten of *jeunesse perdue à la sauce piquante* in many places, and I noticed that, unlike most dishes, it tasted much the same in all. That is perhaps due to the fact that its ingredients travel so well; they are not among the luggage that gets lost or spoiled.

Now bouillabaisse, on the other hand, cannot be eaten in Paris

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or Pernambuco or Peking or Paddington, or other punch-brother-punch places, for the reason that though there may be a wife who can cook waiting in every seaport for every sailor, the necessary ingredients for the bouillabaisse can never be met with more than a hundred miles from the Mediterranean shore, unless one is to rifle an aquarium. And who would dare to do that? Who would not rather leave the 'rascasse' in his tank than meet his eye at close quarters?

The 'rascasse' is but one of the fish that go to make the real and only bouillabaisse. There are others, but they are awful to look at. I once accompanied an M.B. (Master in Bouillabaisse) through the fish-market of Nice. The April morning was fresh and gentle, the ridiculous classic columns of the market gleamed white, and the M.B. went from one gleaming marble slab to another, diligently acquiring fish, fortunately dead, which had the most appalling countenances of ferocity and hate conceivable to the human imagination. Reflecting upon the mild, not to say imbecile, eye of London's Monday-morning cod, the decapitated coyness of its annular whiting, the gentle gaze of Dover's grill-striped sole, and the smile of Yarmouth and Loch Fyne upon the dead faces of their herrings, I found it almost impossible to believe that these and those alike were fit for food.

Endless recipes for bouillabaisse exist, ranging from the fierce truth to the gentle and spinsterly 'take a young sole' of some English and French cookery-books, in the days before the fastest fish-train and the coldest storage had proved that the essential material of the dish must be almost living. You can make a fish-stew anywhere in the world, with the fish you have, saffron, garlic, onion, butter and other basic items. But it will not be bouillabaisse unless those fearsome fish of the Mediterranean are in it. Thackeray ate in Paris a fish-stew seasoned *à la bouillabaisse*, but he could not have had the real thing even in Lyons, where all culinary impossibilities are possible if human skill can compass them.

The bouillabaisse of Marseilles has a fighting quality; the garlic and the saffron stand up and slap at each other like young

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tigers in play, and the glare of the eye of the 'rascasse' is upon them.

The 'rascasse' contributes in a large measure to the success of the famous Marseilles dish. It belongs to the same family as the John Dory and the red gurnet. The head is large and spiky, and the body is covered with scaly threads which give it a weird appearance. Its spikes often make dangerous wounds on the fishermen, but the flesh is excellent and sound. In olden times the flesh was thought to be endowed with medical properties. Naturalists place this fish in the scorpion class. There are two kinds, the black and the brown. The latter is considered the true rascasse.

The garlic can be omitted, but Marius thinks that a white-livered way of approaching his dish.

In Paris restaurants, still more in foreign ones, bouillabaisse is listed as a soup, and treated as such. On the Mediterranean coast it is better understood; it is a meal. You order it in advance from your pet restaurant—so much the better if it is a small one, where the proprietor will himself go to market, and then spend his whole morning making the precious dish. With your friends you arrive in an admirable humour (if this ingredient is not to hand, please stay at home), and you sit down and dally with fresh bread, fresh butter, sardines, radishes and olives. Then you tuck your napkin under your Adam's apple, fix your eye on the door, dilate the nostrils, and leave off talking.

The actual entry of the two tureens, the anxious sniff, the eager inspection, and the relieved smile, can only be rendered by reading in terms of bouillabaisse the description of Bob Cratchit's goose and Christmas pudding. Then for a while there is silence.

When tongues are loosened—and belts, and the finger-bowls have gone round, the meal is drooping to its perfect end. A crisp salad, a good Camembert, ripe figs or other fruit—no more. A pause, filled by the rolling yet staccato voice of Marius at his happiest. Then coffee; and every man to choose his own pet liqueur, preferably something a little out of the way, that he can vaunt and press upon his neighbour. And so, *au revoir et merci*.

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¶ *Marseilles Bouillabaisse*

The fish preferable for this dish are rascasse, chapon, dory, whiting, fielas, boudreuil, langouste, red mullet, gurnet. The fish should be cut up into pieces and separated into the firm and the soft.

Cut up 3 onions, 2 cloves of chopped garlic, 2 tomatoes, peeled, with a little thyme and bay-leaf, a piece of dried orange-peel, parsley and fennel, a tablespoonful or less of saffron, and half cook them in oil without browning. Then add the firm fish, seasoned with salt and pepper. Add a large wineglassful of white wine and sufficient boiling water to cover the fish. Boil it up quickly, and after five minutes add the soft fish, and cook it for a further five minutes. Then arrange the fish in a plate, dishing it carefully with a fish-slice. Reduce the broth a little and pour it boiling on to slices of bread in a tureen and serve at the same time as the fish.

The essential character of the dish can be more gently interpreted. A delicious illustration of this is the recipe for a bouillabaisse I first ate in a small hostelry on the Nice-Monte-Carlo road, made by the present owner of the Faletto Restaurant at Nice, who authorizes the following formula, with the rider: 'Bouillabaisse is the most difficult dish to do well that I know,' by which one can gather that the simple-sounding directions have behind them that all-potent *tour de main* which may be translated as The Hidden Hand, since it changes the significance of all it touches.

¶ *Bouillabaisse Faletto*

(Nice)

Put a spoonful and a half per person of olive oil in the pan and cook an onion cut in slices till browned. Add first of all the large fish such as lobster, rascasse, 'lou capoun,' 'Lou verdoun,' 'la Morena,' then the smaller fish or soup-fish. Season them with salt and pepper and a pinch of saffron and cool them for 10 minutes. Then add slices of potato and sufficient water to cover the fish, fresh and preserved tomato purée, cook it a further 10 to 15 minutes. Strain the small fish through the sieve. Fry some

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slices of bread in olive oil and put them in the tureen, pour the broth over them, and serve the large fish on a separate dish.

Marcel Boulestin has given a recipe for bouillabaisse for English kitchens under the modest title of 'Fish Soup.' The ingredients are:—

1 lb. mixed fish, 1 mackerel, 1 herring, 1 mullet, 1 whiting, a few sprats, a small piece of haddock, 2 or 3 oysters and a small crab, olive oil, white wine, a bay-leaf, thyme, cloves, 3 heads (*sic*) of garlic, 3 tomatoes, 3 onions, 2 leeks, parsley, salt and pepper; spaghetti, saffron and grated cheese.

I have it on his own authority that he thinks this sounds 'rather extravagantly Chinese,' so why not put some pork in too?

Burgundy has its own fresh-water bouillabaisse, called a 'Meurette.'

§ *Meurette de Bourgogne*

This national dish of the wine country is made with fresh-water fish. Take a small carp, a trout, an eel, a pike and one or two perch. Scale and clean the fish and cut into pieces and place in a stew-pan. Boil in another pot a quart of Burgundy with chopped vegetables, spices and salt, as well as four cloves of garlic. Cook the vegetables for 10 minutes and pour the boiling wine through a sieve into the stew-pan containing the fish, to which a good glass of brandy has been added. Allow this broth to simmer for a further 10 minutes and light the brandy. Remove the stew-pan and thicken the sauce with butter to which a few drops of anchovy essence have been added. Serve the pieces of fish on thick slices of toasted bread which have been rubbed with garlic, and then pour the sauce over all.

§ *Maiķa (Tunisian Bouillabaisse)*

Fry onions in oil and add a paste of pimento, pepper, salt, coriander and plenty of garlic, crushed together with milk. Mix it well with the onion, moisten with milk (goats' milk if available),

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and when it boils lay in mixed fish of many sorts, including at least one crustacean. After twenty minutes of steady simmering pour the liquid over toasted slices of bread on which a lemon has been grated, and serve the fish in another tureen.

§ *Sicilian Bouillabaisse*

It is made like the Maïka, but with water instead of milk, and the soup is thickened with two yolks and flavoured with the juice of a lemon and of half an orange.

§ *Bouillabaisse de l'Océan*

(*Biscayan Coast*)

For four persons, mix in a saucepan 3 spoonfuls of oil and the same quantity of butter, and cook therein 3 large onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes, 2 chopped leeks, a sprig of thyme and one of sariette, a little fennel, a bay-leaf, 2 cloves of garlic, a stick of celery and some mashed tomatoes, a pinch of saffron. Cut off the heads of 2 whiting, a small conger, 2 red mullets, 2 sardines, 2 mackerel, some mussels and a small lobster. Season it with salt and pepper and cover with a glass of white wine to two of water and cook for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

Strain it through the sieve or the colander and cook 3 potatoes, very finely chopped, in the broth. Cook all the fish in butter and stew them again in the broth.

Brown some slices of bread and pour the broth over them. Serve the fish on a separate dish, but bring both the broth and the fish to table at the same time.

§ *Oysters*

When Orata invented oyster-beds and Apicius discovered the equivalent of Pullman cars which enabled the creatures to travel in comfort and luxury, Rome, already fond of them, discovered the real value of the shells Caligula's soldiers had brought home from Britain's shores in lieu of conquest. Mediterranean oysters were henceforward disdained; the Atlantic oyster alone was worthy

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of a silken Rome. Few will dispute the verdict; the oyster of the open ocean is many times better than the tasteless bivalve of the tideless sea. In recent years the oyster has become haughty. Worth a halfpenny each in the time of Dickens, he is now cheap when only sixpence. The finest French oysters are disappearing altogether, for the nubbly plebeian little Portugaise has invaded the beds of Belons and Marennes and is overrunning them. The green-edged Marennes is a delicious mouthful, and was the original Ostend oyster. The English river Roach once supplied a good many to Ostend; England would have none of them, associating the green due to crow-silk seaweed with verdigris.

An American correspondent sent to Colchester for the annual oyster feast made himself celebrated in those parts by beginning his dispatch with this memorable statement: 'The English think so little of their oysters that they do not even think them worth cooking.' What Colchester thought of Christopher Columbus after that would fill a book. As well talk to a Sussex squire of shot foxes as to a reverent eater of 'Colchester natives' about cooked oysters.

Nevertheless, the correspondent was, in fact, wrong. All old English cookery-books have recipes for cooking oysters, frying and stewing them with herbs, and oyster patties have for generations headed the list of the Party Dishes of England.

American oysters are often so large as to abash the new-comer and appal the waiter if our ordinary half-dozen is ordered. There are almost innumerable ways of preparing American oysters—the Boston Cookery School Cook-Book alone gives fifty-two!

¶ *Broiled Oysters* (*Virginia*)

Put a dish in the oven to heat, with a lump of butter sprinkled with cayenne. Dry large, plump oysters in a cloth, then grill them on a well-greased griddle, turning them and placing them in the hot dish in the oven as they are done. They should be served very hot.

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¶ *Cold Oysters*

(*Venice*)

Open some oysters and let them cook in a fry of onions and butter and the water which comes from them.

Take them from the fire, add a little juice of lemon and let them get cold. In each of the shells put a little mixture made with fish and truffles, beaten together. In the middle put an oyster, covering again with the mixture. Place the other shell upon it and bake in the oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve cold.

¶ *Fried Oysters*

(*U.S.A.*)

Fried oysters to brown well should be dried thoroughly between linen towels, and salted only when the frying is finished.

For a quart of oysters, beat the yolks of 2 eggs to a batter, add a film of nutmeg and let the oysters stand in it, well covered, for several minutes. Then dip each oyster in meal, cracker-crumbs or flour, and fry them in deep fat.

Some prefer oysters dipped in the beaten white of egg, rolled in pounded cracker-crumbs, and fried in butter.

Serve very hot, salted and peppered.

¶ *Oyster Gumbo*

(*Creole. Mrs. Rorer's Recipe*)

Wash and drain 100 oysters. Place 4 tablespoonfuls of olive oil and 1 sliced Spanish onion in a saucepan and shake it until the onion is nearly cooked and slightly browned. Add a tablespoonful of flour, 1 red pepper chopped finely; cover the pan for 15 minutes, then add the oysters and boil quickly, add one tablespoonful of *filée* and turn into a soup-tureen.

¶ *Roasted Oysters*

(*U.S.A.*)

Have a hot fire, and a large gridiron or oven ready. Put breaded oysters into scallop shells, as many in each as seems desirable, with

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some of their liquor, butter and pepper. Serve quickly, as soon as plumped, very hot, with a few drops of lime or lemon juice, tomato catsup or other relish.

¶ *Stewed Oysters*

(U.S.A.)

Put into the boiling liquor of a quart of oysters a little minced onion, blade of mace, salt, pepper, and about 3 oz. of butter melted with a teaspoonful of flour. When it tends to thicken, add the oysters. They should be plumped, but not over-cooked. (A good time to lift from the fire is when the edges begin to curl.)

¶ *Oyster Turnovers*

(New England)

Heat together without boiling 18 oysters, their liquor, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper, and the juice of half a lemon, and extra water if required. Make puff-paste turnovers with a few and bake them slowly.

Make a sauce of the oyster liquor and a cupful of cream or milk, salt and pepper, thickened with butter and flour.

¶ *Oyster Chartreuse*

(France)

A quart of oysters, 1 pint of cream, a small slice of onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk, the whites of 4 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, and a cupful of fine bread-crumbs and 6 potatoes. Cook 6 large potatoes and mash them with pepper, salt, milk, and 2 whites of eggs. Sprinkle the buttered mould with browned breadcrumbs. Line the mould with potato, let it stand a few minutes. Boil a slice of onion with salt and pepper in 1 pint cream, add 2 tablespoonfuls flour mixed to a paste with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of cold milk, add it to the boiling cream. Remove the onion from the sauce, add the oysters and seasoning to taste. Turn it gently into the mould, cover it with the remainder of the potato. Bake it half an hour in a hot oven. Take it from

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the oven ten minutes before turning it out. Garnish with parsley and serve.

¶ *Steamed Oysters*

(*Shiu Wong Chan's Recipe*)

Stew 2½ dozen oysters in their juice till plump, then fry them in oil with a tablespoon of Fun wine and a teaspoonful of ginger juice. Cut lard-skin into pieces as large as the oyster, wrap each oyster, using white of egg as paste, put the wrapped oysters into boiling oil and fry until they are brown. Now set them in a bowl and steam them for 1½ hours. Serve on lettuce.

¶ *Neapolitan Mussel Stew*

Boil 1 lb. mussels or 1½ lb. whelks. Fry an onion in oil, add the juice of a tomato, let it cook, add from time to time a little water from that in which the fish have been cooked. Throw in the rice and cook it well, add the fish and some tomato *purée*, sprinkle Parmesan cheese over it, and serve it very hot.

¶ *Scalloped Lobster*

(*Maryland*)

Fill an empty lobster shell with the cooked, minced lobster meat. Mix butter with a little flour or cornstarch, pepper and salt, until it thickens. Pour it over the lobster meat, mixing thoroughly. Cover it with a thin layer of buttered crumbs and brown it quickly.

¶ *Lobster Stew*

(*Italian*)

Prepare and cut up a large lobster. Put it in a saucepan with hot oil, salt and pepper, also the coral and any water that comes from the lobster. Cook well; when it becomes rather yellow, drain away nearly all the oil, pour in 2 small glasses of cognac, add 3 chopped-up shallots, cook a little, then pour in some white wine, add a bunch of herbs (thyme, sage, parsley and laurel) and

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2 lb. of skinned and chopped-up tomatoes. If it seems dry, add a little fish broth or water.

§ *Anglo-Indian Lobster Curry*

Take a pound of lobster flesh. Fry in butter, or, preferably, in mustard oil, sliced onions, add a tablespoonful of curry powder mixed to a paste with water; cook for 5 minutes, add bay-leaf, one or two blades of lemon grass, cook the lobster, remove from the fire occasionally and stir. Add a breakfastcupful of coconut infusion or good stock, a dessertspoonful of moist sugar, and simmer it 1 hour. Add the juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon. Remove the lemon grass and bay-leaf before serving.

§ *Cotriade of Mackerel*

(Recipe of the 'Grand Hôtel,' Concarneau)

Boil herbs, quartered onions and a little garlic for 15 minutes in an earthenware dish. Add floury peeled potatoes. When they are half cooked lay mackerel cut in pieces on them, and cover the dish closely so that the fish may cook in the steam rather than in the stew over a slow fire. In half an hour serve it in the same dish.

CHAPTER IX

Fruit

MISS MILTON would probably have been delighted if her father had ever ordered a meal as courteously as his Adam did of Eve when the Angel Raphael came to dinner – unexpectedly too. It was a fruitarian repast, and with no care for her costume to damp her spirits, and the resources of Eden at hand, Eve had an easier time than Chalfont St. Giles would have allowed her. The way in which men writers provide food in their works is very exasperating to women. Unless Adam's eyesight enabled him to perceive the angel at least an hour's walk away, Eve would never have had time to lay the table Milton describes, even with natural fruits, especially as Adam, far from helping, walks forth, 'without more train accompanied than with his own complete perfections.' A trying man to live with.

The even more famous fruit meal of 'The Eve of St. Agnes' is provided by 'a poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing' in a hand's turn, in spite of its lavish nature and the terror-born 'agues in her brain,' and Porphyro lays the table with a silence and swiftness enviable indeed to all the ordinary men who have wondered to see the wives start awake in terror upon what they had hoped was a silent entrance.

The most convinced anti-fruit propagandist, if such a being exists, must be silenced by the third great passage of English poetry dealing with fruit.

'What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.'

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One can do nothing after that but recognize that all men are not always stumbling in gardens, that all gardens are not always full of ripe fruit; and that there are good ways of providing for those when we cannot rely on these.

¶ *Apples*

Distinguished anecdotes are told about the apple. The tomato and the shaddock have tried to steal its star-part in the tragedy of Eden; but nobody ever yet, in watching the evolution of a male throat, referred to Adam's tomato or Adam's shaddock. In addition to Adam, celebrated persons connected with the apple are Newton, who wondered why it fell; Tell, who wondered where it went; George IV, who wondered how it got into the dumpling; Paris, Atalanta, Hercules, the Sultan's third son and the man who invented cider.

At one time people made apple dumplings in special nets, so that they should be nicely patterned. It is a romantic thought.

¶ *Ginger Apples* (*England*)

Bruise 1½ oz. whole ginger, cover it with whisky in a small covered jar for 3 days. Cut 3 lb. apples into thin slices, pared and cored, add 2 lb. white sugar, the strained juice of 2 lemons. Simmer all together very gently till the apples are transparent but not broken. Serve cold.

¶ *Apricots*

In Persia apricots are aptly called 'Sun eggs.' Damascus is still surrounded by apricot orchards, but modernity is doing its worst, and the time is coming when the 'Damascus plums' that delighted the old travellers will come from the four quarters of the earth, but not from Damascus, like Montreuil peaches and Argenteuil asparagus, to say nothing of York Ham.

The apricot came to Europe by way of Armenia, reaching Rome when Marcus Aurelius returned there after his Balkan victories.

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It has a very congenial home in Portugal, whence it was sent forth preserved in syrup before California heard the word can.

France had several good methods of drying it, as well as elaborate recipes for using it fresh; and national thrift can be traced in the odd fact that less attention is devoted by her celebrated cooks to the ripe fruit than to ways of saving from perdition the half-ripe windfalls.

This is due to the eccentricities of the French climate, which has its little tempers, and very often ruins the apricot when that rather tender visitor has only just begun to don her complexion.

In England home-grown apricots are still rare enough to be a delicacy, and therefore the imported ones command good prices, and the apricot remains a 'party' fruit, just as in pots it is a 'party' jam.

California's output of apricots in syrup has brought the 'apricock' beloved of the Elizabethan poets from pleached alleys to suburban tables. California knows how to make syrup; perhaps one day she will find a way of making the apricots taste of something besides that syrup.

§ *Old English Apricot Pudding*

Blanch firm or even under-ripe apricots; peel them, cut them in half, crack the stones, put the kernels in hot water for 20 minutes and stew the apricots very slowly till tender in syrup sweetened according to their ripeness. In a buttered pie-dish lay a layer of bread and butter. Sprinkle it with sugar and the merest hint of powdered cinnamon. On this place a layer of apricots, then some of the kernels. Moisten it with grenadine, or fresh fruit-juice cooked in the apricot syrup, and repeat the layers till the dish is full, ending with bread buttered on both sides and sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Half an hour in a medium oven will be sufficient.

More than fifty years ago a dish of apricots was served in France which Dumas considered extremely modern and extremely distinguished. It had at any rate an imposing name, and it would be

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a pity to call it merely Apricot Sago, when it has the great creole's approval as

¶ *Poupelure de Sagou aux Abricots, dite à la D'Escar*

Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fresh apricots with as much cane-sugar in a pint of water. (Dumas says it must be river or fountain water!) Strain it through a cloth, leaving it as beautifully clear as it is coloured and flavoured. Cook in it $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sago, well washed and drained. When it is thoroughly cooked and transparent, draw it from the fire and add $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of noyau (kirsch or maraschino will do; or Cointreau). Just before serving, hot and in the dish, add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of warmed crystallized apricots.

¶ *Grilled Apricots*

(*French*)

Split and stone ripe apricots, powder them with moist sugar and grill them over a wood or charcoal smokeless heat. Put them in a dish and pour over them boiling syrup made from apricots and raspberries and well strained.

¶ *Dried Apricots*

There are plenty of recipes for drying apricots; it can be done in the Portuguese fashion, on slats of wood, or *à la Provençale*, on slates, or in several ways which require the co-operation of the sun. In more vigorous climates the usual reason for wanting to preserve apricots is that the sun may go off duty before he has fully ripened them. In these conditions it is inconsistent to use a recipe in which the sun does the drying; Saint Oven has to step in. The quantities available are not overwhelming and do not require attention or utensils beyond a very reasonable limit.

¶ *A good method of drying*

Split and stone ripe but firm apricots, and place them in a dish, well covered with soft sugar, and no two pieces touching without sugar between. There should be nearly as much sugar

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as fruit. After 24 hours heat them very slowly through in their syrup and let them cook as gently as possible till they are tender, 6 to 10 minutes. Leave them in the syrup till they can absorb no more of it—about two days—then drain them well and dry them on rough tiles or on unglazed earthenware dishes in a warm dry place.

California has more apricots, more sun, and more customers than most places; and her fame has penetrated even that Jericho of prejudice, the French Kitchen, whose walls have fallen before *les abricots de Californie*. The French cook usually confines herself to soaking them with prunes, stewing them together, and presenting this wintry if healthy dessert for consumption on summer days when the air is positively languorous with the smell of fresh fruit. She does not even rub them through a sieve; but when stewed, unites them with cake-crumbs, lightens them with beaten egg, and lets the oven amalgamate them, as the good plain cook of England does. But she will sometimes go so far as to beat them up with cream, including the liberal flavouring of boric acid which goes to swell the price of French cream.

Paul Reboux, the innovator, has dared to suggest a new method.

§ *Apples with Apricots*

Mix with 2 lb. of stewed apples 2 heaped tablespoonfuls of apricots stewed to pulp. Pile the mixture in a dish, mask it with white of egg beaten stiff, powder it with sugar, and colour it lightly in the oven.

§ *Apricot Croûtons*

(Belgian)

Cut slices of bread about half an inch thick into dice, without any crust, and fry them crisp and golden in butter. Pile them on a dish, and cover them with hot apricots stewed to a *purée*. Pour over all a syrup, made of Madeira in the proportion of half a cupful to a cupful of sugar, boiled together for at least 10 minutes. Serve hot.

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¶ *Apricots in Bed*

(English)

Swell some dried apricots, stew them in the water they have soaked in, put them in a buttered dish, pour a blancmange or custard mixture over them, cook it in a moderate oven for half an hour, sprinkle lemon rind or orange rind or both, grated very finely indeed, over the top, and serve it with cream.

¶ *Apricot Soup*

Germany is fond of many varieties of fruit soup. The method of preparing apricot soup is used in cooking other varieties of fruit.

Cook 2 lb. of apricots, rub them through a sieve. Bring them to the boil again in some water with lemon-peel.

Thicken the soup with flour, throw in a glass or two of white wine and serve poured over sweet macaroons.

¶ *Banana Cake*

(West Indies)

Mash ripe bananas and flavour the *purée* with a very few drops of mushroom catsup. In a buttered fire-proof dish put a layer of banana, plentifully sprinkle grated cheese, cover this closely with slices of less ripe banana, another layer of *purée* and cheese, finishing with browned breadcrumbs, moisten it with sour cream, put dots of butter over it and brown it in the oven.

¶ *Banana and Cheese Strips*

(Recipe of the Restaurant Faletto, Nice)

In a copper pan with a good lump of butter place long slices of Gruyère, each with a length of banana and another strip of cheese over it. Dust them with cinnamon, sweeten them well, and cook them till well combined. This may be done over a chafing-dish on the table.

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¶ *West African Banana Curry*

Soak half a teacupful of coconut in milk for an hour. Cut 6 or 7 bananas into slices. Fry a tablespoonful of curry powder in some butter and brown the bananas slightly. Season them with anchovy and Worcester sauce, pepper and salt, and lastly add the milk and coconut. Simmer all gently 15 minutes, stir in a well-beaten egg, and serve with rice.

¶ *Iced Banana Soup*

Mash and rub through the tammy 4 bananas, beating in cold milk, sugar to taste, a pinch of salt, and the grated rind of an orange. Bring it to the boil and thicken it with cornflour. Serve it iced with maraschino cherries.

¶ *Cherry Soufflé* (*Maryland Aufloffe*)

Stone 2 quarts of cherries, and sprinkle over them 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little cinnamon. Leave them 2 hours. Put in a bowl 3 tablespoonfuls browned breadcrumbs or cake-crumbs, pounded finely, the same of sugar, 5 of sour cream and the yolks of 4 eggs. Mix and stir it well. Then beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into the bowl with the other ingredients, pour all over the cherries, and bake about 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

¶ *Asturian Chestnuts*

The peeled chestnuts are boiled till tender in salted water, well drained and turned into a deep bowl with sweetened hot milk poured over them.

¶ *Coconut Loaf*

Mix grated coconut with flour, baking powder, sugar and milk. Bake it in a buttered cake-tin for about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

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¶ *Coconut Pudding*

(*Australia*)

Stir the grated meat of a coconut into a custard mixture, flavour it with ginger or cinnamon to taste, thicken it with a little banana-flour. Cover a tart-dish with short crust, pour the mixture on it, bake it in a moderate oven, and ten minutes before serving pile on it the whites of the eggs used in the custard, beaten stiff, returning them to the oven to brown.

¶ *Hawaiian Figs*

Slice ripe figs and arrange them in layers alternated with whipped cream flavoured with Malaga or raspberry vinegar. Freeze them till they can be turned out, and sprinkle grated coconut over the shape.

¶ *Green Fig Preserve*

(*Cape Cookery*)

Peel the figs carefully and make four slits in each, put them into an earthen jar, sprinkle a handful of salt over them, and press them down with a plate; pour boiling water over them and let them stand for 12 hours. Take them out and put them on to boil in fresh water; when they are soft take them and squeeze them well. Prepare the syrup allowing 7 lb. of sugar to 100 figs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water to each pound of sugar. Put in the figs when the syrup begins to boil gently. When the figs are first boiled, they become yellow, but when they are put into the syrup they soon regain their green colour. A small piece of lime may be put to the water in which they are soaked.

¶ *Creole Sweet Pickled Figs*

(*Mrs. Rorer's Recipe*)

Tie into two pieces of cheese cloth 1 dozen mace, 1 level tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful cloves. Take 2 quarts of figs and put a layer into the stew-jar, then a layer of salt, another layer of figs and then salt and so on till all are used.

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Pour over 1 quart of water, cover and leave all night. Next morning, wash the figs and place in clear water for 2 hours. Drain and cover with boiling water and leave till thoroughly cooled. Put the spices and 1 quart of vinegar and 1 lb. of sugar into the preserving pan, boil and skim. Add the figs and bring quickly to scalding point and put on one side. Next day re-heat them and put at once into jars and cover.

¶ *Granadilla and Pomegranate*

The granadilla was so-called by the early Spanish explorers of South America, and is a form of pomegranate. It does not travel well, and must be eaten in such a climate as that of South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, or the Spanish Americas for full appreciation. The ripe fruit is best eaten by cutting off the top and scooping out the inside with a spoon half full of cream. In Australia the pulp and juice are rubbed through a tammy, sweetened, dashed with lime-juice, mixed with whipped cream and frozen or jellied. The fruit can also be made into pie, like apples; a delicious preserved jelly is also made with it.

¶ *Pomegranate Ice*

(Creole)

Rub the pulp of pomegranate through a sieve without breaking the seeds; sweeten it by stirring in sugar over the fire, add water when it is cold, or cream, and freeze it.

¶ *Grape-Fruit*

America was only twice invaded by Europe; but she is never tired of reprisals for the meagre boatfuls of the *Santa Maria* and the *Mayflower*. Tourists, bathrooms, musical comedies, cocktails, air-men and women, business methods, films, St. Hustle, smoking during meals, the exclamation O'Hell, and a Niagara of slang, pour across the Old World in unchecked torrents. And the grape-fruit comes with them. England has naturalized it even to her costermongers' barrows. France has condescended to let

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the 'Grapp Frewée' enter her restaurants. There is a theory that the Spaniards first took it to Florida, but Florida prefers to have invented it for herself. There is also a theory that it was Adam's downfall; but the orange says that, and the tomato and the shaddock, and it is simpler to stick to the apple.

The grape-fruit, or pomelo, has been crossed with a tangerine to form the tangelo. Europe awaits it.

There is only one way of serving grape-fruit, and everybody knows it. But sherry *is* better than maraschino.

MIXED FRUIT

¶ *Peking Wall*

(*Chinese Recipes*)

Arrange *glacé* fruits (nuts, grapes, slices of orange, etc.) to form a circular wall about three or four inches high. Fill the inside with the meat of boiled chestnuts, ground finely. Cover it with whipped cream and decorate with spun sugar.

¶ *Rödgröd*

(*The Baltic Countries*)

Boil summer fruits together (currants, raspberries, strawberries, cherries) with sugar and thicken them with ground rice. Simmer them till well incorporated. Flavour them with ground sweet almonds, add enough powdered gelatine to set them, pour them into a mould. Serve with cream.

¶ *Mangoes*

(*Raghunathji*)

The mango is eaten as a food by the Hindu poor. The raw fruit is boiled in water, stoned and skinned, squeezed and mixed with salt. The rich and middle collect mangoes in large quantities when not quite ripe and boil them. They are put in salt and water in large wooden jars, 'mange,' or earthen jars, waxed from inside. Every now and then salt is added, so as not to spoil them. They nearly last out the four rainy months. At dinner time, taking the

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stones, mix the fruit with salt, chilli powder and water or curd and buttermilk and eat. The adding of mustard seed gives them a delicious flavour; they are eaten with boiled rice and bread. Mangoes when ripe are eaten in large quantities by all, mostly by themselves, or the juice is eaten with soft rice, flour cakes, wheat cakes, and by a few with manda and puranpoli. Pickles are made with raw mangoes to last generally for a year. The way of preparing them is this. Stout green mangoes are taken and their sap or gum wiped with a wet cloth and cut either with or without the stones. Rubbed well with spice, they are put in a bamboo basket and pressed with round heavy stones. The basket is placed in a metal plate, and the running in this plate is mixed with spice and the whole again mixed with other spice. This is put in earthen waxed jars and heavy round stones laid on them and the face of the jars tightly tied with a piece of blanket or cloth. It becomes ready within a month and is eaten with rice, bread and sweetmeats.

¶ *Preserved Fruit*

(*Germany*)

Any kind, but especially plum, cucumber, marrow, or pumpkin, is served with cold meat, preserved in this way. It has a sweet but sour taste, like mint-sauce. The whole secret lies in how the syrup is made. 3 lb. loaf sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white tarragon vinegar to 6 lb. of plums; if cucumbers or marrows are used, add a quarter of a pint of vinegar extra, and 2 oz. of white whole ginger, crushed and soaked overnight in the vinegar to be used. Put the sugar and vinegar on to boil, skim off all the refuse before putting in the fruit, and without much stirring let it boil for from 20 to 30 minutes, and the fruit should be completely whole. If a pumpkin is used, cut into diamond shapes, 3 inches in length by 1 inch thick.

¶ *Turkish Fruit Salad*

On sliced fruit of any kind or kinds pour a sauce composed of 2 spoonfuls of brandy to 1 of ginger juice, seasoned with salt and pepper.

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There are very few people who are willing to try salt and pepper on fruit, with the one exception of the melon. Yet those who have done so with an open mind admit that a good strawberry, for instance, yields its flavour most generously. The Turkish flavouring allows for sweetening by the ginger-juice; the pepper and salt are to extract the last atom of taste from the fruit. The sauce should be poured over the fruit, at least 2 hours before serving it, and a linen cloth laid over it.

§ *Papaw*

The American papaw is not related to the tropical, and is rich and indigestible. I hope by ingeniously beginning thus to be the first author who ever wrote about Papaw (the tropical kind) without opening with its digestibility. Tough meat wrapped in papaw leaves for a few hours becomes tender, as they contain all the gastric juices. It sounds abominable, but the fact was seriously given me, and I did not care to inquire further, much preferring to concentrate on the West African story of the man who had heard so much of the fruit's digestive qualities that he put three by his bedside in case of midnight pangs. In the morning he was not there—the papaws had digested him!

Young papaws can be cooked in all ways suitable to vegetable-marrow. The ripe fruit is eaten like melon, sliced lengthways in two, the seeds removed, lemon-juice and sugar added to taste. (See p. 368.)

§ *Australian Passion-Fruit Tart*

(*Mrs. Wicken's Recipe*)

Line a flat pie-dish with short pastry. Open half a dozen passion-fruit and leave them in a basin for a time with 6 oz. sugar; then press them through a sieve. Thicken the juice by boiling it with a tablespoonful of cornflour and pour it out to cool. Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, 2 oz. butter and when boiling add 4 oz. breadcrumbs and beat to a smooth paste with an egg and a little sugar. Arrange the two mixtures in strips in the pastry and bake it half an hour.

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¶ *Passion-Fruit and Apple Pudding*

Line a pudding-basin with suet crust; peel, core and slice 4 apples, add the pulp of 6 passion-fruit, sweeten with 3 oz. sugar, cover with crust and boil the pudding in the ordinary way for 2 hours. Serve with custard sauce.

¶ *Peach Ice*

(*Spain*)

Boil stoned and peeled peaches with sugar till it forms thin syrup; rub them through a sieve, dilute the mixture with water, chop the blanched kernels very finely, add them, and freeze it. Or gelatine may be added to the water, and the mould stood on ice till firm.

¶ *Avocado, 'Aguacate,' or Alligator Pear*

This West Indian and South American fruit resembles the pear in appearance and in size and contains a wealth of oil. Mr. Berry in his *Fruit Recipes* gives the

(*Cuban Method*)

The fruit is cut half across with a sharp knife into little grooves. Into each press red pepper and some cinnamon, mustard and vinegar, and set on ice before serving.

Another method in Mexico is to serve the fruit pulp rubbed smooth, with lime- or lemon-juice added and a little pepper and salt. Some add a little sugar and it is eaten with slices of bread.

A Hawaiian way is to pound the avocado with coarse chopped onion, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, beetroots, with a French salad dressing, or rub the smooth pulp with a little oil, pepper, salt, lemon- or lime-juice made into mayonnaise and served with crisp lettuce.

The sliced fruit is sometimes used as a garnish. May be boiled, sliced and fried or the mashed pulp used for sandwiches with cream cheese, pepper and salt.

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§ *Japanese Persimmon*

(*Kaki*)

Without going so far afield as Japan the great persimmon of Nippon can be enjoyed nowadays. It is as usual as any other sort of fruit in the north of Italy and forms one of the most handsome of the golden baskets of crystallized fruits which are the accepted alternative to flowers as presents. It cannot be cooked as it becomes very bitter. The cooked Japanese persimmon is a darker variety.

The advice of the Tokio Agricultural College is:

When fairly ripened the fruits are packed into an empty wine cask (in Japan Sake casks, Japanese rice wine); this should still be full of alcoholic flavour, or if the flavour be weak, the cask should be pregnated with wine or brandy or any other spirit. Sherry wine sometimes resembles our Sake. Keep covered air-tight for a week or two according to the temperature and the degree of ripeness of the fruit. At the end of the time they become sweet.

§ *Warden Pie*

(*Bedfordshire*)

Warden pie is invariably mentioned on the bill of fare of mediæval banquets in Bedfordshire. It was made of pears originally grown by the monks of Warden Abbey in Bedfordshire. Until last century baked wardens were sold at all local fairs. Shakespeare mentions wardens more than once. A recipe for the pie is in *Cromwell's Cookery Book*.

§ *Plantains*

(*West Indies*)

Every use for bananas may be exercised on plantains. In addition they can be used roasted as an accompaniment for soup or fish, especially when quite unripe or half-ripe (when they are called 'turned'). They are sometimes boiled or cut in dice and fried, and eaten with cream. Boiled, mashed, flavoured and folded

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into turnovers they are the delight of piccaninnies of all ages. Coloured with prickly-pear juice they make a good fruit stew.

¶ *Strawberries Preserved Under Glass*

(A New England Recipe)

Wash and hull the berries. With each pound of fruit boil a pound of sugar from 10 to 15 minutes. Pour it on to large platters and place them out of doors in the sun with a pane of glass laid over them. Water drops will form on the underside of the glass. When there is no more water or moisture on the glass they are done and then can be put into jelly glasses, covered with paraffin and stored. Sometimes it takes three days for the drying process, according to the heat of the sun. It will be quite thick and like a jelly when done.

¶ *Strawberry Gelatine*

(Spain)

Press 2 lb. of strawberries through a sieve, add 6 oz. sugar to the juice, and 2 oz. isinglass melted in water. Mix all well and pour it into a mould to set.

¶ *Yams*

(From the Jamaica Cookery Book)

There are many varieties: white, roasted or boiled, mashed with butter, called floury. The skin when roasted is delicious.

Yellow yams boiled or roasted, the skin is bitterish, but some people like it.

Indian yam or yampee is somewhat sweet.

¶ *Baked Yam Pie*

Boil a large slice of yam, mash it with a tablespoonful of butter, spice, rosewater and sugar. Beat up 2 eggs and a little milk, add them to the pulp and bake it in a buttered pie-dish.

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¶ *Savoury Yam Pie*

Fill a pie-dish with minced meat seasoned with tomatoes, onion, shallot, herbs, salt, butter and sauce. Cover with yam boiled and mashed with butter, salt and beaten egg.

¶ *Cheese of Frozen Fruit*

(*Spain*)

Peel, stone and core a water-melon, 1 lb. each of grapes, apricots, peaches and prunes; cut the fruit into pieces and lay them in layers alternately with sugar in the freezer. Pour over it all half a bottle of sherry or camomile wine and leave it in the freezer to set.

CHAPTER X

Hors-d'Œuvre

I^N *Curiosities of Fashion* Massinger wrote:—

‘I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast
As never yet I cook’d; ’tis not botargo
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow’d, carvear,
Carps, tongues, the pith of an English shin of beef,
Nor our Italian, delicate wild mushrooms
And yet a drawer on too, and if you show not
An appetite, and a strong one, I’ll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
(For it will not stay a preface), I am sham’d
And all my past provocatives will be jeer’d at.’

So the useful appetizer was known in England before Shakespeare died, and it will be noted that it was drawn from every part of Europe, and was as varied as it could be to-day. The Russian *zakousky* and the Scandinavian *smörgasbord* include hot meat dishes, and in England this used to be the case also, but in the middle of the last century the *hors-d'œuvre* had lost their croquettes and grills to another course and were restricted to the raw or pickled dishes which are still the staple of *hors-d'œuvre*.

In England they then went completely out of fashion, and did not come back to general (restaurant) usage till the beginning of this century. They have never been usual in English private houses, as they are in France, where olives, sardines, and radishes are often placed on the table, to keep people occupied while the cook gets down to those finishing touches which can only be undertaken when he is assured that all the company are present and will be at table ready for the subsequent masterpieces.

It is this use of *hors-d'œuvre* at the beginning of a meal which has made their name synonymous with an opening course. They used to be merely those oddments and extras which were amusing

and appetizing, but could not be regarded as sufficiently satisfying to fill a major place on the laden tables of our grand and great-grand forebears—they were, in fact, the ‘side dishes’ of Georgian and Early Victorian days.

Now they are the variegated accompaniments of the final cocktail—the one taken at table—they follow the salted chips at the favourite bar, and the ninth or nineteenth cigarette; they precede the thirteenth or thirtieth cigarette, and help to blend its flavour nicely into the fish.

They are by tacit consent more appropriate to luncheon than to dinner, and first-class French restaurants do not list them in the evening; but this is merely because they are regarded as an alternative to soup, and no French dinner is a dinner at all unless it begins with soup.

The Northerner cannot understand this; for he takes soup as a sorbet, between the first half of his meal, which is hors-d'œuvre, and the second, which is everything else. Moreover he scorns the mild transatlantic cocktail; being used to three kinds of vodka or four glasses of aqua-vitæ with these preliminary dalliances.

The uninitiated are sometimes 100 per cent. casualties before the actual meal has begun. This is because they have gingerly sipped at the colourless but fierce liquids. These should be swallowed like oysters—without being bitten. Let the glassful arrive at G.H.Q. intact; the general trend of its work will then be good-humoured, whereas, if it has dribbled past the frontier with constant interruption for examination of passports, it will arrive in a filthy temper, which will be wreaked upon all officers, N.C.O.'s and men within reach from Colonel Caviar to Sergeant Sardine.

French, Russian and Swedish hors-d'œuvre are too well-known to need recapitulation. But the Italian ‘pourparlers’ of the table are less understood. Professor Mantegazza has drawn up a list which is worth long thought.

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§ *Italian Hors-d'Œuvre*

Tartlets of pastry, filled with cut-up chicken and mayonnaise and covered with jelly.

Egg-shaped forms of ham stuffing with a thrush on each, all glazed with aspic jelly.

Rounds of pastry filled with chopped goose liver cooked in butter and brandy.

Cucumber salad, with tomatoes and anchovies.

Cooked tunny-fish, with oil, tomatoes and mayonnaise.

Slices of smoked salmon spread with a paste of butter, anchovies and chopped shallot.

Eels in vinegar.

Celery cooked in vinegar.

Tartlets of pastry filled with a paste of anchovies and butter and covered with aspic. The paste can be made with lobster or *pâté de foie gras*.

Slices of buttered toast, with anything on top, such as salmon, ham, lobster, minced meat, chicken, *pâté de foie gras*.

Little turnovers containing any remains of meat, chicken, vegetables, liver, etc., chopped.

Mashed potatoes, formed into long narrow strips and baked in the oven.

A pastry made of eggs, flour and white wine, formed into large lozenges and fried in oil.

Mashed potato cut in flat discs with a paste of butter and anchovy on top and fried (served hot).

Slices of cooked ham spread with butter, mixed with grated cheese, fried and put on buttered toast (hot).

Cheese tart, made with peas and grated cheese and baked.

Olives stuffed with a paste of anchovies and butter.

Lobster or crayfish tartlets.

Fried pastry with cheese and ham.

A mixture of tunny-fish and butter, made into rissoles and served in glasses with mayonnaise sauce.

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Mussels fried in oil.

Medallions of goose liver on buttered toast with chopped liver on top.

Lobster or crayfish pounded up and mixed with anchovy and tomato sauce, veiled in aspic.

Red mullet served with a sauce made of lemon-juice, tomato sauce and French mustard.

Very young vegetable marrows and cut-up tomatoes cooked in white wine, oil and white vinegar. Eaten iced.

Fresh sardines baked in oil with truffles.

Filleted herring with potatoes cut up in dice with mayonnaise sauce.

Boiled lobster or crayfish cut up with a sauce made of Worcester and tomato sauce, lemon-juice and a little French mustard.

Sliced tomatoes, celery and anchovies.

Peppers stuffed with filleted anchovies, tomatoes, chicken.

Brioche emptied nearly of their crumb and filled with chopped boiled salmon, hard-boiled eggs, and capers covered with mayonnaise sauce.

Mussels boiled in white wine.

Fresh sardines baked in the oven with tomatoes and oil.

Oysters lightly cooked in their own liquor and white wine and lemon-juice.

A salad of radishes and celery and truffles, oil and Worcester sauce.

Mashed potato, rolled out and cut into discs, spread with a *purée* of anchovies and butter and fried in oil.

Ham spread with a mixture of butter and cheese (Rafano) rolled and fried.

A salad made of tunny-fish (cooked), asparagus points, hard-boiled eggs, sliced cooked potatoes, tomato sauce and French mustard.

Hard-boiled eggs. Yolks mixed with mayonnaise and anchovy sauce.

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Hard-boiled eggs, yolks mixed with *pâté de foie gras* and chopped-up truffles, aspic jelly poured over them.

Hard-boiled eggs, yolks mixed with anchovy paste, garnished with the coral of lobster.

Hard-boiled eggs cut in slices with sliced truffles covered with mayonnaise.

Hard-boiled eggs, yolks mixed with mayonnaise with some *pâté de foie gras* on each.

Salad of hard-boiled eggs and gherkins.

Pounded-up lobster placed in aspic jelly.

Strips of pastry (savoury) poached in white wine, covered with fish jelly.

Hard-boiled eggs cut in half and a piece of *pâté de foie gras* on top, covered with a very white sauce *chaud-froid*, ornamented with aspic jelly.

¶ *Caviare*

Caviare ranks among the greatest delicacies of the modern table; but the moderns need not be proud, its accommodately portable and conservable nature had placed it upon the tables of Europe four centuries ago. An old English travel book about Muscovy, published in 1698 in London, says:—

‘Caviare, or cavajar (called by Russian ikary), is made of the roes of two different fishes, which they catch in the River Wolga, but especially near the city of Astracan, to wit, of the sturgeon and the belluga. I will not pretend to describe the first, it being too well-known in these parts; but the belluga is a large fish, about 12 or 15 feet long, without scales, not unlike a sturgeon, but more large and incomparably more luscious, his belly being as tender as marrow and his flesh whiter than veal, whence he is called white fish by the Europeans. This belluga lies in the bottom of the river at certain seasons, and swallows many large pebbles of great weight to balance himself against the force of the stream of the Wolga, augmented by the melting of the snows in the spring; when the waters are assuaged he disgorges himself. These roes

they salt and press and put up into casks, if it is to be sent abroad, else they keep it unpressed, only a little corned with salt. That made of sturgeon's spawn is black and small grained, somewhat waxy, like portago and is called ikary by Muscovites. This is also made by the Turks. The second sort, which is made of the roes of the belluga, or white fish, has a grain as large as a small peppercorn, of darkish grey. The caviare made of his spawn the Muscovites call Armeinska ikary, because they drain away the oil and most unctuous part; this being done, they salt it, press it and put it up in casks containing 7 or 8 cwt. and so send it to Muscovy and other places; from thence it is transported by the English and Dutch into Italy.'

Ben Jonson twitted the exquisites of his day with liking to eat 'strange sauces, anchovies, macaroni, bovoli, fagioli and caviare,' these being obviously the 'swank,' 'swish,' 'posh' or 'très snob' dishes of that epoch. Mushrooms and snails were also lordly delicacies of the time.

§ *Russian Caviare Rolls*

Cut some very small round rolls into equal halves, scoop out the crumb and place them near the fire to dry. Prepare a stiff mayonnaise, adding a little aspic jelly to stiffen it. When quite cold, mask the inside of the prepared rolls with the mayonnaise. In the centre of each put about a teaspoonful of Astrakhan caviare and cover over the surface with aspic jelly. Ornament the tops with thin strips of fillets of Russian anchovies.

§ *Tartar Fingers*

Cut twelve thin, oblong slices of brown bread into heart shapes about an inch and a half long. Butter the slices slightly. Mix 2 oz. Russian caviare carefully with a squeeze of lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped shallots and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Spread the slices rather thickly with the caviare, but do not use a knife for this purpose, as steel or metal injures the flavour of it. Have

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ready a tablespoonful of stiff mayonnaise, mix gently with one of cold *Béchamel* sauce, one hard-boiled egg yolk previously passed through a fine wire sieve, chopped parsley, fennel leaves, tarragon leaves and shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful each; also $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of prepared mustard and one of concentrated tomato *purée*. Work all till quite smooth, fill in a paper cornet or forcing bag and ornament the caviare slices to taste. Dish up on small round dishes, and stand in a cool place until required.

¶ *Caviare and Oyster* (*Moscow*)

Stamp out some rounds of toast about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and spread them with fresh caviare, previously seasoned with lemon-juice and finely-chopped shallots. Place a bearded oyster in the centre of each. Dish up and garnish with thin slices of lemon and parsley.

¶ *Hot Caviare Toasts*

Split slices of toasted French bread, butter them, spread them with caviare that has been flavoured with lemon-juice, red pepper and a very little chopped chives. Make sandwiches of two slices each, put a slight weight on them, and serve them after 5 minutes in the oven.

¶ *Swedish Caviare*

The pink salmon-roë so much liked in Sweden is much less rich than the sturgeon-eggs of Russia. It can be served in all the same ways, but needs the addition of a little butter in working it up.

¶ *A Superlative Swedish Hors-d'Œuvre*

Caviare rubbed through a sieve with crushed anchovy and pimento, moistened with aqua-vitæ (*schnapps*) and served on toast.

¶ *Dolmas. Turkish Hors-d'Œuvre*

In blanched fig- or vine-leaves wrap spoonfuls of onions, parsley, pine-kernels and mint chopped finely together with pepper, salt,

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a little sugar and rice has been partly cooked, first in oil, then in oil and water. Roll the leaves round the stuffing and pack the dolmas tightly into a pot, on a mat of leaves. Press them down with a plate or saucer, and pour over 1 pint water to 2½ lb. dolmas. Cook it till the water is absorbed; then pour on 2 spoonfuls of oil, leave it a few minutes over the fire, then let the potful cool before taking out the dolmas, which are served with lemon.

A more solid dish of this nature, used as a stew, has chopped mutton in the filling, is well moistened with stock instead of water, and is served with the gravy thickened with eggs and flavoured with lemon.

§ *Esthonian Herrings*

Cut the cooked herrings in dice and mix them with boiled potatoes and raw russet apples, also cut up in dice; sprinkle over them parsley, chervil, tarragon and fennel finely chopped.

§ *Hot Hors-d'Œuvre*

South of the Baltic States hot hors-d'œuvre are not in much favour, although Italy likes its *pissaladiera* (p. 323) and France makes an exception in favour of braised onions browned in the oven. Escoffier has recently sponsored an edition of this dish which has currants cooked with it. Alsace has a special onion tart served hot as an hors-d'œuvre. It is particularly delicious.

§ *Alsatian Onion Tart*

(*Pampille's Recipe*)

Line a shallow tin with short crust. Cut up small a bunch of young spring onions, including the green part, brown them in some butter and a pinch of salt, and remove them from the fire. Stir in 3 eggs and 3 large spoonfuls of thick cream and when well mixed pour it into the pastry. Place on the mixture small pieces of lean smoked bacon (preferably unsalted). Cook it in a hot oven for half an hour. Ordinary onions can be used.

CHAPTER XI

Game

¶ *Roast Pheasant*

(English Accompaniments)

NOWHERE out of England is one sure of getting the right selection of crisp, soft, wet and hot accompaniments for a plain roast pheasant.

Necessary:

Browned fine breadcrumbs, hot.

Bread sauce, the bread a little lumpy. ('Sauce pain,' painfully learned by heart in France, is as smooth as cream and has no cloves in it, let alone onion.)

Utterly fatless dark brown gravy.

Potatoes baked, fried or otherwise crisped.

A fresh vegetable.

Optional:

Worcester sauce in the gravy.

Purée of mushrooms, peas or root-celery, or fennel and potato.

Mushroom sauce.

Sippets of toast with the liver crushed on them.

The tail feathers are only in England stuck into the bird's throat for service.

Also I believe it is only in England that pheasant is ever stuffed with herbs, breadcrumbs and the concomitants of the sauces enumerated above. For cold eating only a *foie gras* stuffing is used in France.

¶ *Tender Old Pheasant*

(England)

If a pheasant for roasting be suspected of a certain obstinacy in the sinew and flesh, and is yet not so contumacious as to require stewing, stuff it with gobbets of stewing steak and quarters of tart

apple; brown it in butter, wrap it in oil paper with the butter remaining in the pan, and cook it in a moderate oven, standing it on a grill in a pan with a spoonful of water in it.

¶ *English Partridge Pie*

Make the pie in the usual way, but lay a strip of beefsteak under the birds, place them with their breasts down and another strip of steak over them. So says Abraham Hayward, who must always be listened to with real gravity of attention.

¶ *Partridge*

'Cathedrals of Amiens, of Beauvais, of Meaux, of Paris, of Soissons, of Noyon, you are queens of those lands where the corn waves and the sharp cry of the partridge is like the dry laugh of the French spirit of mockery.'

So writes Clermont-Tonnerre, translator of Keats. But whatever he or anybody has to say of the voice of the partridge, there can have been none to despise its corpse (when properly served), since the confessor of Henri IV paid for reproving his patron's over-frequent romances by getting nothing but partridge to eat.

'Toujours perdrix!' he sighed, and made a proverb for thousands who have never tasted it, and hundreds of thousands who, in the lands between these same cathedrals, cried: 'Plummundepple agin! Oh, Gord! And Maconochie every blessed dye!' not so very long ago.

There is no glut of partridge in the sparse larder of to-day, when purses are as lean as birds should be plump. We cannot even afford it as Queen Elizabeth ate it—for Sunday dinner, and also on 'Fish Days,' her confessor being more adaptable than Henri Quatre's, and willingly considering a wing as interchangeable with a gill.

The best partridge in the world comes from the Île-de-France; the best way in the world to cook him is to wrap him up as soon

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after killing as possible, in vine-leaves, and roast him on a wood fire.

So say all Frenchmen – of the Île-de-France; and a respectable chorus of opinion supports them.

But when the partridge is no longer in his juiciest youth, comes the delight of *Perdrix aux Choux*. You can make it by smothering remains of cold partridge in fried cabbage and bacon fat. But it is not thus that the reverent would proceed.

¶ *Perdrix aux Choux*

Cut up a brace of partridges and fry the pieces in good dripping, butter or lard till they are brown on both sides. Meanwhile blanch a couple of good white-hearted cabbages in boiling water and a little salt for a quarter of an hour. (Neither cutting in joints nor frying is necessary with young birds.) Strain all the water away from the cabbages, chop them up, but not too small, and with them cover the bottom of a stew-pan large enough to hold the partridge and the rest of the cabbages. Scrape two carrots and cut them in slices. Lay these on the top of the cabbage. Moisten both with a little stock or gravy. Add an onion whole, so that it may afterwards be taken out before the dish is sent to table. Add pepper, salt, and three slices of fat pork, cooked or uncooked. Lay the browned partridge on these. Throw in a teaspoonful of mixed chopped herbs and parsley, one blade of mace, and six cloves. Cover the birds completely with the rest of the cabbage, and put the lid very tightly down on the stew-pan. Let the contents stew slowly for three hours. Dish the cabbage on a very hot dish, arranging the pieces of partridge heaped together in the centre. No sauce or gravy is necessary with this.

If the birds are young, an hour and a half will be long enough for the stewing. Only a sufficient moisture to keep the cabbage soft and succulent is required. Pork is better than bacon, because the smoking of the latter destroys the flavour of the partridge. Young birds should be cooked whole and afterwards cut in two before being dished. In France the pork or unsmoked bacon is

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often sent in to the dining-room under the birds. 'Smoking-hot' is just barely hot enough for this delicious dish.

Pistachio, lemon, and mutton-juice, asparagus tips, and artichoke bottoms, were once admissible as flavouring, but now all except meat and vegetables are suppressed, to suit the sickly modern digestion.

¶ *Trimolecte*

There was no such nonsense about the *Trimolecte de Perdrix* that Charles V and Duc Jehan de Lorraine enjoyed together at Gombervaux somewhere after the middle thirteen hundreds.

Roast partridges were hermetically sealed with bacon fat and beef-juice. Finely-chopped onion was mixed with grains of Paradise (seeds of red Guinea peppers), and sugar 'reasonably,' chopped chicken-liver and brown breadcrumbs, cinnamon, ginger, mixed spice, clove; these were soaked in hippocras, rubbed through a tammy, and added to the partridge, 'with salt also.'

They had never heard of bisurated magnesia in those days; a modern cook might be tempted to add some.

¶ *Gaspado de Carador*

(Spain)

Cut up into four pieces a hare, a rabbit, 2 partridges, 4 quails, 2 woodchucks and place them in oil with 3 heads of garlic, 2 onions, 2 bay-leaves, a carrot, a clove and 10 peppercorns.

When they are cooked drain them and place all together in a deep saucepan and cover them with 4 lb. of tomatoes which have been fried and strained through a colander.

¶ *Woodcock with Sherry*

(Spain)

Stuff woodcock with a mixture of bacon, truffles and the liver, moistened with marrow of beef melted in a *bain-marie*, and seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Roast the birds in butter and when done sprinkle with sherry.

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¶ *Partridge in Bittersweet*

(Italy)

Cook 3 partridges in 4 oz. each oil, white wine, and vinegar. Season them with salt and a few peppercorns. When the birds are tender add 4 oz. sugar and boil them for another 15 minutes.

¶ *Greek Casserole*

This recipe is much liked by Greek sailors, for they can get quail easily.

Line a casserole with slices of bacon and put in some quail (if these cannot be had pheasant or pigeons or chicken will do), $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen pickled onions, a handful of raisins, pepper, salt, and 2 glasses of port. Cover it with slices of bacon and put on the lid, basting frequently in a hot oven.

¶ *Caille à la Talleyrand*

Cook slightly a fine quail in some champagne. Very carefully place the quail in a Bresse fowl and sew it up carefully. Then brush over the fowl with butter and place it in a fine turkey from Berri. Try to get one from Châtre or Châteauroux. Sew the turkey up also very carefully and you will thus have the three birds enclosed one within another. Cook the bird in front of a bright fire, basting with butter and a small glass of old Malvoisie. After two hours remove the birds from within each other and finally the quail.

¶ *Roasted Quails*

(Spain)

Clean 12 quails, leaving the liver inside. Sprinkle them with salt, and cover them with thin slices of bacon, wrap them in vine-leaves, and cook them in a slow oven. Serve them with the vine-leaves and bacon.

¶ *Italian Stewed Pigeons*

Brown some butter with flour, add to it a pint of good stock, with 3 grated onions, some pepper and salt; stew 6 cut-up pigeons

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in this till tender, take them out, and add to the gravy the juice of 1 lemon, boil and strain the sauce over the pigeons. Boil about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. whole rice in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints stock with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh butter, grated nutmeg and salt; when it is tender, add 2 handfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Put more than half of the rice round the dish in which the pigeons are placed, and cover them with what remains, brush it over with a well-beaten egg, and then strew it thickly with more Parmesan; cover a flat baking-tin with salt, place the dish upon this, and bake it for 45 minutes in a slow oven; it should be of a fine gold colour.

K I D

Housekeepers often yearn for new animals with which to vary their menus; yet here is one, new in more than their meaning, which they neglect. A four-month kid has none of the family drawbacks which can, in goat's flesh, goat's milk and goat's milk cheese, cause dismay to squeamish modern noses and palates. It is practically never served in England and very rarely in France, save in the Pyrenean provinces. In Spain, Italy, Greece and the Near East it is highly esteemed, and is cooked precisely like lamb, whether roast, fried, stewed, or grilled, though it is sometimes highly spiced, and, when roasted whole, as tradition wishes, there is a whole gamut of stuffings.

When Rebecca prepared 'savoury meat,' such as he loved, for Isaac, she used two kids. Unless the whole household ate of it, this argues either a magnificent appetite for a dying man, or a fastidiousness out-doing even that of a French cook of to-day, who will only deal with the hindquarter, if he deals with the animal at all, and now and then with the forequarter. In scornful mood he roasts them, heavily larded with garlic; or cooks the forequarter with the pluck in white wine, and turns it out as an imitation gibelotte or rabbit-stew. A meat is certainly out of favour when cooks and consumers wish to think it rabbit. On the other hand, in the West Indies mutton is treated to taste like kid!

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Nevertheless, here and there in France a trace of the old ritual use is found in its preparation for Twelfth Day, the Feast of the Magi, with sage and allspice and sweet wine.

'The bitter herbs' of the Old Testament, including rue and sage, are still used on the Mediterranean coasts with kid; also capers. It is still eaten 'roast with fire,' and not 'sodden with water,' but the Passover regulation of unleavened bread has passed out of general compliance.

The Greeks and the Romans ate kid-venison almost as largely as their descendants do to-day. They spiced it very highly, and corrected the sweetness with garum, that much lauded sauce which was to Roman cookery what Worcester is to an unimaginative cook to-day—an ingredient to be used with every savoury dish, very often merely to cover deficiencies. Minus the garum, there is much to be said for some of the recipes of Apicius, only slightly altered, as is shown by the fact that they are still followed in various parts of Greece, Italy and along the two slopes of the Pyrenees.

All lamb-cookery may be applied to kid.

§ *Roman Baked Kid*

Stuff the kid with its own contents, well selected and washed, mix with herbs the brains, pepper, salt, winter savoury onions, thyme, and chopped dates, moistened with wine and a little oil. Sew up the kid, spread a similar herb mixture over it in a deep dish, add oil, and bake it. Serve it sprinkled with pepper, and accompanied by a sauce made from the gravy.

§ *Greek Kid Pilaff*

Cut up the forequarters and brown them in oil with young onions cut small. Add a little white wine, and gravy made by stewing the offal; let it stew slowly, with a handful of picked raisins. Prepare rice as for pilaff, and serve it round the kid.

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¶ *Italian Roast Kid*

Grill fresh halved tomatoes till they are all but burnt. Put them, without their skins, in oil with fried chopped onion, pepper and salt, and stir till they are well mixed with onion. Add tomato *purée*, chopped celery, a little chopped thyme, and half a tumbler of white Vermouth. Baste the kid with some of this, or cook it in oiled paper with a cupful of the sauce. Serve the rest in a sauce-boat.

¶ *Devil'd Mock Kid or Goat*

(*West Indies*)

Thin slices of cold roast or boiled mutton, pepper, butter, nutmeg, mustard and salt. Place the slices of meat on a dish, score with a knife and insert the seasonings on both sides. Make a sauce of a tablespoonful each of flour and butter, 3 teaspoonfuls of made mustard, a little nutmeg, Worcester sauce, add by degrees a tea-cupful of water, thicken the sauce, then add the slices of meat and serve.

¶ *Italian Kid Soup*

The kid is boiled in a vegetable pottage after being fried with an onion in butter. It should be boiled gently and be well skimmed.

¶ *Isard, or Pyrenean Chamois*

This can be treated as kid, on the one hand, or venison on the other.

It is on the French side of the Pyrenees often prepared like a civet of hare.

It should be marinaded for three or four days (not more, unless it is wanted very gamy) in a pickle made by frying lightly carrots, onions, juniper, whole pepper, pimentos, salt, parsley and a dash of cloves, adding equal quantities of water and vinegar, and bringing it to the boil several times.

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¶ *Dumpokht*

(*The Dish mentioned in the 'Arabian Nights' as the
Kid stuffed with Pistachio Nuts*)

Clean and truss a kid, fowl, or rabbit, as for roasting; then stuff it with sultana raisins, pistachio nuts, and boiled rice in equal parts. Rub fine 1 oz. of coriander seed, freed from the husks, 4 onions, a dozen peppercorns, 6 cloves, and a teaspoonful of pounded ginger. Set 12 oz. of butter in a stew-pan over the fire; rub the pounded ingredients over the meat, and let it fry until well browned and tender. Boil in a quart of white broth 12 oz. of rice, 2 oz. of sultanas, 2 oz. of pistachio nuts and 2 of almonds, the two latter blanched and cut into thin slices. When the rice is nearly tender, strain off the broth, and add the rice to the fried meat; stir the whole well, that the butter may completely saturate the rice, and keep it near the fire to swell till wanted. In serving, surround the meat with the rice. Observe that, in pounding the onions, the juice only is used with the spices, or they must be rubbed and pounded so finely as not to be perceptible. Chestnuts may be substituted for pistachio nuts.

SMALL BIRDS

¶ *Larks*

Larks rid the island of Lemnos from grasshoppers, and were so much venerated for this exploit by the Athenians that no table was complete without them. (It is all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?)

Dumas points out that larks are constantly mentioned in the Balcony Scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, and says they have the double advantage of being loved by gourmands and sung by poets. Nobody has taken the lark's opinion as to his 'advantages.' Larousse succinctly states that this bird is grey with dark spots, and quotes a proverb: 'Wait till roast larks drop into your mouth.'

Pithiviers is a town near Orléans, upon a river called the Egg,

and its lark pasties are famous. Grimod de la Reynière said they were the most delicious broom for the palate.

Lister laid it down that unless twelve larks weighed together at least three-quarters of a pound they would not be worth eating.

None of these gentlemen, save Shakespeare, mentioned that the lark, if it has no voice in this matter, has one elsewhere. At Heaven's Gate, in fact, if not at the Tradesmen's Entrance.

Those who wish to eat larks can do so in an incidental manner on Wednesdays at the Cheshire Cheese; those who wish to commit the act deliberately can find recipes in most French and Italian cookery-books and some English ones.

Only the tongues of nightingales were eaten; the whole of the lark is edible. Thrush pasty and thrush stew are highly esteemed in Northern Italy and other sporting centres.

¶ *Spitted Birds* (*Mantegazza*)

All kinds of birds, large and small, roasted on the turnspit are a specialty of Bergamo and Brescia. Loin of pork is an inseparable adjunct. The loin is boned, beaten and sprinkled with salt, cut in slices; on each slice a leaf of sage is placed, and rolled up and tied to the birds, which are hung by the legs to the spit. While roasting, the birds should be basted continually with lard and butter. An expert eye is required to know when the birds are cooked enough. Make a polenta, cut it in slices, make a hole in the centre of each, pour some gravy in, and place the birds on top. It is correct to eat the birds without a fork. When once the King of Italy paid a visit to Brescia he was served with roasted birds and was told of this custom; he without a word ate the birds with the forks that Mother Nature had provided him with.

¶ *Small Birds* (*Milan*)

Cover the bottom of a saucepan with slices of very fat bacon, cover with as many slices of ham, then put in the birds, placing

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dabs of butter in between them. Add chopped celery, half a carrot, spice, 3 or 4 bruised heads of juniper. Cover the pan and cook for 20 minutes. Turn the birds, pour over them a little wine, cover them and cook until done. Strain the gravy.

§ *Stewed Snipe* (Lombardy)

Pluck and brown 8 snipe, but do not draw them. Put them in a casserole with a piece of bacon over each, with 3 oz. of butter, 2 oz. of chopped bacon-fat, and sage. Cover the pan and let them stew gently for an hour, turning them when brown on one side.

Make a polenta of maize-flour, and serve the snipe on it.

§ *Small Birds with Black Cherries and Olives* (The Marsh Country of Tuscany)

Fry small birds in oil until brown. Add a sauce of chopped garlic, anchovy, $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of vinegar and a teaspoonful of tomato sauce, add pepper and salt and dried Morella cherries and olives. Serve on toast.

§ *Moor-Hens* (Italy)

After cleaning the hens, put inside a few laurel leaves. Roast them on a turnspit, basting them with salted oil. When cooked, pound up the carcasses, after removing the legs and wings, and rub them through a sieve, and add meat and tomato juice, or a little broth. Stew the hens in the above gravy slowly. Serve with strips of fried bread.

§ *Irish Baked Snipe*

After plucking, the legs and wings should be cut off; merely remove the gizzard with the point of a knife, leaving all the inside or trail undisturbed, split the snipe in half and place on a dish. Take an earthenware dish and line the bottom and sides with very thin layers of fat bacon, arrange the snipe on this, season between

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layers with coarse black pepper and salt. When nearly full pour in sufficient clarified fresh butter to cover the snipe. Put the lid on and seal the edges with flour and water paste to prevent the steam escaping. Whilst baking make a hole in the top of the lid, bake in a moderate oven and eat when cold.

¶ *English Ragoût of Snipe*

Pick six or eight snipe very closely, but do not wash them; take out the inside. Roast the birds and cut off all the meat from the breasts, in thin slices; pound the bones, legs and backs in a mortar, and put them into a stew-pan, with the juice of a lemon, a little flour and some well-seasoned gravy; boil it till it be thick and well flavoured with the game, then strain it. Cut half a pound of ham into thin long slices, and heat it in a little butter, with two minced shallots, put it with the breasts of the snipe into the strained sauce, and let it boil. Pound the inside or trail with a little salt, spread it over thin bits of toasted bread and hold it over a hot salamander. Put the *ragoût* upon this and place the ham round it.

V E N I S O N , H A R E A N D B O A R

¶ *Bitter-Sweet Hare or Wild Boar*

(*Italy*)

Cut up a hare or meat of the wild boar, wash it with vinegar, and fry it with chopped onion, carrot, celery, parsley, oil and chopped ham. Pour over it a little broth, add salt. When the hare is browned, drain away a good part of the fat and sprinkle the meat with a little flour. Cook it over a hot fire, throwing in little by little some hot water. Fill a glass half full of sifted sugar, fill up with vinegar; when the hare or wild boar is nearly cooked, pass the gravy through a sieve, add the sugared vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablet of chocolate, grated, a handful of pine-kernels and some dried raisins. Mix well and let it cook for a few minutes.

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¶ *Stewed Hare Pasty*

(Italy)

Fry in oil the meat from 2 legs, shoulders, or backs of hare, 2 oz. cooked meat, a small onion, a small carrot, and a stick of celery, all finely chopped and seasoned with green herbs. When brown, stew it very slowly in strong beef or veal broth with a lump of butter on it.

To 3 beaten eggs add pepper, salt, and enough flour to make a paste. Roll it very thin, cut it in match lengths, cook them in salted water; lay them over the stew, sprinkle plenty of Parmesan cheese upon it, put the dish in the oven for 5 minutes, and serve with Marsala sauce flavoured with orange-juice.

¶ *A Swiss Hare Stew*

Cut the hare in quarters, lard it, put it into a stew-pan with good broth and a little wine, seasoned with salt, pepper and cloves; while it is stewing, toss up the blood and liver, shred, with a little flour in a stew-pan, put in some capers, stoned olives and a drop of vinegar, and serve it up.

¶ *Lancaster Christmas Boar's Head*

Remove the snout, hair and bones from a boar's head, cleanse it thoroughly, scald it, and put into a pot of boiling vinegar and water with the tongue and 2 lb. of pork. Add 2 oz. of salt, peppercorns, parsley, thyme, shallot, and a little sage. Let the head, etc., get cold in this and steep for 3 days. Drain it and fill up the cavities made by the removal of the bones with thin slices of the meat and tongue rolled together. Fasten up the opening with strong thread as soon as the head has been well filled and the form is good. Tie it up in a cloth and put into a stew-pan with the herbs, etc.; add a pint of sherry, 4 cloves, a carrot and an ounce of salt. Let it simmer for 6 or 7 hours, when it may be taken out and allowed to cool. When quite cold remove the cloth, undo the fastenings, ornament and glaze the head, replace the tusks, insert

eyes made of white of egg and beetroot. Serve the following sauce with it:

Cut the rind very thinly from 2 oranges and slice it. Rub 2 or 3 lumps of sugar on 2 more oranges, put the sugar in a basin with 6 or 7 tablespoonfuls of red-currant jelly, white pepper, a shallot minced finely, a tablespoonful of mixed mustard and enough port wine to make a thick cream. Add the orange rind sliced in very thin strips, and bottle for use.

§ *Hare Farci à la Royale*

(*Recipe of the Hôtel du Commerce, Domme*)

Take a fresh hare, not too high, draw and bone it completely and spread it out on the table, season it with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Put a layer of pork mixed with pieces of veal and bacon and slices of *foie gras* all over the surface, which should be larded with truffles, and a further layer of veal and bacon and chopped meat. Sew up the galantine.

Put this to stew with pot herbs and vegetables (*mirepoix*) and the cuttings and bones of the hare, add a little flour, glaze with Madeira and moisten with *consommé*. Remove the galantine when cooked and reduce the broth; thicken the gravy with chopped liver and the blood of the hare and strain. Add chopped truffles.

This is a reasonable recipe for one of the standard dishes of French cookery. Some of the formulæ are nine pages long!

§ *Backwoods Stew*

(*Canada*)

Take venison, ruffed grouse and duck, either wild or tame. Cut the venison in thin cutlets and the grouse and the duck as for a fricassee. Toss them in fresh butter, first rolling them in flour, and fry brown, but do not burn. Put in an earthenware stew-pan with onion, parsley, a few potatoes, carrots cut in dice, pepper and salt. Add water and stew down slowly till the gravy is reduced one half.

CHAPTER XII

Meat

BEEF

IN 1492 there was no beef in America; perhaps that was why Columbus came away again. In none of the houses and neither of the cities in which, according to tradition, he was born, did such a state of things prevail. The Spaniards took cattle to the new possessions among their other belongings, and the first corned-beef hash waved its flag across the ocean before Boston ever proved that tea made with cold water is no good. In 1917 corned beef, *bœuf bouilli* and bully-beef were the Three Musketeers of the western front, and the Indian troops could see for themselves that other Feringhee than their own familiar ones are willing to eat gods boiled.

The sacred status of the ox in the ancient world, when he was sometimes the god and sometimes the sacrifice, was based upon attributes thoroughly opposite to those of most of his fellow-gods. Men worshipped heat because it was life; thunder because it was terrifying; storm because it was destructive; but the ox because he was useful to labour the ground. One of his uses was taken from him by the veneration in which he was held; for no one might eat him.

The road from the altar to the table is frequently a short one; the family of Europa's mount, although he is still a god of the Hindu Church, is venerated in a thousand kitchens to a single temple. But the veneration is very sincere, being based on self-interest. We hope to absorb all the good qualities of the beast, his strength, his endurance, by eating him. In England we make a positive virtue of eating the animal of our admiration; we speak of a 'good beef-eating Briton' as a compliment; we dress the Beef-eaters of the Tower in scarlet and gold; we sing songs at public banquets about beef; we have conferred upon the noblest joint of all the peerage-rank of baron; and we regard with doubt the

French habit of using him for traction and ploughing. As to bull-fights, I suppose few princesses have ever carried to their new country such a wedding-present of hearty and affectionate sympathy as did the Queen of Spain when it became known in England that Princess Ena must sit through a State bull-fight to celebrate her wedding. The difficulty of religion, though taken seriously enough, was pushed into the background when it became a question of sending a girl from beef-loving, horse-loving England to a country where they not only have Sunday amusements, but are not ashamed of their bull-fights at all, and even make them matters of national state.

Beef has entered into our language; 'beef and beer' form the proverbial patriotic diet for a Briton; and who ever heard of a prize-fighter looking muttoney or vealish, or anything but beefy?

In France the beef is very good, in spite of our rather jealous conviction to the contrary. Even when plain roast it is more often tender than it is in England, and British disdain must fall back for support upon the fact that the French cut up their oxen differently. The 'aloyau,' or French sirloin, has no tail and no undercut. I leave the other differences to those who like to compare two maps of the animal as divided in the two countries. In Normandy beef is particularly good—at Vernon, on the extreme Paris-ward edge of the province, the beef melts like butter in the mouth, and has a distinct but delicate flavour that is memorable.

Hard steaks are met with in France as everywhere else, but modern science is attending to their elimination. At a big Paris restaurant can be eaten a steak as thick as porterhouse, as light as *soufflé*. It is medically treated by an expert, being injected with a drug before cooking. In these days, when we decorate the table with flowers revived with aspirin, renew our complexions in public with the chemist's formulæ, and scruple not to swallow tabloids openly at our fellow-diners to keep our withins happy, it was not likely that the doctor, the chemist and the surgeon would long be allowed to leave our meat alone.

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¶ *Properly Roasted Beef*

The roast beef of old England is famous and has a song to support it; but in these days its fame, outside England, is for toughness and tastelessness. English roast beef is considered by foreigners as bad as they think all English cooking. And it is true that the old days that are always called good produced something very different from the piece of meat ordered by telephone from the butcher, put into a hot oven, and left there till it is very nearly black and blue, according to whether its outside or its inside is viewed. Few housewives and fewer cooks have to-day the time or the patience or the apparatus recommended by the admirable and admired Eliza Acton when Queen Victoria was young:—

‘Roasting, which is quite the favourite mode of dressing meat in this country, and one in which the English are said to excel, requires unremitting attention on the part of the cook rather than any great exertion of skill.

‘Let the joint hang as long as it can possibly be kept perfectly sweet. When it is first brought in, remove the pipe of marrow which runs along the backbone; and cut out the kernels from the fat. Be very careful in summer to guard it from flies; examine it frequently in warm or damp weather; and scrape off with a knife, or wipe away with a dry cloth, any moisture which may appear on the surface: when this has been done, dust some powdered ginger or pepper over it. Unless the joint should be very large, its appearance will be improved by taking off the ends of the bones, which may then be salted for a few days, and afterwards boiled. Skewer the beef firmly; place it near the fire to render the surface firm; then draw it to a distance and let it remain so until the heat has well penetrated the interior; and, if from prejudice the old method be still preferred, heat it very gradually in the first instance (in either case baste it constantly) and let it be drawn nearer to the fire for the last half-hour or more of roasting, merely to brown it well. Persons who object to meat being frothed for

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table, have it dredged with flour when it is first placed at the fire, and sprinkled with fine salt when it is nearly done. It is not necessary to paper the fat of beef, as many cooks direct, if proper attention be given to it while roasting. As a rule it may be observed, that when the steam from the meat draws strongly towards the fire, it is nearly or quite ready to serve.'

§ *Provençal Sirloin (Aloyau)*

Trim the joint and lard it with ham, bacon-fat and anchovy. Make a stuffing of minced lean bacon, beef-marrow, the finest butter, oil, garlic and chopped herbs, all worked together, with seasoning to taste. Cut the sirloin sufficiently from the bone to allow of the stuffing being introduced under it as well as over. Cover the joint with fat bacon, then with greased paper; cook it in front of or over a clear fire (charcoal if possible, but the gas oven will do). Serve it with its own skimmed gravy, to which orange-juice and coarsely ground black pepper have been added.

§ *Sliced Undercut*

(*An Eighteenth-Century Paris Dish*)

Parboil an undercut of beef and plunge it into cold water to remove the fat. Cut it in thin slices without separating them. Make a mince of lightly fried chopped onion, bacon, salt, pepper, herbs, chopped anchovies passed through several waters, 2 or 3 yolks of eggs, and breadcrumb or potato. Put layers of this between the slices of beef. Tie the joint together, wrap it in grease-proof paper with a spoonful of salted water, cook it in the oven, and serve it with Madeira or *mirepoix* sauce.

§ *German Sour Roast*

Lay 5 lb. of rump or fillet of beef in 1 quart of beer-vinegar boiled with 4 bay-leaves and 2 grated nutmegs; keep it in a cool place from 3 to 4 days in summer and 8 to 10 in winter, frequently turning it with a wooden fork. Before cooking, lard it with lardons dipped in a mixture of salt, pepper and ground cloves. Scatter a

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little salt over the meat, and brown it in a stew-pan with 2 oz. butter and the same of dripping and a spoonful of flour. When it is a golden brown pour in sideways sufficient boiling water to cover the meat. Cover up the pot and in a few minutes add 2 or 3 carrots, 4 onions, and a brown bread crust. Cover up the pot, weighting the cover down, and let the whole simmer for 2½ hours, adding a small cup of cream half an hour before serving. Take out the meat, put it in a dish in the oven, thicken the gravy with flour, pass the gravy through a sieve, pour some over the meat, and serve the remainder in a sauceboat.

¶ *Dutch Ribs of Beef*

Bone some ribs of beef and cook them in butter till nearly done. Let them cool, keeping their gravy on one side. Make a stuffing of chopped veal, kidney fat, herbs, lemon-rind, salt, and any other flavourings from pimperl to nutmeg. Mix it all with three beaten yolks. Envelop the ribs thickly in the stuffing, and cook them, closely covered, over a tiny fire, or in a moderate oven, till they and the stuffing have made close acquaintance and gone into partnership. Add some good stock to the gravy (after removing the fat), a little mild vinegar, salt and black pepper, and pour it round the ribs.

¶ *Beef Cooked in Wine* (Germany)

Soak the meat all night in wine. Cook with wine and water till tender, adding a bay-leaf, cardamoms, lemon cut in quarters. When the meat is cooked, thicken sufficient of the gravy with browned flour and decorate the dish with lemon and bay-leaf.

In a stuffy shop in Camden Town the other day I bought an early edition of Mrs. Rundell's *Domestic Cookery, by a Lady*. It was published very early in the nineteenth century, but was evidently prized till much later, for on the page devoted to beefsteak was pinned an extract from a Bristol paper, apparently of the late fifties, to this effect:—

‘AN EPICURE’S PLAN OF FRYING A STEAK.—A beef steak well cooked and tender is admittedly one of the best dishes which can be placed before an Englishman. But the cooking them properly—“There’s the rub” exclaims an old epicure, his lips smacking. Broil them? Good. Fry them? No, no. If you want to convert tender ox-flesh into leather, use the pan and a slow fire, and the experiment will be sure to succeed; but adopt my plan, and my head for it, you will eat nothing but steaks for the next three months. Well then, fry it; but not in the vulgar way, with a bit of fat to keep it simmering. A steak fried in the ordinary way ought to be carefully dished, trimmed up with parsley, and then—consigned to the dusthole. But I’ll tell you how to fry a steak; and I do so tremblingly, for it is so grand, so original a recipe, that I think, if I were brisk enough, I might get a million francs for it from the society of gourmands, and now, if I let the delicious secret out, my prospective million will be gone for ever. Have your steak cut in one large slice from the middle of the rump; thickness one inch; superficial measurement, seventy square inches; weight about one and a quarter pounds. See that it has a nice rind of yellowish bark—that is, fat—along the outer side; and if it is not really handsome, call a poor woman and make it a present to her for her hungry ones, and liberally pay for another for yourself. Take it home yourself, and from that moment let no hand but your own touch it. Even obtrusive eyes should be kept off; for my plan of cooking is not to be hackneyed and vulgarized. Hunt up all the pickle jars, and take from each kind of pickle a little of the vinegar, say a teacupful each of onion, cauliflower, cabbage, French-bean pickle—home-made, of course, and with plenty of spicy flavours. Lay the steak in a deep dish, and pour over it the whole of the vinegar. Let it lie an hour. Then take a clean frying-pan; throw in three ounces of butter, and pour into it some of the vinegar from the dish, sufficient just to stew the steak in the refreshing compound. Lay the steak in it, and let it stew; turn it as judgment dictates; and if you manage it right as to the quantity of liquor, it will, when done, be found imbedded

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in a thickened gravy formed of its own juicy essences and the dried-up pickle. Put the steak into a very hot dish before the fire, and into the pan throw an ounce more of butter, one chopped-up clove of garlic, and two tablespoonfuls of ketchup and a spoonful of raw mustard. Fry up the gravy, butter, ketchup, etc., in the pan till it boils, and pour it over the steak; and presto! the whole house will be fragrant with a dish that, in the words of puffing traders, "needs only one trial," etc.'

§ *Châteaubriant*

High thinking and uninterrupted talking do not prevent a man from being an exasperating eater. Châteaubriant invariably cut off the top and bottom of his meat, as he only liked the underdone middle. Leaving on one side the question of his very dubious breeding in the matter, one comes to the effect on the mind of his chef, Montmireil.

Great cooks disapprove of waste—unless they do the wasting. Montmireil decided to invent a dish which would suit Châteaubriant without annoying himself. He did not foresee that in the course of time a lazy generation would calmly return the 'Château' to its original state—a Porterhouse.

The real 'Château' is a thickish slice of fillet tied between two thinner ones, and only salted after they have been removed in a half-blackened condition (but still good for soup or stew, said the thrifty French Montmireil). This is the only right moment for salting; if it is done earlier in the cooking it draws out the juice too quickly—or so Brillat-Savarin told Montmireil, who seems to have listened to him with attention quite remarkable in a professional listening to an amateur.

§ *Wansford Steak*

(*Yorkshire*)

Take a steak 1½ in. thick. With a sharp knife mark into squares, but not deep. Into the cuts rub any seasoning preferred, onion chopped very fine, parsley or sage, and add pepper and salt to

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taste. Fry each side of the steak about 10 minutes. Make some good gravy and put the steak in a casserole dish, cover with the gravy, and simmer gently in a slow oven 2 hours.

¶ *Camargue Steak-Stew*

Camarguins have the right to know good beef, considering that they breed and use oxen for every known purpose, from the amusement of the bull-ring and the labouring of the earth to the refreshment of the populace.

Take a thick piece of buttock steak and lard it with bacon-fat and fillet anchovies. Put it in a dish lined with fat smoked bacon, with herbs and spices to taste, no salt, 2 cloves of garlic, 2 shallots and a glass of white wine. Simmer it very slowly for 5 or 6 hours. Strain the sauce, add a floured lump of butter and capers, thicken it over the fire and pour it round the steak.

¶ *Belgian Fricassee with Prunes*

Soak beef cut in pieces all night in vinegar, with onions cut in rounds, a bay-leaf, thyme, salt and pepper. The next day lay the beef in browned butter, cover it with stock and let it simmer; when it is half cooked, add some currant-juice, and let it cook very slowly indeed. The sauce should be sweetened with sugar and thickened with potato-flour. Serve the meat with an accompanying dish of prunes soaked all night and cooked in sugared water.

¶ *Dutch Beefsteak*

Soak a thick beefsteak, free of all fat, in cream for 3 hours and lay it in butter so hot that the steak is browned as quickly as possible; then cook it slowly in the cream till it is to the taste of the consumer.

¶ *Carbonade Flamande*

(Belgian and French Flanders)

Fry 2 or 3 onions and put about 1½ lb. of cut-up raw beef to fry slowly with them; allow it to colour very brown, add pepper,

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salt, and nutmeg, simmer it slowly for 2 hours in a hermetically closed saucepan. Before serving, mix a little flour with vinegar, add it to the carbonade and simmer for 5 minutes.

This is a real carbonade, in that it is thoroughly fried before being simmered, and nowadays a carbonade in France is very often merely a brown stew. The very name protests against this; originally a carbonade was a slice of meat cooked over a direct flame, and scored to receive a highly spiced dressing of herbs and condiments. This early form of devilling was already so popular in England in the time of Shakespeare that its Latin (not French) origin was forgotten; a little later, as 'the Cavalier's broil,' applied to mutton steaks, it was a famous dish. It never had any truck with lardons of ham or bacon, and the Belgians still avoid this French innovation.

§ *Braised Beef with Grapes and Raisins* (Lithuania)

Braise a larded fillet of beef in equal quantities of Malaga and Madeira and some crushed grapes. Half an hour before it is cooked take half the gravy and pour it into a saucepan upon $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of currants, sultanas, and raisins, all well washed and dried. At the last moment add grated horse-radish mixed with red currant jelly, pour the sauce over the meat cut in slices, leave all in the oven for 10 minutes, and serve a good Madeira sauce with it. Could anything be more thorough than this pursuit of the grape in all its forms? Yet the result is not wine.

§ *Beef Stewed Without Water* (Kent)

Put a saucer upside down on the bottom of a saucepan, place on it a layer of thickly-sliced onions, seasoned with salt and pepper. Cut the steak into square blocks and put a layer of it on the onions. Repeat the layers of steak and of seasoned onions till the saucepan is closely packed. Place dots of butter on top of steak. Cover tightly, weigh the lid down, and let it simmer 3 hours very gently.

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Shake the saucepan occasionally without raising the lid. The sauce should be almost saffron yellow, the onions nearly melted, and the steak melting. This will not happen if the heat is too great.

¶ *Savoury Steak*

(*Dutch East Indies*)

Put 2 lb. of steak into a covered jar with 1 turnip, the rind of a lime, 2 carrots, 3 cloves, salt and pepper, chopped green peppers, a little chopped green ginger, and an onion, leaving the skin on to brown the gravy. Cover it with 1 pint of stock, bake it in a hot oven for an hour. Strain and thicken the gravy before serving.

¶ *English Stew*

On 3 lb. of tender rump of beef, freed from skin and fat, and cut down into 2-inch squares, pour rather more than a quart of cold broth or gravy. When it boils add salt if required, and a little cayenne, and keep it just simmering for a couple of hours; then put to it the grated rind of a large lemon, or of two small ones; half an hour after stir to it a tablespoonful of rice flour, smoothly mixed with a wineglassful of mushroom ketchup, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, and a teaspoonful of soy: in 15 minutes it will be ready to serve, much improved by a large glass of port or white wine. A few fried forcemeat balls may be slipped into it after it is dished.

This dish is allied to the 'Rollodish,' a beef stew invented by a Duke of Normandy a hundred years and more before his descendant William landed at Hastings. It was based on the union of diverse herbs with the meat. A form of it, not only Anglicized but localized, was the favourite dish of the Stuarts. It was made with two herbs identified with Surrey and Kent.

¶ *French Hashed Bœuf Bouilli*

Shake over a slow fire a bit of butter the size of an egg and a tablespoonful of flour; when they have simmered for a minute, stir to them a finely-chopped onion and dessertspoonful of minced

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parsley; as soon as the whole is equally browned, add sufficient pepper, salt, and nutmeg to season the hash properly, and from half to three-quarters of a pint of boiling water or of bouillon. Cut the beef into small but thick slices; let it stand by the fire and heat gradually; and when near the point of boiling thicken the sauce with the yolk of 3 eggs, mixed with a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Or omit the eggs, and substitute a tablespoonful of ketchup, and another of pickled gherkins minced or sliced.

¶ *Milanese Stoved Beef*

Cut leg of beef in slices, put it in a saucepan with alternate layers of beef and chopped onions, carrots, celery, peppercorns, laurels, spice and nutmeg. Pour red wine over it and put it on one side for two days.

Fry the meat in butter and rosemary. Reduce the marinade two-thirds and pour over the meat. Then pour over all a pint of broth. Cook for 1½ hours. Pass the gravy through a sieve and pour it again over the meat. Let it boil again and serve polenta with it.

¶ *Beefsteak and Kidney Pudding*

(England)

This is one of the classics of the world's table; like other great works it does not take kindly to translation, still less to adaptation. It has no love for the Channel crossing, in particular. Shakespeare and beefsteak puddings are not really loved by the French, who must be for ever tinkering at them. In Paris I have heard Mark Antony—or rather Marc Antoine—call upon his 'Maman' when he was dying; and I have met with truffles in a beefsteak pudding. This is called 'arranging them to French taste.'

The plain, everyday, immemorial beefsteak and kidney pudding has absolutely nothing inside its paste walls but those two ingredients, water, flour, pepper, and salt. The meat, perfectly free of fat or gristle, is cut into convenient mouthfuls, each rolled in seasoned flour. In a pudding-basin lined with suet paste ½ inch thick the meat is piled high, but loosely, to leave room for gravy

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to form and the paste to swell. It is filled with water to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the brim and covered with more suet paste. A cloth newly wrung out in hot water and floured is then tied over it, and here the cook must be careful; there must be enough slack to allow the pudding paste to rise as much as it will, when it should exactly fill the cloth; but the latter must be so firmly fastened under the rim of the basin that there is no risk of the outer water getting in. The pudding is then boiled steadily in a covered saucepan with water to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch below the top of the basin, for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or any longer time—it cannot cook too much—hot water being added as the first boils away.

The only elaboration really allowable is the introduction of larks, oysters, and mushrooms to the pudding, as at the 'Cheshire Cheese.' Onions are sometimes met with, but are not according to Cocker; tomatoes or potatoes are positively reprehensible. A bright spirit who tried pimentos made a delicious dish, but it had changed its character. In well-fed fastnesses of rural England a glass of port is stealthily added when the pudding is taken from the fire, by a funnel slid under the crust at one side. Ketchup is inadmissible. The only allowable escorting vegetables are well-boiled floury potatoes and thoroughly drained boiled green cabbage. Plenty of boiling water should be available when the pudding is first cut into, and the basin filled with it. It will produce quantities of delicious rich, thick gravy, swallowing jugful after jugful. If the meat be not dipped in flour the gravy will be clear and very strong. A little extra stewed meat and a new crust will make the second-day pudding better than the first.

§ *Russian Bittocks*

Hash lean beef and mix it with fresh butter; season it with nutmeg, pepper, and salt; with a knife dipped in boiling water form the meat into round flat cakes. Dip them in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry them in clarified fat, leaving the middle a rich red. Heat equal quantities of sour cream and rich gravy together, sprinkle fried onion over the bittocks, and pour the sauce over all.

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¶ *Beef with Fried Bread*

(France)

Soak neat pieces of stale bread in beaten egg, and fry them in butter on both sides; then drain them well. Boil a boned and rolled joint of beef; remove the string and put it in a fireproof dish surrounded by the bread. Pour Espagnole sauce over it, and brown it before serving.

Dumas suggests a Sauce Hachée with it; his recipe for this formidable mixture is on page 314.

¶ *German Stew*

Cut into 3-inch squares $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of the veiny part of beef, or of any tender meat, and set it on to stew, with rather less than a quart of cold broth or water, and 1 large onion sliced. When these begin to boil, add a teaspoonful of salt, and a third as much of pepper, and let them simmer gently for an hour and a half. Have ready some young white cabbages parboiled; press the water well from them, lay them in with the beef, and let the whole stew for another hour. More onions and a seasoning of mixed spices, or a few bits of lean bacon, or of ham, can be added to this stew.

¶ *Welsh Stew*

Stew $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tender beef in 1 quart of stock with a sliced onion. When they have simmered gently for an hour, add the white part of from 20 to 30 leeks, or 2 dozen of button onions, and 5 or 6 young mild turnips, cut in slices, a small lump of sugar, nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of white pepper and more than twice as much salt. Stew the whole for an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half, after the vegetables are added.

¶ *Beef and Apricots*

(Belgium)

Stew 3 lb. steak in gravy, adding to a pint of liquor a level teaspoonful of white sugar. Throw in a handful of dried apricots, very well washed. This dish is generally accompanied by leeks,

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blanched for a few moments and then put in the stew. Flavour it with salt, pepper, and the rind of half a lemon, which remove before you serve the stew.

¶ *To Fry Beef*

(*England 1723*)

Having cut a piece of the Rump into Stakes let them be beaten with a Rolling Pin and fry'd in half a pint of Ale; then season it with salt, nutmeg, a shalot, Thyme, Parsley and Savory shred fine. For your sauce roll a piece of butter in Flower and shake it up thick and pour into it (the meat).

¶ *Musaka*

(*Turkey and the Balkans*)

This is the somewhat sophisticated Shepherd's Pie of Near Eastern Europe, and what trouble there may be in its preparation is well spent. The dish is simple. Take thin lengthwise slices of aubergine. After steeping them for an hour in salt water, fry them in flour. Place them, starting from the bottom and ending at the top of the dish, in layers alternately with beef and onion finely chopped together. Cover the top with tomato *purée* and cook it in the oven for 2 hours.

¶ *Headless Sparrows*

(*Belgium*)

Cut 2 lb. of beef, which must be lean, in thin slices about five inches by three. Put in the middle of each piece a little square of very fat bacon, a sprig of parsley, pepper and salt. Roll up the slices and tie them round with a thread so that the seasoning remains inside. Brown a lump of butter the size of a very big egg; after rolling the beef in flour put them in the butter. Let them cook there for 5 minutes, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water and let them simmer for 2 hours. Fill up with water if it becomes too dry. Before serving, take care to remove the threads.

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§ *North Country Pepper-pot in a Tureen*

Stew gently in four quarts of water, till reduced to three, 3 lb. of beef, a bunch of dried thyme, 2 onions, 2 large potatoes pared and sliced; then strain it through a colander, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pickled pork sliced, the meat of 1 lobster minced and some small suet dumplings, the size of a walnut. When the dumplings are well boiled, add $\frac{1}{2}$ peck of spinach that has been boiled and rubbed through a colander, season with salt and cayenne.

§ *Yale Pie*

(*American*)

Put 3 or 4 lb. of steak seasoned with pepper and salt into a medium-sized dish; cut in pieces 2 chickens, lay them on the steak and over them a dozen oysters, without the liquor, add 6 hard-boiled eggs; pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of strong ale, and cover the whole with fresh mushrooms and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of calf's foot jelly. Cover with a good paste and bake. This used to be a picnic dish in high favour in the States.

§ *North Country Hot-Pot*

Take some of the lower end of brisket of beef, cut it in pieces two inches square, place them in cold water, blanch them in a pot with carrots, turnips, onion, sweet herbs, and a little lean ham, pepper, and salt; stew with the cover on, then add a little good broth and let it boil well. A quart of boiled green peas may be added.

§ *Dutch Hutspot*

Cut into pieces 3 lb. of carrots and 12 oz. onions and cook them with $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of stewing beef. Place 2 lb. of potatoes at the bottom of the saucepan with 3 oz. fat or butter and some salt, then the carrots and onions and lastly the beef, and pour in the broth in which the carrots have been cooked. When the potatoes are done serve it very hot.

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¶ *Blankenberg Beef*

Chop finely equal quantities of beef and chestnuts, both cooked; add flavouring of spices or herbs to taste and moisten it with red wine. Add sultanas or currants, and heat it slowly and thoroughly in the oven. Serve it with *purée* of lentils or peas round it.

¶ *Beef Royals*

(*The Midlands*)

Make some potato cakes with rather more flour than usual. Cut them in big rounds, lay thin small bits of meat or mince on one side, close them into turnovers and fry them light brown in boiling dripping. Strain them well and serve very hot, with or without gravy.

¶ *Gulyás of Beef*

(*Hungary*)

Cut up plenty of onions and colour them lightly in lard or dripping with paprika seasoning; add skirt or neck of beef in convenient pieces, salt, marjoram, and chopped garlic, and let it all brown to a tempting hue. Stir it all the time, and sift in enough flour to make a thick sauce of it when enough stock has been added, after simmering the stew for three hours, to cover it. Add potatoes and sausage, both sliced, half an hour before serving, and sour cream enough to thicken the sauce (or a cream of flour, milk and tartaric acid) an instant before the saucepan is lifted from the fire.

Veal Gulyás should have a dash of vinegar added in the main cookery.

Gipsy Gulyás has a glass of white wine in it; Pork Gulyás a dash of Kümmel and some pickled cabbage.

All Gulyás may and should be served with spaghetti or macaroni, and all should be cooked for the last hour in the oven.

¶ *Stschi*

(*Russian*)

Cut up a cabbage, heat it in butter and moisten with 3 tablespoonfuls of stock. Add 2 lb. beef cut into large dice, 3 pints of

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water, and cook it $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Chop up 2 onions, 2 leeks and a parsnip into small dice, add 2 tablespoonfuls of sour cream and 1 of flour. Add this mixture to the stew about half an hour before serving. Small buck-wheat cakes are served with it.

¶ *Zrázy*

(Hungarian Stuffed Steak)

Chop up $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. lean beef with just under that amount of sausage-meat. Add to it finely-chopped onions, parsley, and mushrooms, and season it with pepper, salt, and nutmeg.

Take a dozen slices of fillet, salted and peppered. Cover them with a layer of the chopped stuffing and roll them into olives. Line a stew-pan with fat and shredded vegetables, and cook the olives until they are brown, adding a glass of white wine. Reduce the sauce and add sour cream. Finish the dish off in the oven and, after skimming and straining the sauce over the meat, serve it with mashed potatoes.

¶ *Chile-con-Carne*

(Mexico)

Soak 1 lb. red kidney beans in cold water overnight. Cut up $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lean stewing beef and cook it gently in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water till it is tender; take it out and chop it finely or pass it through the mincing-machine. Put the beans and 3 sliced onions into the liquor the meat was cooked in, simmer it slowly till the beans are tender, add paprika, red peppers, and salt. Then put in the chopped meat and let it simmer a short time. It should be quite thick. Serve it on rounds of toast.

¶ *Jugged Beef Balls*

(Spain)

Mix together with beaten egg minced steak, half its weight of breadcrumbs, half that of shredded suet, equal quantities of chopped mint and onion, pepper, and salt. Form them into balls with only so much flour as is necessary to hold them in shape, put them

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in a stone jar closely covered without any water, and stand the jar for two hours and a half immersed in boiling water.

¶ *Cornish Pasty*

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of good short pastry made with lard or clarified dripping, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Roll it out and cut it into the shape of a large plate. Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of beefsteak or fillet of steak, beat well to make it tender, cut it into small pieces, grate a medium-sized onion and slice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of raw potatoes, mix all together with a sprinkling of salt and pepper.

Place it on half the round of the pastry, fold the other side over, after wetting the edges, pinch the edges well together and bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes or more.

¶ *Spiced Tongues*

(*Southern U.S.A.*)

Pound together allspice, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, black pepper, thyme, and sweet marjoram, with lemon-juice and grated lemon-peel. With a knife or larding-needle make holes in lightly salted or de-salted tongues, and fill them with this spice, rubbing it also into the surface. Lay the tongues under a heavy weight. After four days boil them in the resulting liquor, adding a pint of beer or red wine, until the skins peel off easily. Cut off the root, roll the tongues, bind them firmly, replace them in the same liquor, and simmer them for several hours. Put them again under a weight for two days. Boil the root again in the liquor, adding veal or chicken stock as necessary and red-currant or orange jelly in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a pint. Strain it well, and pour it over and round the tongues at least eight hours before serving them cold.

¶ *Neapolitan Beef Palates*

Boil the palates till the skin can be easily removed, then stew them very tender in good veal broth, lay them on a drainer and let them cool; cut them across obliquely into strips of about a quarter of an inch in width and finish them like macaroni.

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¶ *Ox-Tongue with Grapes* (Belgium)

Brown a chopped onion in butter; lay in the tongue, boiled and skinned; cover it with stock and a glass of currant-juice, let it boil gently for 2½ to 3 hours. Remove the tongue, and add to the sauce peeled grapes and sugar, and enough potato-flour mixed to a paste with white wine to thicken it. Cut the tongue in slices and lay them in the sauce for ten minutes; serve them with the sauce over them. It should be thick enough to mask them completely.

¶ *'Scorched Cricket'* (Italy)

Season the boned scrag end of ribs of beef with chopped truffles, celery, and ham. Roll the meat round the stuffing and cook it on a quick fire, basting it frequently with fat. Cook two sweetbreads, cut them in pieces the size of a thumb, put them round the beef in an earthenware dish, adding a little salt. Cover all with pieces of vegetable-marrow. Sprinkle tomato sauce over it and bake it. Serve it in a very hot casserole.

¶ *Stuffed Bullock's Heart* (Yorkshire)

Wash a bullock's heart in several waters. Cut away the lobes, sinew and gristle. Drain and dry the heart well. Fill the cavity with stuffing and cover the base with a greased paper to keep in the stuffing, then tie round securely with a string. Have ready a deep baking-tin containing about ¼ lb. hot fat. Put in the heart and cook for about three hours in a moderate oven, basting frequently. Half an hour before serving remove the paper in order that the base of the heart may brown. Place the heart on a hot dish, drain off the fat from the tin, and sprinkle in a little flour, salt, and pepper, and pour over it a cup of rich gravy or good meat stock. Mix well and bring to the boil. For the stuffing take 1 lb. onion chopped fine, ½ lb. fine breadcrumbs, 2 oz. suet and season to

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taste with powdered sage, salt, and pepper, and 1 beaten egg to bind all together. Serve with vegetables and red-currant jelly.

MUTTON

¶ *Mutton and Lamb*

Let those talk who will of the rival claims of South Down lamb and the *pré-salé*; of Welsh and Highland mutton; let Australia and New Zealand say what they will of the splendid effect of their respective climates upon the mild-mannered and useful sheep; the last word still comes from Wales, through the mouth of Thomas Love Peacock:

‘The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.’

Sheep-meat has a curious double reputation. Mutton is the synonym of dull domesticity, of ‘the everydayness of this workday world’; but it is also, in some forms, the chosen delicacy of clubs and chop-houses, and other places whence men emerge to confound their families with tales of exquisite food.

It is a generalization that can fairly be made nine times out of ten, almost nineteen out of twenty: a man ordering a meal to his own taste in a restaurant selects part of a sheep. He may have shirked going home to cold mutton the night before, but probably he ordered sheep-meat at Simpson’s or Stone’s instead. Mutton is a party-dish to men; to women it means Monday morning or Thursday mince.

Not that they cannot enjoy the white young *pré-salé* of France, or the grilled chop of England; but I maintain that few women who have housekept will look first among the meat-dishes on a menu for those that in life bleated or baa-ed. Yet that the sheep can be as gay as the Charleston, some of these recipes will prove.

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¶ *Saddle-back Cutlets*

Fashion puts her finger into every pie, and pulls out a remarkably varied collection of plums. She cannot even leave mutton cutlet alone. In the South Down Country, three-quarters of a century ago, the big saddle-back cutlets were looked upon as neither better nor worse than the usual chops from the loin or neck, but merely a dish of convenient size for two persons. Twenty years later they were served as delicacies in clubs and chop-houses, and forty years ago the saddle-back cutlet was a Saturday dish in middle-class English homes; enough for Mr. and Mrs. Brown's dinner, not cluttering with left-overs the larder where the Sunday joint lay in state till the church bells should summon Master's top-hat from its silk handkerchief and the sirloin to the pyre.

Saddle-back cutlets, when they were fashionable in St. James' and the City, had all the advantage which an expert staff and an elaborately fitted kitchen could give. It is doubtful whether the chops and steaks mentioned by wistful men to their even more wistful wives over a tough joint at home do not derive their exquisite quality from these circumstances. Women from the sheltered and moneyed classes nearly all manage to have charming complexions because they have had time to think and care about them, and can hire experts to cook and prepare them. The mutton chop or lamb cutlet of Brooks' or the Travellers' is the sheltered beauty of the butcher's world. The home product was, and is, in the comparatively few places where it survives, a hardy plant for ordinary use, especially useful and economical for two people.

¶ *Club Saddle-back Cutlets*

Trim a saddle-back mutton cutlet, and beat it with a well-oiled wooden spoon. Leave a little surplus oil on it, sprinkle it with parsley, pepper (no salt), and a dash of vinegar; press a plate down on it, and leave it for an hour.

Mix some dry breadcrumbs with salt and a spoonful of mixed

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herbs, dry or fresh (chopped mint is a pleasant variant). Beat up the yolks of 2 eggs, and add little by little a glass of Madeira or Marsala. Egg and breadcrumb the cutlet in these mixtures and cook it in the best and freshest olive oil procurable, or in a little butter.

§ *Spiced Shoulder of Mutton* (England)

Bone the joint and rub it with 2 oz. brown sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoonful of cloves powdered, a little mace and a very little powdered ginger. After 12 hours rub into the meat 3 oz. salt and keep it in a cool place for 30 hours. Liquid will form and the meat should be turned over frequently. Roll it up tightly and tie it with tape, wrap it in a cloth and boil it. If it is to be eaten cold, brush the joint over with brown glaze.

§ *Rolled Breast of Mutton* (Hertfordshire)

Take a breast, lay it on a board, remove the bones. Trim it neatly, remove some of the fat. Line it with slices of ham, then a layer of meat-stuffing with flavour of grated lemon. Quarter pickled walnuts and lay them on the forcemeat here and there. Roll all tightly, sewing the flap over, and bind all with tape. Roast it in paper the first hour, afterwards without and keep it well basted. Make a good gravy, strain it, stir in 1 tablespoonful of red-currant jelly, pour it over and round the meat. Sprinkle over the meat 2 tablespoonfuls lightly-browned breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt well mixed.

§ *Styrian Mutton*

Slice a shoulder or some breast of lean mutton and put the pieces in a stew-pan with salt, peppercorns, some thyme, laurel, and cut onions, carrots, turnips, celery, and leeks. Add just a little more than the quantity of stock, a glass of white wine and half a glass of vinegar. Cook the meat slowly so as not to reduce the

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sauce too much. When it is three-quarters cooked add plenty of parboiled potatoes.

¶ *Shoulder of Mutton with Oysters* (England)

Hang it for about a week, then salt it well for two days, bone it and sprinkle it with pepper and a bit of mace pounded; lay some oysters over it, and roll the meat up tight and tie it. Stew it in a small quantity of water with an onion and a few peppercorns till tender. Have ready a good gravy with some oysters stewed in it; thicken this with flour and butter and pour over the mutton when the tape is taken off. The stew-pan should be kept closed.

¶ *The Cavalier's Broil* (Old English. Carbonade of Mutton)

Half roast or parboil a medium shoulder of mutton; lift it on to a hot dish, score it on both sides down to the bone, season it well between the slices with fine salt, cayenne or pepper, and finish cooking it upon the gridiron over a brisk fire. Skim the fat from any gravy that may have flowed from it, and keep the dish which contains it quite hot to receive the joint again. Warm a cupful of pickled mushrooms, let a part of them be minced, and strew them over the broil when it is ready to be served; arrange the remainder round it.

¶ *Spanish Fricassee*

Stew 2 lb. of leg of mutton cut up in small pieces in oil. Add pepper and turn the meat often. Pound 2 cloves of garlic in a mortar with a little marjoram and a pinch of pepper, moisten with a few spoonfuls of vinegar and pour over the meat. Add some broth or water and boil slowly till the meat is done.

¶ *Mutton Beefsteaks* (Mapalamba)

Poulet Marengo is the best known, but not necessarily the best, of a long list of famous dishes, beginning with Christmas Pudding,

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which owe their existence to the lack of the usual ingredients. The Duc de Richelieu gave his exalted prisoners and their families in the Hanoverian War a terrific meal entirely of beef, because there was nothing else. A good Frenchman wants his Bifteck even on the Congo; and a mere detail such as the absence of cattle need not prevent his having it. Edmond Richardin gives the recipe a friend sent him. Cut steaks from a leg of mutton and grill them. In a fireproof dish make a sauce of fresh red peppers, gherkins, capers, and onions, all chopped, fried in butter with lemon-juice and vinegar, and thickened with a little flour. Lay the grilled meat in this for five minutes, over the fire. A hunter's appetite is not needed for this dish.

§ *Mutton Chops*

(*Kentucky*)

Take off the outer skin, as this is the part of the mutton which gives an unpleasant taste. Grate crackers or crusts of bread, break an egg, dip the chop in this and then broil it. Make a gravy of boiling water, flour, butter, Worcester sauce or soy, and capers; add a little mushroom ketchup.

§ *Mutton Chops Dressed with Fish Roe*

(*Kentucky*)

Take the roes of 2 fine pickled herrings just broiled, and whilst hot mix them with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, parsley, chives, or onion, cayenne pepper, and either vinegar or lemon-juice. Chop the parsley and onion finely, mix and pour over the chops.

§ *Lancashire Hot-Pot*

Take 2 lb. chops from the best end of the neck and 1 sheep's kidney; trim them neatly, cut off all fat and lay half of them in a deep dish well buttered, and with them a kidney cut in slices. Sprinkle over them a little pepper and salt, a teaspoonful of minced onion, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. potatoes cut in slices. Fill the dish nearly full

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with these layers and on top a layer of whole potatoes. Pour over it all a pint of stock and bake it in a moderate oven for 3 hours or more.

§ *Devonshire Squab Pie*

Cover the dish with a good crust, and put at the bottom of it a layer of sliced pippins, then a layer of mutton chops, well seasoned with pepper and salt, then another layer of pippins. Peel some onions and slice them thinly and place them over the apples. Then a layer of mutton, pippins and onions. Pour in a pint of water, close up the pie and bake it.

§ *Irish Stew*

For the orthodox Irish stew, only mutton chops, potatoes, onions, pepper, salt, and water are necessary ingredients. Take 2 lb. of carefully trimmed chops or cutlets with very little fat upon them. Peel 2 dozen potatoes whole; peel and cut in rings 1 lb. of onions. Lay in a stew-pan as many chops as will cover the bottom. On these place a layer of whole potatoes, covering it with a layer of onion. Proceed in this way till all the materials are used up, taking care to sprinkle each layer of onion with salt and pepper. When all are arranged, pour in as much clear cold water as will just cover the stew. When it is just on the boil, remove the pan to where it will only simmer. In an hour and a quarter it will be done.

§ *Irish Stew*

(A Manchester Recipe)

Take from 2 to 3 lb. of chops from the best end of neck of mutton and trim them of fat. Take as many potatoes as will make twice the weight of the meat, slice them and also 8 large onions. Place a layer of potatoes and onions at the bottom of a stew-pan, then the meat plentifully seasoned with pepper and slightly salted. Pack the ingredients closely and cover the meat with the remainder of the potato and onion. Pour in as much stock as will moisten the topmost layer, and cover the stew-pan tightly. Simmer it gently

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for 3 hours and be careful not to remove the lid or all the flavour will escape.

¶ *Swatzuir*

(An old South African Recipe)

2 or 3 lb. of neck of mutton, 1 onion, 1 breakfastcup of white flour, 2 oz. of tamarinds, 1 pint of boiling water, 6 cloves, 1 teaspoonful of brown sugar, salt, pepper, 2 eggs. Remove the meat from the bones and cut it in rather small pieces, place it in a stew-pan with the onion and 1 pint of cold water. To the pint of boiling water add the tamarinds, cloves, sugar and a good seasoning of pepper and salt. Cook the meat gently for 1 hour and then strain a breakfastcupful of the liquid in another stew-pan, and to this add salt and pepper and the cupful of flour. Stir over the fire until the dough is well cooked, and when cold work in the eggs and form into dumplings no larger than a walnut. To the meat add the tamarinds, water and spices, and let it boil well; add the dumplings and then cook gently for 10 minutes longer.

¶ *Leg of Mutton Ham*

(Northumberland)

A Northumbrian told me once that this was meat for the gods. But as he added that it was rare, as he was far from home, and as he was at the moment sorrowfully dallying with a burnt but raw beefsteak in a cheap Italian restaurant off Leicester Square, it is possible that the lyric wistfulness of his remarks did more than due honour to his subject. Exile sauce does wonders for home cookery.

If anyone should find a good, plump, gigot-ham, that has been properly rubbed and seethed in sugar, pickled for three weeks in juniper-brine, smoked for a fortnight, and hung for at least ten days in coarse sacking above kitchen chimney-piece—if he should find this and wish to taste it, he must stay where he is for two days, or come back when they are over, because it should be buried in good earth for the round of the sun, in its bag, and then most

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gently boiled with fresh thyme, bay-leaves and a couple of dozen cloves, or baked in paste with powdered herbs inside the crust.

¶ *Baked Cold Leg of Mutton* (*The Midlands*)

There were days in England when the words 'cold meat' were not used with scorn and dislike; when they were not the signal for a month's notice from the servants; when, indeed, people actually took trouble to prepare meat for eating cold. In the Midlands there was – fortunately for them there is still – a method of roasting mutton which should take from the thought of cold cooked sheep all the dreary dullness which pertains to the left-over of the common or garden gigot.

Beat together into a paste, all very finely chopped, the soup-herbs, 1 onion and the rind of an orange and a lemon. Add powdered clove, pepper, mace, sage, a dash of nutmeg or cinnamon, and coarse salt. Lay a couple of bay-leaves in beaten egg with a spoonful of vinegar for two hours; then bind the mixture of herbs and spices with the liquid. Cover the leg of mutton with it, and either bake it in a plain paste of flour and water, or, much preferably, bind strips of ham or bacon rind entirely over the joint. Use a quick oven and do not remove the rind or paste till it is quite cold. Collect what remains of the herbs, etc., add some thinly made mustard, and serve the sauce by itself or as dressing on a lettuce or potato salad to be eaten with the meat.

¶ *Gigot à la mode de Poitou* (*Benjamin Renaudet's Recipe*)

Braise a leg of mutton in a little butter and, when nearly brown, salt it as for roasting and place it in a large casserole with half a tumblerful of water and half a tumblerful of brandy and one dozen cloves of garlic. Cover the casserole, and if the cover is flat weight it down so that the flavour does not escape. Cook very slowly for 6 hours. Turn the joint half-way through. At the time of serving strain the fat off the liquor in which it has cooked and

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pour on the meat. The above quantity of garlic may seem excessive, but the long time taken in cooking eliminates the excessive flavour.

¶ *Leg of Mutton with Garlic*

(*Gascony*)

Lard a very tender leg of mutton with garlic and filleted anchovy; roast it, on the spit if possible. Blanch four or five entire heads of garlic, skin them and boil them till tender, changing the water every five minutes (each successive water must be boiling). This makes the garlic very mild. Before it is quite cooked put it into hot *Béchamel* sauce with butter and gravy; serve it round the mutton.

¶ *Yorkshire Boiled Leg of Lamb*

Put the lamb in a cloth, and boil it an hour and a quarter, turn it during the boiling. Dish with parsley and butter over it. For sauce, butter, parsley, and gooseberries in a boat, and spinach separately.

¶ *Cumberland Mutton Ham*

Cut a hindquarter of mutton like a ham, rub it well with 1 oz. of saltpetre, 1 lb. of coarse sugar and 1 lb. of common salt, well mixed together. Lay it in a hollow tray with the skin downwards, and baste it every day for a fortnight. Then roll it in sawdust and hang it in wood smoke for a fortnight. Then boil it and hang in a dry place. Cut in slices and broiled it is delicious.

¶ *Cape Kabobs*

(*Sassaties*)

Cut up about 3 lb. of the fillet part of leg of mutton into small pieces, season with pepper and salt and lay them in a deep dish which has been rubbed with a little garlic. Soak two or three tamarinds in boiling water for half an hour. Take 1 tablespoonful of curry powder, 2 onions fried and sliced, boil them with the tamarind water and 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of

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sugar. When quite cold pour over the meat, bay-leaf and chillies, cover the dish and leave till next day or longer if the weather is cool. To cook the sassaties, stick pieces of fat and lean alternately on wooden skewers and broil over a charcoal fire, take the sauce in which the meat was steeped, boil it up and serve. Boiled rice and chutney are served with this dish.

¶ *Turkish Mutton*

Leave 2 lb. of slices of lean mutton in vinegar for 12 hours (in temperate climates; 6 in hot ones). Lay them in a stew-pan with peppercorns, salt, 4 onions cut in half and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of rice half boiled. Cover the pot closely and cook it in a larger pot of boiling water till the rice and meat are tender. Serve the meat on fried *croûtons*, with the rice round it. Pour over it a sauce made of the rice-water and the vinegar stewed together with cardamoms and red peppers, strained, thickened with flour and a little butter, strained and boiled up again, with a handful of raisins and a cucumber sliced thin and fried brown.

¶ *Quince Brédje* (*Cape Cookery*)

Cut up some fat mutton and braise an onion with chillies, pepper, and salt. When the onion is brown add the meat and when this is nicely brown some cooked quinces and cover the saucepan to keep in the steam; add pepper and salt. If too dry add some of the water in which the quinces were boiled.

All vegetables can be used for brédjes, pumpkins, tomatoes and Cape gooseberries. The meat must be fat and the chillies are essential.

¶ *Leg of Mutton Pie* (*Canadian*)

Butter a pie-dish, place in the bottom a few slices of fried salt pork and thin slices of mutton cut from the leg. On top of this lay slices of cooked potato, season each layer with salt and pepper,

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minced parsley, and onions fried in butter. Pour over some clear gravy. Cover with puff-paste, and bake it 1 hour and 20 minutes.

§ *Lamb Bobotee*

(*South Africa*)

Cook the meat of a leg of lamb, cut up with chopped onion, butter, curry powder, lemon-juice, tamarind, water, pounded almonds, 4 eggs beaten up with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, till it is tender. Fill small basins with the mixture, putting a lemon-leaf and a piece of butter in each; bake in a moderate oven.

§ *Lamb with Rosemary*

(*German*)

Cut the meat into pieces and lay in salted water, then rinse in clear water. Place in a stew-pan with stock, rosemary and marjoram chopped finely, ginger, pepper and mace, cook for half an hour and sprinkle grated breadcrumbs and a little butter over it.

§ *Russian Saddle of Lamb*

Roast a small saddle of lamb, keeping it pale. Take 10 good-sized boiled potatoes, mash with pepper, salt, butter, parsley, and a little grated nutmeg, a little milk and an egg. When cold make it into rolls, egg and breadcrumb and fry them a light brown. Serve the saddle surrounded with the potatoes, and make a sauce of melted butter.

§ *Italian Lamb Cutlets*

Lay very thin slices of the white of chicken upon lamb cutlets, then a paste of white *Béchamel* sauce flavoured with cheese and thickened with chopped cooked spinach. Tie cotton round each cutlet, and fry them in not too much boiling oil in a deep dish with the cover on. Serve them with more of the sauce, rather more liquid, poured round them.

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¶ *Sheep's Head Jelly*

(*South Africa*)

Boil a sheep's head and feet with a bay-leaf, coriander seeds, allspice and cloves, till the bones can be removed. Skin the tongue and put it in a mould; boil the bones in the broth with a small cupful of vinegar, small onion, sliced, a teaspoonful of turmeric, a little salt, strain it into the mould and leave it till next day.

¶ *Lamb Pie*

(*Maryland*)

Season the lamb, after cutting it in pieces, with pepper, salt and the least quantity of mace, cloves and a grate of nutmeg. Line a dish with pastry, lay in the lamb, some sweetbreads, seasoned like the lamb, some oysters and forcemeat balls, cover it with pastry and bake it $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Make a sauce of 3 anchovies dissolved in a little claret and a little oyster liquor, beaten up with the yolk of an egg and some drawn butter. Lift the lid of pastry and pour it in, shake the dish laterally, leave it 5 minutes in the oven and serve.

¶ *Mutton*

(*Hindu*)

'Mutton is cut into small pieces and cooked in two ways. It is first washed and put in a metal pot. It is then rubbed with spices, salt, asafœtida and pounded ginger and garlic; water is put into it so as to drown the whole and over it poured butter; when nearly cooked onions and potatoes cut into two or four pieces are put into it and covered with a lid; sometimes water is poured over the lid to give the mutton a good taste.'

¶ *Couscous*

This is the racial dish of the Arabs and is a semolina paste which is steamed over a pot of rich stock and is served dry, each grain being separate. Blanched almonds, a kind of boiled turnips and

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pieces of boiled mutton are served with the couscous, each guest helping himself from the dish, digging a hole with his spoon in the grains. A bowl of milk is served to each guest with which he moistens each mouthful of couscous. Each piece of meat is cut with a piece of bone attached which is used as a handle for eating it by. To eat it with a fork would be as bad manners as to eat peas with a knife.

(Professor Artusi's Description)

The couscous is of Arabic origin, which the descendants of Moses and Jacob have in their journeyings carried to all parts of the world: but who knows what modifications it has had in its travels down the ages? It is now used in Italy by the Jews as a first dish or soup.

Put about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of semolina into an earthenware pot, sprinkle a little salt and pepper, then drop by drop pour half a glass of water over it, pressing down gently with the palm of the hand, so that it becomes broken up and soft. Perform the same operation with a tablespoonful of oil. Then cover it with a cloth, firmly tied down with string.

Make a broth of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of breast of veal; when made put the pot that is tied down into the broth, taking care that the lid shuts well so as not to let any steam escape.

Cook for an hour and a half; at half time open it and give it a stir, and reshut to continue cooking.

Mince 6 oz. of lean veal, bind it with soaked bread, add pepper and salt, and make it into small rissoles and fry them in oil.

Fry chopped-up onion, horse-radish, celery, carrot, spinach, beetroot, let it get nearly dry, and fry the chopped liver of a chicken; add the rissoles.

Take out the semolina and stir it into the yolk of an egg. Then pour in half the above fried vegetables. The other half add to the broth. Serve each in separate dishes. The broth is sometimes served in small glasses.

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OFFAL

¶ *Dutch Brawn Pudding*

Boil a pig's head for 5 hours and 6 lb. of pork or veal for 3 hours. Bone the head and mince it with the other meat; add 2 oz. salt, a saltspoon of pepper, a nutmeg grated and 10 cloves pounded. Place the meat boiling hot in stoneware moulds or basins. When the puddings are cold cover them with white paper soaked in vinegar. When the vinegar has soaked into the meat, pour over some more. After a week it is ready for use cold.

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¶ *Giblets with Celery*

(Italy)

Cut up the celery and parboil it in salted water. Fry an onion with chopped ham. Cut fowl giblets in pieces and pour boiling stock over them; add a little potato-flour and the liver cut in two, the comb, an egg, some haricot beans, salt, pepper, and a little spice. Pour over all stock and a little tomato juice.

Fry the celery, add it to the rest and boil all together, if necessary adding more liquid.

¶ *Roman Croquettes*

(Suppli)

Mix cooked chopped chicken liver with boiled rice. Add 2 oz. of Parmesan cheese, 3 yolks of eggs, salt, cinnamon, and grated lemon-rind. Divide it into 12 croquettes; roll them in grated cheese and fry them in oil.

¶ *Genoese Veal Brawn*

This dish is a specialty of Genoa. It is made with the part of the stomach which is attached to the breast of veal (the breast is often substituted).

Make a slit in the thickest part, chop and mix together an onion, garlic, and a sweetbread, add a little oil and a small piece of butter,

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1 lb. sausage meat, 3 eggs, a handful of grated cheese, 4 oz. of mashed soaked breadcrumb. Fill the slit with the above and sew the edges together. Put it in a pan covered with water, adding peppercorns, an onion, carrot, laurel-leaf, celery, and a beetroot. When cooked place it between two plates with a weight on top. It can be eaten hot or cold, but is best cold with salad.

¶ *Umble Pie*

(Eighteenth Century, Yorkshire)

Take the umbles of a deer, and parboil them; when cold take half their weight in beef suet and shred all finely, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar; season with mace, nutmeg, and salt, a pint of canary or sherry, and 2 lb. currants; mix all well together. It may be baked in a raised crust, or in a dish.

¶ *Pomeranian Tongue*

Cut off the root of a fresh tongue, and split it down not quite to the end; put some butter into a stew-pan, and fry the tongue in it, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of currant-juice or currant-jelly, a little salt, pepper (and, if the juice be fresh, brown sugar), and stew the whole together for 3 hours.

¶ *Boiled Calf's Tongue*

(Dutch)

Boil the tongue, and eat it with this caper sauce: take $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of broth and bring it to the boil, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour previously mixed with cold water, add 1 oz. of butter, the juice of half a lemon, 1 yolk of egg, pepper, and salt; boil all together, stirring for 10 minutes, last of all stir in a tablespoonful of capers, which must not boil or they will break.

¶ *Stewed Kidneys and Bacon*

(Recipe of the Hôtel Neuf, Pouilly-sur-Loire)

Brown crisp dice of lean bacon in butter. Sprinkle them with flour and moisten them with enough veal or chicken stock to cover

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the kidneys (calves' or pigs' for preference), to which now add, with a little tomato sauce, a large glass of Madeira and some button mushrooms. Let it simmer only, till very tender.

§ *Danish Tripe*

Fold a piece of tripe into a pasty, round a stuffing of onions, a little sage, breadcrumbs, pepper, and salt, and a little lemon-rind chopped fine. Lay a thick layer of this on one half of the tripe and fold the other on it. Sew the edges to keep in the stuffing. Place the roll on a baking-tin, with a few slices of bacon on the top; bake it for 2 hours, basting constantly. Arrange the rolls on a dish and divide them into inch slices, but still keeping the shape. Pour a good brown gravy round and serve.

§ *Kilkenny Tripe*

Cut 10 large onions in two and boil them till they are tender. Then put in a piece of double tripe cut in square pieces, and boil it 10 minutes. Pour off almost all the liquor, shake a little flour into it, and put in some butter, with a little salt and mustard. Shake it over the fire till the butter is melted, then send it to table as hot as possible. Garnish with lemon or barberries.

§ *Lombardy Tripe*

Wash 2 lb. of veal tripe repeatedly with hot water, finishing with wine or hot vinegar. Boil the tripe with carrots, chopped celery, onions, and other vegetables. Chop together onion, parsley, and bacon-fat and fry them; mix them with the tripe, and let all cook until the tripe is tender. Serve with plenty of Parmesan cheese.

§ *Lyons Tripe*

(Gras-double Sauté Lyonnais. Recipe of the Maison Garcin, Lyons)

Take strips of well-cooked beef tripe and fry them in butter and chopped onion. When it is well browned and just before serving pour in a dash of vinegar and some parsley.

M E A T

¶ *Toulousian Brain Balls*

Chop finely 2 boiled brains, with some cold roast meat and chopped onion, and work it together with melted anchovy butter and 2 yolks of eggs, season with salt, pepper, and a little garlic. Form it into balls, roll them in breadcrumbs and fry them. Serve a tomato sauce with them.

¶ *Sheep's Tongues*

(*Belgian*)

Simmer the tongues with a few vegetables, pepper, and salt. Fry 4 sliced onions to a good golden brown; add flour and then stock and white wine. When it has thickened, add mushrooms, shallot, parsley and chives, chopped together, pepper, salt, a spoonful of vinegar. Bring it to the boil, put in the tongues and let them cook gently till the sauce is well reduced.

¶ *Giblet Pie*

(*England*)

Scald the goose giblets and stew them with plenty of salt, pepper, onion, and a pinch of sweet herbs till tender. Allow them to cool; then make them into a pie with butter and herbs. Leave a hole in the top of the pie and pour in the liquor from the stew just before the pie is done.

¶ *Choesels*

Every Thursday in Brussels the burghers eat choesels for lunch, going for preference to the restaurants near the slaughter-houses, because they have a specially large killing that day and a choesel is a very intimate part of the inside of a calf which should be eaten very fresh.

It is anything but a cheap dish, nor is the unexpected visitor liable to have it made for him, for the preliminary simmering of an ox-tail takes 4 hours after it has been browned in onion and butter. A breast of mutton, sheep's trotters, herbs, vegetables, aromatic condiments, veal sweetbreads, kidney, sausage meat, are all

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blended together with mushrooms and Madeira. It is finished in the oven and served in its own dish.

¶ *Prune Brains*

(*France, Les Landes*)

Put the cleaned brains in a casserole with carrots, onions, a clove or two, and one-third of a glass of vinegar, and stew them, just covered with water, for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Let them grow cold in the pan. Add prunes with a thick white sauce and butter, a glass of white wine and another of stock, and a pinch of cinnamon. Boil them for 30 minutes. Fry the brains in flour and butter and pour the sauce over the dish, which can be decorated with prunes and fried bread.

¶ *Doopiajas*

(*Indian Curried Etceteras*)

Those who are partial to dry piquant dishes will be sure to appreciate the curries of this group. The term doopiaja signifies literally two onions, from the fact that a double quantity of that bulb, the one half ground to an equal proportion fried, enters into the composition of the preparations so characterized.

¶ *Sweetbread and Beef Doopiaja*

Parboil 1 lb. of sweetbread and allow it to become cold, cut into pieces about an inch square and mix with similar-sized pieces of steak beef. Warm a saucepan and melt therein 3 oz. of clarified cooking butter; as soon as the butter begins to boil, throw in 12 button onions finely sliced lengthwise and fry a rich brown. Remove the onions and set aside. Make a stiff paste of 1 tablespoonful of finely-mashed onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of mashed garlic, a tablespoonful of curry powder and, if necessary, a very little vinegar. Stir the mixture into the boiling butter and fry until well cooked. Add the sweetbread and beef and fry a delicate brown. Pour in about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water or fresh buttermilk, or fresh milk, or coconut milk, or stock, or a combination of any of these according to the degree of richness required, along with the fried onions

chopped. Stir the whole together thoroughly, cover the pot securely and simmer very gently for fully 2 hours. It may be well to note the curry ought never to boil furiously; to ensure success it must simmer gently and continuously. Towards the later stages stir occasionally to prevent scorching and squeeze in the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon just before dishing.

All kinds of glandular tissues repay treatment after this method, e.g. liver, udder, stomach, and intestines, but as in the instance of sweetbread must be previously cleansed and parboiled.

Additional materials which yield good doopias are cold boiled pork simmered at the first stage of the concoction for 1 hour, 4 pigeons quartered and cooked $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, young duck cut into 18 pieces cooked $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours, 2 lb. sirloin beef $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, lean mutton or veal $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, hindquarters of a kid 1 hour.

§ *Stuffed Veal Liver*

(*Recipe of the 'Panier d'Or,' at Bruges*)

Take the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, a bit of bread the same size, and crumble them together, put in some chopped parsley and onion and moisten it with gravy or milk, highly season it with salt, cayenne, and a little vinegar and mustard. Take the liver if possible in one rather large flat piece. Make deep cuts in it, parallel to each other and lying close together. Press the stuffing into these cuts. Put a bit of butter the size of a walnut into a pan or fireproof dish. Take the liver and tie it round with a slice of fat bacon or fat pork. Lay it in the dish and cook it for an hour in a moderate oven. When done remove the slice of bacon, if there is any left, and serve the liver in its own juice.

§ *Tripes et Paquets*

When the visitor to Paris is invited, almost ordered, to 'come and eat tripe at Pharamond's' he usually retorts by a hasty invitation to go to the Café Superba instead, where they have chicken, and lobster sauce, and creamed mushrooms, and all sorts of things. But when his resident friend insists, he goes; remem-

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bering the brave faces of Australians when given rabbit to eat in England, the utter nobility of Tom's French friend last Easter when faced with mint sauce—he goes.

The dirty clatter of the market is all around. The tall old house is larger than Pym's, but every bit as prosaic, as busy with feet on stairs, as active with waiters skimming between clients, as eloquent of this being a quarter where a man doesn't interrupt his business for his lunch, but wants that lunch to be extra good. Women can go into every room; but they must know their place in all.

You can have as good a steak here as anywhere in the world; but you have been brought to Pharamond's to eat tripe. Must you? You must. Here it is.

Here is a little black iron saucer, in which lies your portion, detached from the great special pots in the special kitchens below. The saucer rests on an iron tripod, and under it is a compact little mass of charcoal embers. So that, as you eat, your tripe finally breaks into quite a chuckle of heat and friendly bubbline.

But you must go to Caen (say the Caennais) for that *Tripe à la mode de Caen* which is among the *délices* of France. There you may still be served—you certainly could when the century was young—by a direct descendant of that happily-named Benoît who, many centuries ago, first put into the famous pot the conjunction of materials which has almost canonized him, and has brought so much prosperity to his native town that nowadays one can hardly afford to eat even tripe in it.

You must never use 'dressed tripe,' and then add some onions to it. These English! No, you take your tripe and wash and brush it in many waters till it is ivory-white. Double tripe, of course; in Caen, beef-tripe. Then you put it in a pot with the flesh of calves' feet, gravy made of their bones, carrots, parsley, garlic, thyme, laurel, and apple-brandy. When it is very hot you seal up the pot with pastry, and let it simmer for a day or a night in a gentle oven. Then you take away some of the grease if you are serving squeamish foreigners, and serve it boiling.

No Norman will tell you that Provence has a tripe of her own,

but she has. It can be found at Marseille, but the birthplace was La Pomme, a village near by which still has only one inn. Twelve decades ago one Morel conceived the idea; he cut bleached tripe-mutton-tripe this time-into four-inch squares, and tied them round a hash of the trimmings, fat bacon, parsley, garlic (lots), and pepper and salt. Then they made their knightly vigil, with all requisite vegetables and herbs (including tomatoes), which had been fried together, moistened with white wine, and then laid in the sealed pot with calves' feet and the tripe; and the pot he then placed half-deep in the oven in a bed of live embers surrounded by cinders. Before serving he boned the trotters, and laid them gently beside the tripe-olives in the well-skimmed and reduced sauce, to simmer till the happy convives were ready.

Naturally, one drinks cider with tripe. It is a tribute to Caen; one paid even by Marseille.

§ *Tripe of Rocamadour*

(*Recipe of the Hôtel Sainte Marie*)

Take 2 lb. of tripe and a cow-heel, cut them into small dice and place in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover well; add a bay-leaf and a sprig of thyme. Boil for 10 minutes and rinse in cold water.

When the tripe is cold and well drained, put into an earthenware pot. Barely moisten with half white wine and half water. Add sweet herbs, 2 carrots, 1 onion, and a bag containing 30 ripe juniper berries, 20 white peppercorns, 4 cloves. Salt and close the pot hermetically with paste. Cook for 10 hours in the oven.

Then remove the pieces of tripe, bone and cut up the heel in pieces and put all on one side.

Put in a Russian casserole 1 oz. of fat goose liver, 2 spoonfuls of flour and cook with 1 oz. of fresh lard, 3 shallots, 3 cloves of garlic, and 5 or 6 sprigs of parsley. When it is all well browned add the strained liquor and the pieces of tripe and simmer for 1 hour, adding to the sauce 4 spoonfuls of good tomato *purée*. Season to taste and serve in little covered-in earthenware pots.

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PIG

There are moments when an author who retains any modesty at all retires humbly before his predecessors. A concise history of the pig as food has died in my inkpot under the splendid purple of one sentence of Alexis Soyer. Speaking of the honour paid by the Romans to the pig, as opposed to its ignominy among Moham-medans and Jews, he says:

‘The re-establishment of the succulent quadruped would have been complete if the cynical carelessness of its rather inelegant habits had not caused it to become a symbol of debauchery and profligacy of manners.’

The careless cynic falls from this majesty of diction to the cold pessimism of the following extract from the *Daily Mail* of May 10, 1928.

WHY BOOTS ARE DEARER

MORE PORK EATEN IN THE U.S.

Dr. E. C. Snow, secretary of the United Tanners' Association, in an address to the conference of the National Federation of Boot Trades' Associations at Cambridge yesterday, declared that one cause of the world shortage of hides and the consequent rise in leather and boot prices is the greater amount of pork eaten in the United States.

He said:

‘There has been an increase in the stock of hogs and a decrease in the stock of cattle. The United States, accordingly, has had to draw upon other countries for supplies of raw hides to a greater extent than in past years.’

Moses was only one of the prophets who said their say about pork, to the great inconvenience of their followers living in climates

healthier to the pig. It is almost impossible to escape pig in modern cookery; it certainly is in France and Italy, where the average chef supposes that no saucepan is ready to cook meat till it has been lined with ham, and where every kind and portion of pig, from boar's head to grilled pettitoes, is in high honour, including the raw smoked ham eaten as an appetizer before a meal, as is never done in England. Britain, however, has a trump card up her sleeve, in hot or cold boiled gammon or back of bacon, unknown on the Continent. And her pickled pork is every bit as good as the famous *petit salé* belauded by the Emperor Claudian and now listed among the glories of the French larder.

French pork is something between veal and chicken. It is eaten in summer, and there is nothing surer than that, on a blazing day, when a cucumber jelly and a cheese *soufflé* would be the only imaginable menu, a French cook will suggest *un bon petit rôti de porc, avec quelques légumes* for luncheon. If she has her way, she will be right, for French pork is a comparatively light meat. But it never, never, never has the crackling. In sixteen years of wrestling with French cooks I have never succeeded in getting crackling. Sulky leather in strips is the nearest, fit for Petruchio to use on Katharina. Roast pork and *rôti de porc* are definitely two. Crackling, brown gravy, apple sauce and boiled potatoes are as little appropriate to the *rôti* as *purée* of spinach and unskimmed gravy are to the roast. A pork cutlet in the dog days sounds like lunacy to the English ear, but it looks and tastes like a delicate morsel of veal in France.

The Chinaman of course, who puts pork in almost every dish, at all seasons, is comfortably aloof from these European dissensions. He is not even aware that, while pork is a suspect meat in four of the five continents and one-third of the fifth, Chinese pork is anathema outside China, as being particularly liable to pass on to its consumers the ills that pig is heir to. This reputation is probably due to carelessness in exportation. It is never good for trade for a country to allow to be exported what is not good enough for itself.

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That is presumably what happened during the war with American bacon. The substance received in England under that title was of a repellent nature which at the first mouthful quenched the meat-starved Briton's joy at a new source of supply. Its one virtue was that it was too hard and dry to taste as rancid as it was. American bacon has an excellent reputation in America; in England it is a memory of horror. What a Maryland housewife would have said to it beggars imagination. Cockney cooks were eloquent enough. Bad propaganda that, and bad trading. But it is pleasant to find the U.S.A. making a business mistake now and then, it makes them more human.

¶ *Roast Ham*

Soak the ham overnight, then place it in a tin with a little water. Bake it thoroughly and baste it. Half an hour before serving it, take it out, spread it with breadcrumbs and replace it in the oven. Serve it with Cumberland sauce or parsley sauce.

¶ *Baked Ham with Spices*

(Maryland)

Take the boiled ham, hot, and trim it and place it in a shallow pan. Mix together a bowl of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons each of allspice and cloves crushed very fine, half a cup of Madeira. Bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, basting frequently.

¶ *Baked Ham*

(U.S.A.)

Wash and soak the ham overnight. (If in a hurry and only part of a ham or a slice is being used, it may be brought to a boil slowly in plenty of water, and the water poured off several times.) Parboil the ham slowly and skin it. Score it with a sharp knife and insert cloves at regular intervals. Cover it with a mixture of mustard, salt and pepper and breadcrumbs, or with brown sugar, and crumbs, and bake it. Baste with cider, or fruit juices or left-over currant-jelly.

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¶ *Ham Baked in Milk* (U.S.A.)

Trim and soak an inch-thick piece of ham in warm water for an hour. Place it in a casserole, and pour in enough milk to cover it. Season it with pepper, and bake it an hour covered. Serve it with gravy, thickened or not as preferred.

¶ *Stuffed Fresh Ham* (North Germany. Mrs. Lemcke's Recipe)

Bone a fresh leg of pork and stuff it with sausage forcemeat, bread-filling, or apple; sew it up, score the skin, and rub it all over with pepper and salt. Roast it till it begins to brown, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water, basting it frequently till done, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Strain off the fat, thicken the gravy with cornflour, add sufficient boiling water, and serve with the ham. Some stick cloves in the ham and others sprinkle powdered sage.

¶ *Ham Hot-Pot* (Lancashire)

Soak a thick piece of ham, about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and cut it into even pieces. Place in the bottom of a casserole a chopped onion and a dessertspoonful of brown sugar. Slice 2 medium-sized apples and 1 lb. of potatoes on top. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stock, put on the lid and bake slowly for about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Remove the lid to brown the potatoes. If necessary add more stock during cooking. Season with Worcester sauce and cayenne pepper.

¶ *Quiche Lorraine* (Recipe of the Maison Ringenbach-Brukler, Metz)

Line a flat pie-dish with pastry. Lay in thin slices of bacon, blanched and slightly cooked in butter. Add onions which have also been lightly cooked in butter but not browned, and mixed herbs. The latter is optional but is characteristic. Then cover the pie with some cream, 3 small eggs, a pinch of salt, and little pieces of butter dotted over the top. Cook the pie for from 30 to 35

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minutes in a moderate oven. Cut up the 'Quiche' in triangles when tepid and serve them hot.

¶ *Sweet Ham*

(*Spain*)

The ham should be lean and come from Avilés. Soak it for three days in cold water, turning it now and again.

Soak a bay-leaf, a little sage, a pinch of marjoram and a clove-pricked onion for four days in a bottle of white wine.

Cut the ham at the knuckle end and cook it with enough water and half the wine to cover it. When the ham is fairly tender, drain and bone it and join the halves together, wrapping it closely in a cloth. Replace it in the broth, adding the remainder of the wine and 2 lb. of sugar. When the ham is cooked leave it to get cold, press it under a weight and remove the cloth. Cover it with soft sugar and beat on each side so as to make a gilded crust.

¶ *Spanish Ham Steak*

Make a thick mixture of made mustard, brown sugar, crisped breadcrumbs, chopped herbs, salt, pepper, and a little oil. Cover a thick slice of ham with it, and bake it in an earthenware dish.

¶ *English Roast Sucking-Pig*

Cut off the feet at the first joint; take out all the entrails; put the pettitoes, heart, liver, and lights together. Wash the pig well in cold water, and dry it thoroughly. Make a stuffing of grated bread, butter, a small onion, and three or four sage-leaves minced; season with pepper and salt, put it inside and sew it up. Paint the pig with well-beaten white of egg. Roast it before a very quick fire with a small basin to catch the gravy, or in a sharp oven. Do not flour it and be sure to cover it well with the egg, which will crisp and brown it. It will take from 1 to 2 hours to roast. When done, cut off the head, part it and the body down the middle; mix with the chopped brains a little finely-minced boiled sage and some melted butter, add to it the gravy that has

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run from the pig, also mix with the stuffing some melted butter. Lay the pig on the dish, placing the shoulder of the one side to the hindquarter of the other. Observe in roasting the pig to skewer the legs back, so that the under part may be crisp.

¶ *West Indian Sucking-Pig*

Roll it in clay and leave it for 12 hours in the ashes under a furnace, occasionally turning it. Break the clay off, when the skin will come too. The pig should be bled first and have sage and salt inside it. No other sauce than its own gravy is served with it.

¶ *Spanish Sucking-Pig*

Clean 2 sucking-pigs, covering them inside and out with salt, lemon-juice, and ground pepper. Place them in a stew-pan with 4 oz. lard and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of white wine and cook them in a medium oven.

¶ *Russian Easter Sucking-Pig*

Make a stuffing of the brain, heart, liver, minced and mixed with finely-chopped shallot, sage, savory, thyme, and sweet marjoram, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. good lard. Half a dozen apples are roasted in the oven and put inside with the stuffing. The pig is coated first with olive oil and wrapped in rich suet paste, then a coating of flour and water paste, and finally covered with a layer of potter's clay. Bake for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a hot oven. The clay and outer crust (generally a little burnt) are removed before serving.

¶ *Bedfordshire Clanger*

Bedfordshire Clanger is a suet pudding stuffed with pieces of fat bacon and onions. It is probably called after the clanger or clapper of a bell in reference to its shape. It needs thorough cooking and was once a standard dish on all self-respecting Bedfordshire tables. As food it is on the fulsome side of sustaining.

It was accompanied or followed by draughts of 'dyer' or 'dya'

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or 'diet,' a drink whose name has no known origin. It is made by boiling together for an hour in a gallon of water a handful each of dandelions, white nettles, horehound, cowslips, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rhubarb and a lemon. Strain the liquid, an hour later add 1 lb. sugar, and stir it all well together.

¶ *Pork Gulyás*

(Hungary)

Take two shoulders of pork and one neck and cut them up as though for stewing. Warm some lard in a saucepan, adding to it some sliced onions, a teaspoonful of paprika, a pinch of aniseed and marjoram, and a dash of vinegar. Put the meat in and fry it over a quick fire, adding half the quantity of cooked *sauerkraut* and a spoonful of flour. Add some stock and a glass of white wine. Cover the dish and cook it for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in the oven. At the last moment add a glass of sour cream.

¶ *Extra Chop Suey*

(*The Chinese Cook Book*)

Cut up small 2 lb. pork and an equal quantity of bean sprouts, 2 cupfuls of shredded onions and 2 cupfuls of bamboo shoots, and fry in oil for 10 minutes. Add enough water to cover and cook for 15 minutes. Add Chinese gravy. Serve at once.

¶ *Normandy Roast Pork*

Rub a loin of pork with flour and vinegar; bake it with potatoes, apples, and onions underneath it, and serve them all together.

¶ *Mittoon of Pork*

(North Country)

Take a round pot, butter it, cover the bottom and sides with slices of bacon, then put in a layer of forcemeat and a layer of thin slices of pork; season it with mace and salt, till the pot is filled, bake it in the oven, turn it out and serve it with good brown gravy and mushrooms.

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¶ *Rosetti* (Italy)

Fry a chopped onion in a tablespoonful of butter, add 2 cupfuls of cold boiled rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of finely-minced ham or tongue, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk and salt and pepper. Stir it well for 15 minutes and serve it very hot.

¶ *Tuscan Arista* (*Specialità Regionale*)

Greek bishops who came to Florence for a Council in 1430 were served with what they thought a delicious dish of pork. They said over and over again 'Arista, arista' and the word has been kept for the dish in Tuscany.

Lard a loin of pork well with rosemary, garlic, and spice; roast it and serve it with roasted potatoes.

¶ *Roman Turnovers*

Mix 3 oz. chopped ham (fat and lean), with 2 oz. chopped Bologna sausage, 6 oz. each of Parmesan cheese and beef marrow, a little grated nutmeg, and an egg.

Make a paste with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour and 3 eggs. Roll it out thinly, cut it in discs, fold them over spoonfuls of the mixture, and cook them in strong boiling stock.

¶ *Gachas* (Spain)

Fry $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of loin of pork, small white sausage, and long sausage chopped in pieces. In the fat that is left cook 6 oz. flour, add some cold water and boil it till thick. Then add the meat and a pinch of ground clove and caraway.

¶ *Sausage Risotto* (*Mantegazza*)

Rice with salame is a specialty of Mantua. Fry the salame in small pieces with chopped onion, pour over it a glass of white wine, add a little tomato sauce and cook it $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

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Cook the rice with butter, stirring all the time. Pour a little stock over the rice, sprinkle it with grated Parmesan cheese, cover it with dabs of butter and mix in the sausage.

¶ *Venetian Sausage and Mashed*

Soak a raw salame in tepid water. Brown some bacon-fat finely chopped with parsley and a little onion. Add to it a mash of cooked turnips and grapes; when it begins to colour add the salame and let it cook well. Serve very hot.

¶ *Vienna Sausages*

Wiener Wuersteln are jolly little fellows with nice crispness and a tang of smoke about them.

A favourite and appetizing way of eating them is scalded in a covered pan for 5 minutes and sprinkled with horse-radish.

¶ *Pig's Head*

(*Austria*)

Cook the meat off a young pig's head with white wine and vinegar, and serve it with its liquor and a sprinkling of horse-radish.

¶ *Pig's Trotters Ste. Meneshould*

Camille Desmoulins declared that Louis XVI was only arrested at Varennes because he had dallied so long at Sainte Meneshould, in order to try its famous pig's trotters. Dumas has indignantly shown this to be a lie. It was more likely to have ruined the life of Louis XIV, who ate enormously, but without losing discrimination. The famous '*Pieds de cochon à la Sainte Meneshould*' are prepared by scrupulously cleaning the feet, splitting them in two, binding them together, making them tender in stock, and, when cold, rolling them in melted butter and breadcrumb and grilling them.

¶ *Pork Mouthfuls*

(*Greece and Rumania*)

Cooked pork smothered in curded cream is wrapped in vine-leaves, chopped small with paprika and tomato and eaten cold.

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VEAL

There was a time when England had better veal than France. But that was in the days of Queen Anne, and she is proverbially as dead as mutton, if not as dead as veal, and her days died with her. Veal in England is a pale, immature, and tasteless, substance, with diabolical reactions upon the withins of the consumer, unless it is cooked in one of the very few ways that are proper to veal in a country devoted to beef. (Cromwell's skull at different ages has been exhibited at many a country fair, but one cannot eat one's veal and have one's beef.)

Veal in France, on the other hand, is a delicate substance for occasional spring-green use; it capers among the asparagus and the strawberries, has daisies in its hair and a blue sash round its waist, but comes down to dinner well before the dessert.

Veal in Italy is to meat what potato is to vegetable—the usual, almost the inevitable. And it is not very tasteful. If one wishes to enjoy Italian veal for dinner one should eat Italian mutton for luncheon.

In an attempt to make veal more interesting than it is, people have tried killing the calf at every age; in fact at one time, Boston passed a law protecting calves from slaughter until the age of one month. There was a dish in Ireland reputed to be exquisite, which went by the name of Staggering Bob. It consisted of new-born calves baked whole and surrounded with potatoes. The excuse for the rather Herodian slaughter was that in the Ireland of that time there was such a scarcity of food for human beings that there was not even sufficient provender for calves.

Even now in Normandy veal is invariably eaten on Ascension Day. The reason may be that it is at its best at that season, but it was also believed that if one eats veal on Ascension Day one will not be stung by flies for the rest of the year. Even my dear Watson would have guessed, on hearing of this superstition, that it obtained in an agricultural province where the hot red face of the noon-day labourer acts like the sun to the fly.

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¶ *Stewed Veal en Blanquette*

Stewed veal in England is of so essentially domestic a nature that the very thought of it is enough to make a man wonder why he married, and one thinks of stewed veal rather than of boiled when one remembers that Dr. Johnson said he disliked a certain man because he reminded him of cold veal.

A good blanquette is the French way round the necessity for sometimes doing veal stewed; it is not understood in England, where most of the cookery books and all the cooks confine themselves to making a white sauce and pouring it over the stewed veal. To begin with, the sauce should be made of the liquor in which the veal has been stewed, and above all it must be flavoured with some kind of white wine. Chablis and Graves are good, but perhaps the best of all is a blanquette flavoured with Italian Vermouth, when the sauce ought to be a yellowish, creamy colour.

¶ *'À la Maintenon'*

There must have been a moment when Madame de Maintenon was not yet sure of having captured the very experienced heart of Louis XIV. The heroine of a novelette must have a very anxious time after all, for, in addition to the misfortunes which any author worth his salt will shower upon her, she has to consider the necessity of a happy ending, unless she is to fail him. If ever there was a novelette it was the Maintenon story, but translated to such heights of splendour as to outdo the efforts of any fiction writer. I do not remember the poor virtuous governess who marries her employer ever having flown higher than a duke. Madame de Maintenon caught a king—and such a king—the brightest ornament of that or previous ages, the quarry of every woman who had a good pair of eyes and a selfish heart, the wary ninny that a man becomes who is always being run after, incredibly suspicious and incredibly gullible, the monarch of Europe, the man who took the sun for his emblem!

Of course, the virtuous governess is not usually the widow of the wittiest man in the kingdom, and apparently witty herself,

if one can believe the anecdote of Madame Scarron's servant whispering at table: 'The meat's not done, tell them another story!' Witty governesses are not much in demand, and rightly. Madame de Montespan lived to realize her mistake in letting Madame Scarron come round daily from the poor little skied flat, almost an attic, which had been home for her crippled husband, and teach the king's children.

Perhaps the virtuous governess of the novelette would not have done this; discovering that the important little gentleman on high heels was not Monsieur de Montespan, and that Madame de Montespan was not Madame Louis Quatorze, she would certainly, shivering with horror and hysterics, have quitted the accursed house, preferably in a snowstorm and without her latchkey. But then she would not have been previously the wife of Scarron. Madame Scarron stayed on in the house of Madame de Montespan, taught the children something of all she knew, and none of what she was learning, and in the long run became Madame de Maintenon to the world and Queen of France to her conscience.

It was done, of course, by a deep study of contrast. A demure face, downcast eyes, an iron will, indomitable ambition, made of the Montespan's governess a creature as strong as Jane Eyre, but utterly passionless. She adopted rigid morals as a rich widow adopts a foundling. When her ambition was satisfied she took out upon the helpless daughters of indigent nobility all the bitterness of her years of teaching; and made of the school of St. Cyr a home of gloom and restriction and strait-lacing which cannot be made cheerful to-day even by the gay and irreverent voices of France's cadets.

The story gives ample reason to suppose that she was not always sure of herself, that at first she had to study to please Louis where later he had to please her; that, for instance, his habit of having his ladies make supper for him, and invent dishes, was one which she could not afford to neglect.

As an accomplished mistress of the house, and one used to housekeeping in a small flat, she must have enjoyed having the

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resources of a palace at her disposal when it came to cooking. But perhaps her own little kitchen was the real birthplace of the famous 'Côtelettes à la Maintenon,' and they may have been served to inspire Scarron with some of his *boutades* before they were sacrificed to the king's appetite. They are certainly delicate enough for an invalid poet; too delicate for a man whose daily meals included several helpings of soup, a whole pheasant, a couple of partridges, a bowl of salad, a meat course, pastry, and fruits. The veal cutlets were a mere nothing in such a menu, but they are still so famous throughout the world that many formulæ for their preparation are extant. This is probably the original:

¶ *Veal Cutlets Maintenon*

Trim the boned cutlets, fry them very quickly so that they are brown but not fully cooked, and put them in the flat dish in which they are to be served, leaving plenty of room for the sauce. Make this of equal quantities of rich clear *consommé* and milk, with seasoning, and a mere suggestion of garlic. Let the sauce reduce till it begins to thicken, take it from the fire and stir in beaten yolk of egg so that it shall be thick enough to mask the cutlets well. Put the dish into a quick oven; the cutlets should be cooked by the time the sauce begins to brown.

Sprinkle over them a little Madeira that has been slowly cooked with chopped mushrooms and mignonette pepper till they are well amalgamated, and serve plenty more of it in a sauceboat.

¶ *Veal Cutlets alla Milanese*

(*Dr. Agnetti's Recipe*)

There is not a town in Italy nor in other parts of Europe where they do not boast of knowing how to make cutlets *alla Milanese*, but few know how it should be done. Dr. Agnetti has travelled nearly all over Italy, has eaten in a great number of hotels and inns and in various families, but must admit that in perhaps only ten or twelve cases in all has he met with Milanese cutlets worthy of the name.

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Choose pieces of veal from the tenderest part of the haunch. Cut them fairly thin about the size of the palm of the hand. Beat them well with the flat of the knife and put them to soak for an hour in beaten egg, sprinkle them with fine breadcrumbs, and fry them. This is the real Milanese cutlet; if they are wanted more savoury, make a seasoning of fat bacon, parsley, 2 dessertspoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, and a few truffles, salt, and pepper. Spread this over the cutlets, put them to soak in the beaten-up egg, breadcrumb them and fry.

¶ *Veal Cutlets with Celery* (English)

Stew the bones of veal cutlets with celery, salt, pepper, and onion. Thicken the stew with flour and butter and when it boils pour it upon the cutlets. Stew them till tender.

¶ *Veal Gulyás* (Hungary)

Cut some breast of veal in large dice. Fry a quantity of finely-chopped onions in lard with a teaspoonful of paprika. Add the meat and stir it over a hot fire, then add salt and a dessertspoonful of flour; cover it with stock and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Let it simmer until cooked.

¶ *Belgian Veal Loaf*

(This is always served once a week in comfortable Belgian households.)

Mix 2 lb. chopped veal, ½ lb. chopped pork, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, 2 good slices of breadcrumb soaked in water and pressed free of water, and 2 whole eggs; shape the mixture in a loaf and bake it in a buttered basin, basting it frequently. Can be eaten either hot or cold.

¶ *Italian Veal Turnovers*

Mince ½ lb. veal and fry it. Soak 4 oz. breadcrumbs in broth, mix in a little curd, 4 oz. mashed beetroot, 4 oz. cooked brain,

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add salt, powdered spice (without pepper), and 1 egg. Make a thin pastry with 1½ lb. of flour and 6 eggs, roll it out thinly, cut it in rectangular pieces, place on each a little of the above mixture, fold the pastry into turnovers, place them on a plate so that they do not touch, and put them in the air till it is time to cook them. They can be made the day before. Boil them in broth for 10 minutes, taking care that the broth does not cease boiling. Serve them with tomato sauce. (Agnetti.)

¶ *Italian Marrow Bone*

(*Osso Bucco*)

Take many pieces of small short bones from the leg of a calf; put them on the fire in a casserole in which there is already a seasoning of onion, celery, carrots and a piece of butter, salt and pepper. When they have begun to brown, add another piece of butter covered with flour, add a little jam and tomato juice. Strain the gravy and remove the fat, adding fried parsley to taste. Serve hot.

¶ *Veal Bewitched*

(*A Southern State version of an Old English dish*)

This is an excellent cold dish, rather like turkey, especially if served with aspic.

Mince 3 lb. veal (the leg is best), 4 oz. pork, a cup of bread-crumbs, 3 teaspoonfuls salt, one of black pepper, ½ teaspoonful of cayenne and a little powdered clove. Mix all well together with 2 beaten eggs. Steam it 2 hours, then place it in a cool oven to dry a little. When cold, turn it out and slice it.

¶ *Italian Skewered Veal*

(*Saltimbocca*)

Cut up ½ lb. of lean veal into small oblong pieces, sprinkle them with salt and pepper. On each piece place sage and on top a slice of ham (fat and lean). Skewer and tie them round and fry them in butter.

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¶ *Italian Veal Beefsteak*

(*Bistecca*)

The true *bistecca* can only be eaten at Florence, because there they kill the animals very young. Take a loin of very young veal (or a steak from the rump), roll it up, and cook it on a gridiron over a very fierce fire.

¶ *Potted Veal*

(*English*)

Take part of a fillet of veal, cut it in lumps, season it with mace, pepper and salt, put it in a pot, lay butter over it and bake it; when it is done pound it in a mortar, moistened with a little of the gravy, put it into pots, pressed hard down, and when cold pour butter over it.

¶ *Bumbais*

(*Old English*)

On thin pieces of fillet of veal lay a mixture of sweetbread, cut in squares, artichoke bottoms, marrow, veal, mace and salt; lay them on the veal, roll them, skewer them, and egg and breadcrumb them. Brown them in a pan with butter, remove the skewers and lay them on a dish that side downwards. Pour some good brown gravy on the dish and serve them up hot.

¶ *Yorkshire Veal with Oysters*

Cut some slices of a leg of veal $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, score them with the point of a knife; then take some oysters washed, and threaded, and fill the slits with them, brush them over with egg, season with mace and salt and sprinkle with breadcrumbs, fry in butter and serve up hot with good gravy and sliced lemon.

¶ *Devizes Pie*

Cut into very thin slices, very well trimmed, cold calf's head with some of the brains, pickled tongue, sweetbreads, lamb, veal, a few slices of bacon and hard-boiled eggs; put them in layers into

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a pie-dish, with plenty of seasoning after each layer of cayenne, white pepper, allspice and salt; fill the dish up with a rich gravy, cover it with a flour and water paste; bake it in a slow oven, and, when perfectly cold, take off the crust and turn the pie out on a dish; garnish it with parsley and pickled eggs cut into slices.

§ *Cuchon*

(*China*)

Cut into very small pieces some veal or the meat of fowls. Pound in a mortar a couple of onions, a small apple, a head of garlic and a large tablespoonful of curry powder, with some gravy; press it through a sieve. Fry in oil a finely-minced onion; dust the meat with turmeric, fry it, and add the strained sauce, with two bay-leaves, a little salt and pepper. Let it stew till the liquor is nearly absorbed. Before serving, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and take out the bay-leaves.

§ *German Veal à la Minute*

Cut some thin slices of leg of veal about 4 inches long, season them with pepper and salt, lay them in a deep dish, pour over them nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of white wine, and let it stand for 3 hours. Cover the bottom of a stew-pan with butter, dredge each slice of veal on both sides with flour, add a little more wine, and as much good white stock as will cover it, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer it for from 5 to 10 minutes and serve immediately.

§ *A Calves' Foot Pudding*

(*Eighteenth-Century England*)

Take two calves' feet, shred them fine, and mix them with a penny loaf grated being scalded with a Pint of Cream; put to it half a pound of Shred Beef-Suet and eight Eggs, a handful of Plumsized currants, and season it with Mace, Nutmeg, cinnamon, salt and sugar, a little Sack and Orange-Flower Water and the Marrow of two Bones; put it in a veal caul, being wash'd over with the batter of eggs; then wet a cloth and put it therein: Tye it up

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close and when the Pot boils put it in and two hours boil it. Then turn it in a Dish and stick on it slic'd Almonds and Citron and pour on sack, lemon-juice, sugar and drawn butter.

§ *A Poupetonne*

(*French Veal and Pigeon Pie*)

Take a Fillet of Veal and mince it small, with the same quantity of Beef-Suet; beat two eggs in it to bind it and season it with Pepper, Salt, Cloves, Mace and Nutmeg, and make it into the form of a thick round Pye and fill it thus: lay in thin slices of Ham, squab Pidgeons, slic'd sweetbreads, asparagus tops, mushrooms, the Yolks of 3 or 4 hard Eggs, the tender ends of Palates and Cockscombs boiled, blanch'd and slic'd.

§ *Spanish Baked Veal*

Cook 3 lb. veal in water with a sliced onion, a carrot, a sprig of celery and a clove of spice. When the veal is tender, place it in a flat baking dish, cover it with bread mixed with 6 oz. minced bacon, 4 oz. grated Gruyère and black pepper. Pour some broth over all and cook it in the oven till it is browned.

§ *Paupiettes Gaillardes*

(*Chapon Fin, Brine, Corrèze, France*)

Cut some slices of fillet of veal. Brown some cèpes, truffles and ham and mix them with *purée* of goose-liver; bind all with yolk of egg, spread this mixture on each fillet and tie up with string into olives. Stew, and glaze the sauce with Madeira and white wine, adding a little tomato sauce, and garnish it freely with slices of truffles.

VARIOUS MEAT DISHES

This is the section which should earn gratitude for the harassed author of a cookery-book. Under the thin veneer of the casual and interesting 'various' lurks that terror of the housewife, 'cold.'

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The kitchen will not eat cold meat, and very often the husband in this matter is firm friends with the cook. If he is also a hearty British host who would sooner see a baron of beef on his table than a dish of cutlets, his domestic caterer has her work not even cut out for her. It is partly the fault of cooks that cold meat is such a bugbear in the household. They have no imagination in presenting it, and I doubt if in England one household in a thousand serves sauce with cold meat, unless it comes out of a bottle, exception being made of mint sauce with lamb. In France, where cold meat is only less unpopular than in England, mayonnaise is frequently served with it, and cold herb sauces also.

The prejudice against twice cooking meat is partly responsible for the practice of serving roasts, especially of beef, half-raw. When the carver's knife becomes more and more ensanguined with every slice, and the joint becomes more and more like the head of St. John upon a charger, Mrs. Gilpin and other frugal minds cannot help realizing that there is going to be material for a stew.

No writer of recipes likes to admit that in actual household practice cold roast mutton is very often used for dishes that begin with such directions as 'Take 2 lb. tender lamb and stew it slowly.' But most of the following dishes, like many beef stews, are worthy of attention by those who may find themselves in accidental possession of meat that has been subjected to the chemical action of fire. *Verbum sap.*

§ Spanish Stew

(*Puchera*)

Fry onions and garlic in olive oil, add any kind of meat cut in small pieces, salt, pepper, and a few chillies. Fill up the earthenware pot with water or stock, a little vinegar, cooked Spanish peas, all vegetables in season, and $\frac{3}{4}$ hour before serving add potatoes. Simmer it slowly, pour off the stock; vermicelli or bread is added, both vegetables and meat served separately.

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¶ *Coftah*

(*Persian*)

Pound in a mortar 2 lb. mutton, beef, rabbit, or fowl, with a sprig or two of sweet marjoram, red pepper, and 4 onions. Form them into balls the size of walnuts and fry them in butter. When the balls are well browned, make a gravy in the pan and serve them up in it. Send up boiled rice in another dish.

¶ *Milk Curry*

(*Victorian London*)

Take a dessertspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of mixed spices, 1 tablespoonful flour and 4 of cream. Cut 4 onions and 2 shallots into slices and fry them in butter till tender; then take any kind of meat or fish, cut it into small pieces, flour and fry them brown; dredge them with curry powder, put them in a stew-pan with the onions, cream, etc., and stew it for ½ hour, adding a pint of milk and, before it is served up, 2 spoonfuls of lemon pickle.

¶ *Sicilian Baked Roll*

(*Falsu-Magru*)

Cut the meat (any kind) into a large scallop, beat it well. Spread over it a mixture of lard, grated cheese, breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, small dice-like pieces of ham, salt and pepper. Roll it into rounds, stuff the ends with hard-boiled eggs, bake it.

¶ *Mixed Fry*

(*Italian. Fritto Misto*)

The greater variety of meat, the better it is.

Chop up and fry together liver, sweetbread, brain, and any kind of veal.

Fry the vegetables raw; artichokes, small vegetable marrows, cauliflower, beans, are all suitable vegetables.

Serve the meat garnished with vegetables. Sprinkle lemon-juice over them and good veal broth.

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§ *Italian Meat Fritters*

(*Fritto Composto*)

Make a stiff sauce with 1 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, 1 gill stock, pepper and salt, a little nutmeg, half a small onion, grated, and a pinch of powdered chillies. Take it from the fire and stir in the yolks of 2 eggs. Mix 6 oz. chopped meat, 1 tablespoonful of finely-chopped ham and 2 oz. grated cheese with the sauce, and spread the mixture thinly on a flat dish. When it is firm, form it into round cakes, egg and breadcrumb and fry them. Serve macaroni round them.

§ *Balkan Meat Olives*

(*Goloybsi*)

Mince 1 lb. cooked meat, and boil $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice; mix the two together and add salt and pepper. Roll the mixture in cooked cabbage leaves that have been well drained; tie them in shape; fry them lightly in butter, add a little stock, cover the pan and let them cook slowly in the oven till soft. Make a roux moistened with vegetable, meat or fish stock and pour it over the goloybsi.

The same dish, with breadcrumb mixed with the meat and tomato with the stock, is used in the Roman province with the title of *alla Catalana*, although it has no traceable connection with Spain.

In Serbia the olives, once fried, are laid in a deep pot with alternate layers of pickled cabbage, and the well-packed pot is moistened with onion and paprika sauce, and very slowly stewed. Sour cream is added 10 minutes before the pot is lifted from the fire. Its Serbian name is Sarma.

§ *Djuvetch*

(*Serbia*)

Gently fry 4 chopped onions with some parsley, add 2 chopped tomatoes, 4 chopped green paprikas and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice, and cook it for 10 minutes, adding a little water to moisten it if very dry and

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salt. Melt some fat in a baking-dish and line the bottom of the dish with tomatoes, thinly sliced and lightly peppered. Add the rice mixture and press 1 lb. pork or other meat into this. Cover it with a layer of sliced tomatoes. Pour in water to reach the top layer, and bake it till the water has evaporated and the meat is tender (about 1½ hours).

¶ *Leicestershire Medley Pie*

Cut some apples into quarters, take out the core, but do not peel them; cut thick slices of cold fat bacon and any sort of cold roasted meat, season them with pounded ginger, pepper and salt, put into the dish a layer of each and pour over the top a large cupful of ale; cover the dish with a paste made with dripping or lard.

¶ *Sea Pie*

(*Kent*)

Skin and cut a large fowl into joints; wash and lay it in cold water for an hour; cut some salt beef into thin slices, and if it be very salt soak it a short time in water; make a paste of flour and butter in the proportion of ½ lb. butter to one of flour; cut it out into round pieces, according to the size of the bottom of a round iron pot, well buttered, and lay in a layer of the beef seasoned with pepper and finely-minced onion; then a layer of the paste, and then the fowl, highly seasoned with pepper, onion, and a little salt; add another layer of paste and pour in 3 pints of cold water; cover the pot closely, and let it stew gently for nearly 4 hours, taking care it does not burn.

¶ *South African Meat Pie*

(*Bobotee*)

Make a sauce of pounded almonds, bread soaked in gravy, fried onion, bay-leaf, 2 or 3 eggs beaten in a cup of milk, curry powder. Pour this over 1 lb. cold minced meat, bake it, and serve rice and chutney with it.

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¶ *Chinese Mince*

In a stew-pan over a very small fire cook for $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours minced raw meat, some beef-marrow, a little oil, salt, pepper, lettuce and onions chopped, green peas, a dash of soy, a pinch of red pepper or capsicum, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water to every 2 lb. of the other ingredients. The proportions vary according to taste. The mince is served with curry rice.

¶ *Harem Curry*

Cut up a Spanish onion and fry it in 3 oz. dripping or lard, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of curry powder, stir it 5 minutes. Add 2 stewed apples, then prawns, cold meat or lentils. Five minutes before serving add 2 tablespoonfuls of desiccated coconut and 2 of curdled milk.

¶ *Punjab Kabob*

Chop the upper surface of one 2-lb. piece of fat meat $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick without cutting too deeply. Mix 2 tablespoonfuls mustard oil, 1 tablespoonful minced onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful crushed garlic, the juice of a lemon, a tablespoonful curry powder, a breakfast-cupful tyre (thick curds and whey), and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls salt. Rub this into the fissures of the meat, occasionally turning it over, and leaving it to suck the mixture up for 10 minutes. Then cut the meat into large mouthfuls, and place them in the rest of the devil for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Skewer the meat and roast it slowly by direct smokeless heat, basting it with hot clear fat till it is well cooked and golden-brown.

¶ *Curried Kabobs*

Cut up some mutton or veal and bacon. Parboil some onions, and cut up also some green ginger all the same size. Thread them alternately on skewers and cook in curry sauce till tender.

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¶ *Jhal-Freeze*

(*Ceylon*)

Cut up, and mix with plenty of onions sliced lengthways, a few red chillies, salt, and scraps of cold meat. Melt 2 oz. butter, throw in the meat, and stir all until the onions are tender. Serve it with rice or with fried breadcrumb.

¶ *Polish Dumplings*

(*Kolten*)

Mince 1 lb. beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mutton, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. beef suet with an onion, salt and pepper. Roll out a stiff paste of flour and water and 3 eggs, fold it into patties round spoonfuls of the meat, put them into hot water and boil them for 15 minutes, drain them and pour melted butter over them.

¶ *Minced Meat*

(*Dutch*)

Soak 3 oz. of stale breadcrumb, without crust, in milk and water; mix with $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. veal, or 10 oz. veal and 10 oz. pork, or 10 oz. veal and 10 oz. beef, previously minced. Add 3 oz. fat, 3 oz. salt, nutmeg, then the white of an egg, beaten. Roll it into a big ball, breadcrumb it, and fry it like steak.

¶ *Rolpens*

(*Dutch*)

Mince 4 lb. beef and 2 lb. pork, not too finely, add 1 oz. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ nutmegs, grated, 15 cloves pounded, and leave it for 24 hours.

Make bags of cow-tripe, fill them with the meat and sew them up. Boil them for 2 hours, then drain them well on a sieve.

The rolpens should be stored in stone jars filled with two-thirds vinegar to one-third water, or half water and vinegar, and they must be well covered by the liquid. When using the rolpens, cut

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them in slices a finger thick and bake them on both sides till brown.

Fry also slices of apple and serve them on the rolpens.

§ *Tocana*

(*Rumania*)

Brown some slices of beef and pork, leaving some fat on each, and put them in a saucepan with sauce made by frying a large onion, adding tomato sauce, and then good gravy or stock. Let all simmer with salt, pepper and a bay-leaf, till the meat is cooked and the sauce thickens. Serve it with polenta.

§ *Barcelona Cold Meat*

(*Piscolabis*)

In the pitiless blaze of a Spanish sun, when life is a burden and eating hard labour, the Barcelonese help themselves along by a 'lip-crumb' or Pizculabis. It consists of a slice each of beef, lamb and ham. They are cut so thin as to be really shavings, and are laid on a plate that has been rubbed with garlic. A little pickled fish is placed in the middle, black and green olives round it and between the meat. A shaving of onion on each slice of meat, and a sprinkling of vinegar, complete the dish, but dry biscuits and some astringent jam, on the principle of red-currant jelly, are eaten with it. This is a valuable way of presenting food in a heat wave; it looks as tempting as fruit.

§ *Olla Podrida*

(*The real Spanish way*)

A true Olla Podrida used always to be made by Spaniards in a clay pot or 'Olla.' Hence half its name—the 'podrida' comes from the fact that the olla was never emptied, and the stew came in time to the enjoyment of an odour and taste of an advanced description. But how good the Putrid Pot can be!

With a large piece of fat bacon, well covered with water, boil gently for several hours until they are soft, but not mushy,

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garbanzos that have soaked overnight. Garbanzos are those Spanish peas which are fully three times the size of our green pea and are yellow in colour. In England chick-peas or small white haricots would be the best substitute. About 2 hours before the stew is needed, add a chicken cut up into suitable pieces, and sausages. In Spain they use a hard dry sausage made with a lot of garlic and red pepper, which gives the whole thing a red colour and a strong flavour. If this is not procurable, red pepper and garlic must be added separately. In place of the chicken almost anything may be used—pieces of fresh pork, turkey, duck, rabbit, or several of them mixed. The whole is simmered gently till almost all the liquid is consumed. The garbanzos are generally served in a dish apart and should have a rich reddish-golden colour. A simpler variety of this dish is called the *bocido*. To this many vegetables are added and stewed with the whole, less of the meat or fowl being used.

¶ *Olla Podrida*

(*Francatelli's Adaptation*)

Butter the bottom of a large saucepan, on this 4 lb. gravy beef cut in thick slices, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of raw ham or bacon, carrots, celery, parsley root, bay-leaf, thyme, a small clove of garlic; tie up 6 cloves and a bit of mace in a piece of muslin, 1 quart of stock or water, bring to the boil over a brisk fire, and then fill up with stock or water, skim well and simmer gently for 2 hours, then stand it off. Remove all fat, cut up the carrots and other vegetables, and add 1 lb. of garbanzos (Spanish peas) previously soaked and boiled, and a dessertspoonful of Spanish sweet red pepper. Boil gently until the vegetables are done and serve in a tureen.

¶ *Pepper Pot*

Although *Olla Podrida* can be dowered with very high-spirited flavours, it is always but a quiet home-keeping cousin in comparison with a Pepper Pot. The tinned Pepper Pot obtainable in

London and other big cities is quite good, but it has not the slightly vicious heartiness of the dish as made in its native climes, from Barbadoes to Cartagena. If the Olla Podrida should be kept permanently going like a stock pot, the Pepper Pot and the *sancocho* must be made in larger quantities than could possibly be required, in order that some may remain as a basis for the next brew or manufacture.

An iron pot is daily filled up with scraps of meat, fish or poultry, to which are added spices, peppers, chillies, mixed vegetables, fat bacon and casaripe, a dark treacly fluid extracted from the cassava root. This ingredient is absolutely essential to a real Pepper Pot, although all the others may be varied according to circumstances. The result should be black and fibrous, and extremely hot to the palate. The pot is filled up every morning and kept perpetually simmering. It is brought to the table and the stew is served with a wooden spoon directly on to a hot plate. It is eaten with rice and is especially popular as a breakfast relish.

I am told that in Demerara there are still old sugar-planting families who have special Pepper Pot recipes, which have been the glory of their hospitable tables for centuries.

§ *Initial Pepper Pot*

Even a Pepper Pot has to have a beginning, although to be respectable and worthy of its name it should be a family possession, that has never grown cold for several generations.

Those who want to found a Pepper Pot as one founds a family, or those who are content with a mild version of the real thing, can do it by stewing fat bacon and some kind of fresh meat very lightly with all seasonable vegetables; add whatever meat and fish are available, with spices, casaripe, peppers, etc.; and $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before serving put in the chopped meat of lobster or crab.

If casaripe is not available a little thick caramel made with Barbadoes sugar or a spoonful of old-fashioned black treacle should be added with a dash of vinegar. Golden syrup will not do.

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§ *Cartagena Pepper Pot*

(*Indian Sancocho*)

This is made in the same way as Pepper Pot, with pork, veal, beef or ham and plenty of green meats, not to speak of the essential spices. Instead of rice very thin griddle cakes of manioc flour should be served with it.

§ *Aveyron Pot-au-feu Mourtayrol*

(*Pampille*)

Mourtayrol is the gala dish at Easter in Aveyron.

Make a stew of 3 lb. of beef, a plump hen, a piece of ham. Skim it and add vegetables as in an ordinary stew.

An hour before serving, when the broth is well cooked, pour it into a stew-pan over some thin slices of bread, cook and reduce this panade, to which has been added a pinch of saffron mixed with a little broth. The beef, fowl, and ham are served after the mourtayrol.

§ *Stuffed Capsicums*

(*Spain*)

Take 12 medium-sized capsicums, empty them (from the tail) of the pips and sprinkle inside with salt. Cook 10 oz. veal with 4 oz. of beef in a little water. Chop the meat up with 4 oz. of bacon, a little parsley, a small onion, and a clove of garlic. Mix in 2 eggs. Stuff the capsicums with this mixture and fry them in oil. When they are coloured, add the broth from the meat and boil for 10 minutes. Thicken the gravy with flour.

CHAPTER XIII

Poultry

CHICKEN

§ *Chicken Pie*

(*Maryland*)

BOIL in a quart of salted water a bit of chopped parsley, an onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of celery seed, a stalk of celery. In this bouillon put the cut-up chicken and let it simmer until nearly done. Then place in the pie-dish alternate layers of chicken and hard-boiled eggs. In the bouillon stir a cupful of rich cream and a tablespoon of butter rolled in flour. Bring this to the boil, pour it over the chicken and put a rather rich top crust. Bake it about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Lean meat may be substituted for chicken.

§ *Three Creole Recipes for Chicken*

(*Toraille*)

§ *Stuffed Chicken*

Make a stuffing of 1 oz. of fat pork minced, one of butter, onion, garlic, pepper, breadcrumbs mixed well and then fried together for 30 minutes, and stuff the chicken. Make a gravy of butter, onions, chives, pepper, and salt.

§ *Chicken with Onion*

(*Creole*)

Cut up a fowl, rub it with garlic and chives. Braise it with a small piece of fat pork and 5 oz. butter, add 3 medium-sized tomatoes, 2 onions, and water. Cook separately some rice with 3 oz. lean beef and pork and chives. When the rice is half-cooked add the fowl and simmer all slowly with 3 oz. butter.

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¶ *Chicken Smothered in Onion*

Cut the bird in half through the back and breast. Fry it a golden brown in butter and cook it in a baking-pan with sliced onions. Serve fried rice with it.

¶ *Gold Cash Chicken*

(*China*)

Mix minced chicken and pork, white of egg, cornflour, and soy into a thick paste. Cook it until the mixture floats in a greased pan covered with oil. Turn it out and serve it with minced ham and peas.

¶ *German Sour Chicken*

Stew joints of chicken in just enough vinegar and water to be nearly absorbed by the time the meat is done, with a bay-leaf, a few cloves, a dash of nutmeg, and an onion cut in rings. Ten minutes before serving add $\frac{1}{4}$ pint sour cream or curd. Cream cheese diluted with vinegar and a very little oil to preserve the consistency may be used instead.

¶ *Spanish Stewed Chicken*

(*Arroz con Pollo*)

Fry small pieces of fowl in deep oil for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and take them out. In oil fry onions, garlic, tomatoes, and red pepper; add the fowl, 6 or 8 oz. rice, and a pint of stock. Simmer all slowly and well-covered till the rice has absorbed the liquid.

¶ *Braised Chicken*

(*Spain*)

Cut up a chicken and put it in a stew-pan with hot fat, a sliced onion, chopped parsley, and 4 oz. mushrooms. After 10 minutes add a spoonful of flour, salt, pepper, and when it is cooked add some stock. When the chicken is cooked remove carefully.

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Five minutes before serving, add a hard-boiled egg cut up and the juice of half a lemon.

¶ *Country Captain* (*A Famous Indian Curry*)

Cut up a fowl and fry it in lard, dripping, or olive oil with 6 small chopped onions and take it from the fat. Make a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of pure turmeric powder, 1 teaspoonful of chilli powder or cayenne and a little vinegar, let it thicken in hot fat, add the chicken, and continue to fry all, stirring it till it is tender. Serve it piled upon rice.

Veal or a small rabbit may be used. If the meat has not been cooked previously, add a little milk to ensure its being tender.

¶ *Chinese Salt Chicken* (*Moore*)

Bury the chicken in plenty of very hot salt two hours covered. Remove the chicken and shake off all the salt. Cut it up and sprinkle spicery salt all over it. Chicken prepared in this way tastes delicious and is not salty.

¶ *Chicken Paste* (*Spanish*)

Cut 2 partridges and a chicken or half a turkey in halves and cook them in salted water till they are tender. Then bone and mince them. Strain the gravy into another vessel, putting the mince in it. Then add 5 lb. of melted lard, a small teaspoonful of ground black pepper and a teaspoonful of ground allspice. Stir continually with a wooden spoon. When the grease starts to bubble and come to the top, the paste is finished. Pot and cover with parchment.

¶ *Country Chicken* (*Italy*)

Lard a fowl with garlic and rosemary and sprinkle it with pepper and salt, internally and externally. Fry it brown with

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chopped fat bacon. Add some tomatoes or tomato *purée*, pour over all some stock and stir it well. Serve fried potatoes with it.

¶ *Italian Fried Chicken*

Fry a cut-up chicken in 2 oz. of butter and dredge over it a little flour and baste it well with stock. When cooked take it out, drain it and pour over it sauce made of its gravy with the yolk of an egg and a little lemon-juice.

¶ *Italian Chicken in Jelly*

Bone a fowl and fill it with finely-chopped ham. Put it into a bladder well moistened with water and seasoned. Fasten the bladder securely with a skewer. Put it in a saucepan with water and adjust it so that it does not turn over. When it has boiled an hour, drain it and let it get cold, remove the bladder and glaze the chicken with aspic jelly.

¶ *Stuffed Chicken* (*Naples*)

Fill the fowl with some slices of ham, 3 cloves of garlic, a little fennel and peppercorns. Pour a little oil over the fowl. Sprinkle it with salt and pepper and cook it in a slow oven, basting it with butter.

¶ *Chicken and Olives* (*Ligurian*)

Fry chopped onion, celery, parsley, and carrot. Then brown a chicken on all sides in the mixture. Pour over it boiling stock, add olives, some chopped, some pounded, and 7 or 8 whole ones, also some tomato *purée* and fresh juice. Let all cook well.

¶ *Baked Chicken* (*Pavia*)

Fry a cut-up fowl in oil with bacon, lay it in a saucepan and on each piece place a slice of bacon, and a slice of tomato, peppered

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and salted; pour over it the oil in which it has been browned, add rosemary, garlic, parsley, and a glass of white wine. Bake it $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a moderate oven.

§ *Indian Pillau*

To a quart of very rich stock add 2 small onions, carefully peeled and put in whole, 4 heads of garlic, 20 cloves, 2 bay-leaves, 2 sticks of cinnamon, 2 blades of mace, and 12 cardamoms. When it boils add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. rice. Stir it occasionally, and as soon as the rice is quite soft strain away the water. Take out the onion, garlic, bay-leaves, mace, and cinnamon, but leave the other spice in, and steam all before the fire. Cut up and skin a large rabbit or fowl, sprinkle the pieces with pepper, salt, and mixed spice, and fry them brown in butter. Put them in a stew-pan covered with the liquor from which the rice has been strained away with some stoned raisins and stew them 1 hour. Serve them covered with the rice, with here and there little mounds of yolk of hard-boiled egg which has been passed through a sieve, and a sprinkling of almonds fried in the butter in which the meat was browned. Serve the whole very hot.

§ *Volaille Demi-Deuil*

(Recipe of the Restaurant Fillioux, Lyons)

Take a plump and tender bird of about 2 to 3 lb., slip in truffles under the skin. Sew up the bird in a thin cloth. Place it in stock with leeks and carrots and let it boil for 15 minutes; simmer it in the stock for 20 minutes and serve it with a pinch of common salt.

§ *Poularde Maria Halle*

(Recipe of the Hôtel de la Couronne, Rouen)

Roast in front of a very clear wood fire a well-seasoned and buttered fowl. Place a dish beneath to catch the gravy from the bird. Baste it constantly and keep the bird turning $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Then place beneath the dripping-pan a bed of hot cinders. When the

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butter is really hot throw in some large mushroom heads and let them cook in it; add Madeira and fresh cream. Withdraw all from the fire and add some butter. Dish the chicken in the dripping-pan.

The above method was suggested by Curnonsky, who described the vintage fêtes 'Les Garbaudes' in the Bordeaux country, where the tradition is to roast a leg of mutton hung by a string in the open air over a fire of vine twigs.

§ *Le Chapon au Mercurey*

(*Recipe of the Restaurant Aux Vendanges de Bourgogne Chalon-sur Saône*)

Take a fine fat capon, cut it up as for stewing, leaving the legs whole. Braise it with salt and pepper, add a large *mirepoix* of onions, shallot, a grain of garlic and herbs; remove the pieces of chicken, make a gravy by adding to the vegetables a half-bottle of old Mercurey, thicken it by reducing. Pass the *mirepoix* through the sieve, add a large piece of game glaze and a further half-glass of the wine, season and re-cook the sauce with a little butter and simmer the fowl in the gravy for 15 minutes before serving.

§ *Surprised Fowls*

(*England*)

Stuff boned fowls with sausage-meat and truss them; roast them $\frac{1}{2}$ hour; then stew them with good gravy; add 3 or 4 spoonfuls of white wine, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint oysters, some cocks-combs, morels and anchovies, nutmeg and lemon-juice, and let it all stew 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Garnish the dish with forcemeat balls, lemon and truffles.

§ *Spanish Chicken Cobs*

(*Tamales*)

Fry in butter or olive oil till brown 1 or 2 medium-sized onions chopped fine, add the pulp of 6 cooked chillies and a little chicken stock, cover the pan and let it simmer till smooth. Chop the cooked chicken and chilli mixture. Make a paste of pounded fresh corn

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and chicken stock, work it smooth and line the soaked husks with strips of it. Fill the husks with the chicken mixture. The corn meal must smother it. Steam the husks over hot water with a sprinkling of salt in a covered pan for 1 hour.

¶ *Chicken and Corn Mince*

(Mexico)

Stew gently together tomatoes, chopped onion, pounded garlic, salt and pepper and chopped chicken or other meat. Ten minutes before serving throw in mixed chopped potatoes and corn.

¶ *Turkish Rissoles*

Make a mince of very finely-chopped veal, chicken or lamb with breadcrumbs and chopped suet, onions, sage, salt, and paprika. Bind it with beaten egg, form it into balls and roll them in boiled rice till they are well covered. Stew them in strong brown stock for 1 hour, and pour what remains of it over them when serving them.

¶ *Chicken and Jelly*

(England)

Stew the giblets of a chicken in plenty of water with vegetables, herbs, pepper, salt, and a spoonful of vinegar for not more than 15 minutes. Fill the chicken with bread, clove, and fried onion stuffing, of which make three times what will go into the bird. Brown the chicken in a good deal of butter in a large copper saucepan, turning it till it is golden all over. Then strain over it the liquor from the giblets, cover it closely and let it cook from 50 to 75 minutes, according to the size and age of the subject. Lift the bird out and set it in a dish about two inches deep, with plenty of room round it.

Put the giblets, vegetables, etc., back into the liquor, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water or white wine and more seasoning if required and let it simmer for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When it is nearly cold take off the fat

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and pour the liquor round the chicken to set after straining it through a cloth.

Mix a tablespoonful of tomato sauce and a beaten egg into the extra stuffing, also chopped mushrooms if available. Adjust the seasoning. Form the stuffing into balls, roll them in fine browned breadcrumbs and fry them in fat including that taken from the jelly.

§ *Poulet au Sang*

(*Recipe of the Hôtel Neuf, Pouilly-sur-Loire*)

Keeping the blood of a plump chicken you place the bird in a casserole with onions browned in butter and bacon, and when it is coloured you powder it lightly with flour. Moisten it with a very good red wine, preferably a Bordeaux, and let it stew for some time in the oven, well covered.

A few minutes before serving add a large nut of butter and the blood of the chicken—the blood of two birds for every one will be all the better. Pour a small glassful of good brandy into the sauce and decorate the dish with *croûtons* and mushrooms.

§ *Burdwan Stew*

(*India*)

Cut into joints a cold fowl or duck, put it into a stew-pan, with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint gravy, a large wineglass of ale, half as much white wine, the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 teaspoonful of soy and cayenne; of mushroom ketchup, lemon pickle, cucumber vinegar, 1 dessertspoonful of each. Heat all thoroughly before serving.

§ *A Pot-Pie*

(*American*)

Line a small stew-pan with piecrust, fill it with chicken cut up and seasoned, cover the whole with a crust, cut a small hole in the centre, and place it over a moderate fire till it is done. When it is done put the soft top crust in the bottom of a dish, place the

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chicken neatly on it, pour on the gravy, and cover the whole with the crusts from the sides of the pot.

§ *Hungarian Pörckel*

One of Hungary's numerous recipes for fowl is to cut 3 young chickens into pieces, salt them and fry them. Fry chopped onion and paprika to taste in the same fat without colouring them. Add the chicken and let all be briskly browned. Thicken with flour, and add a pint of cream. Let all simmer for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then place the chicken in a deep dish in the oven, add a small glass of cognac to the sauce, strain it, pour it over the chicken, and serve it surrounded with fried rice.

§ *American Chicken Salad*

Americans make endless varieties of 'salads,' by which they mean any cold dish of diced meat, chicken, etc., vegetables, lettuce, etc., with mayonnaise or another sauce.

Their fruit salads are ingenious and delicious; diced fruits, mixed according to season, varied with nuts, cream, and in various ways. Their savoury salads often have fruits with them. The typical American chicken salad is so popular that it has become a synonym for stupidity in ordering a meal.

Cut up cold roasted chicken, add stoned white grapes, apple cubes sprinkled with lemon-juice, shredded blanched almonds, 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, 6 tablespoonfuls of olive oil, 1 teaspoonful of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of paprika, and 2 heads of chopped endive.

Serve it on lettuce leaves, spreading mayonnaise on top and a sprinkling of blanched and shredded pistachio nuts.

§ *Chicken Stuffed with Oysters*

(English)

Fill a tender chicken with large oysters and cook it for 1 hour in the *bain-marie*, with the liquor of the oysters. Serve it cold

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with the entire liquor from the saucepan round it, which will be a jelly, and may have other oysters laid in it just before it sets. If the oysters be very salt, the liquor should be boiled up once or twice in a very wide, shallow saucepan before it is placed in the *bain-marie*.

¶ *A Fricassey made for an Instalment Dinner at Windsor*

Take six squab Pidgeons and six small chickens, scald them and truss them and set them by, and then have some lambstones blanch'd, parboil'd and slic'd; and fry some sweetbreads flower'd: Have also some Asparagus tops, the Yolks of two eggs, some Pistachio Nut-Kernels, the marrow of six marrow bones; let half the marrow be fry'd in white Butter; let it be kept warm till near Dinner-Time, then take your stewpan and fry the Fowls and Pidgeons with sweet Butter; when fry'd pour out the Butter and put to them some gravy, large fry'd Oysters, and a little salt and put in the hard yolks of eggs, the rest of the sweetbreads not fry'd, the Pistachio Nuts, Asparagus and Marrow; then stew them well and put in a little grated nutmeg, a little Pepper and a little Shalot and three or four spoonfuls of white wine; then have the yolks of ten eggs, dissolved in a Dish with some white wine Vinegar and a little beaten Mace, and put it to the Fricassey; and cut some white bread in sippets and lay at the bottom of the Dish set on Charcoal with some gravy; then give the Fricassey two or three tosses up and pour it on the sippets; garnish your dish with fry'd sweetbreads, Marrow, Oysters and slic'd almonds, and serve it up.

¶ *Quenelles*

Although the name etymologically demands that these delicate garnishes be made of rabbit, they are nowadays usually of chicken, or of white fish. The substance is finely minced, and mixed with soaked breadcrumbs and white sauce, bound with egg. The cookery of them is sometimes made a matter for real artistry.

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¶ To Cook Quenelles

(*Recipe of the Restaurant Fillioux, Lyons*)

Place some raw chopped fresh mushrooms in a dish and on this place the raw quenelles.

Pour over all a thick *Béchamel* sauce. Sprinkle it with small pieces of crayfish butter, some good butter and a few chopped truffles.

Bake in the oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

The quenelles should swell and become twice their size.

This dish must be served immediately it is ready.

If the crayfish butter is in a bottle, uncork and place the bottle in some warm water. As soon as the butter has melted, pour it into the dish.

DUCK

¶ *Peking Duck*

(*Chinese Recipes*)

The duck is rubbed with honey before cooking it on a spit over embers. It is cut into pieces before bringing it to table. Everyone takes a piece, dips it in sauce and places it in the middle of the Blanket, a piece of bread, much like a griddle cake in consistency, folded neatly round and popped into the mouth.

¶ *Flower Duck*

The Chinese use flowers and this is made with yellow tiger lilies or squash blossoms.

Cook slowly for 2½ to 3 hours the duck in sufficient water to cover. At the end of half an hour add several squash blossoms, scattering over the duck. When done remove the duck and slice. Mix a paste of Chinese sauce and flour to thicken the sauce. Cook for 2 minutes and pour over the sliced duck and garnish with fresh squash blossoms.

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¶ *Fried Duck Feet*

(*Shiu Wong Chan*)

Wash thoroughly 20 pairs of duck feet and scald for 3 minutes. Remove the skin and all bones without spoiling the shape of the feet. Cut each foot into two pieces. Cut into small pieces 2 cupfuls of bamboo shoots, 2 cupfuls of mushrooms and 2 of water chestnuts. Fry the feet for 5 minutes in oil. Add salt, the bamboo shoots, chestnuts and mushrooms, and cook 5 minutes. Add sufficient primary soup or water to cover all, cook until tender. Add Chinese gravy and mix well.

¶ *Caneton Rouennais*

(*Recipe of the Hôtel de la Couronne, Rouen*)

Dress a fine plump bird without losing the blood. Replace the liver inside and skewer it after removing the breast-bone. Roast the bird for 12 minutes.

Butter a long dish, sprinkle a little shallot finely chopped, crushed coarse salt and pepper, add allspice and a thin band of meat glaze round the dish.

Place on the dish some thin strips from the leg of the duck. Pour some brandy on the strips, light it, then add salt, pepper, and spices.

Put into a meat-press with a good glass of Burgundy and squeeze out all the blood. Add to this blood a spoonful of melted butter and moisten the strips.

Place on the fire for a moment and then in the oven in a casserole full of water, so that you have a smooth sauce. Place the wings and the grilled legs round the dish and serve.

GOOSE

¶ *The Famous White Goose Pie of Poitou*

(*Recipe of the 'Chapon Fin,' Poitiers*)

Make a crust of two parts flour to one part of butter and yolk of egg, salt and water. Prepare a forcemeat of one-third lean fresh

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pork, one-third goose thigh flesh, one-third fat bacon, mixed herbs, fresh truffles, goose flesh cut in strips and some fat bacon cut in strips the same size as the goose. Hard-boiled eggs cut in half. Pie seasoning to taste. Soak the seasoned forcemeat in brandy for 2 hours. Line the pie-dish with the paste and place the forcemeat and the strips of goose and truffles and bacon in layers and the eggs in the centre. The top layer must be of forcemeat. Cover the pie and take care to see that the two crusts are well closed. Make a small hole in the top and cook it gently in the oven for about 40 minutes.

Is it any wonder that the roads to Poitiers are in constant need of repair, which they as constantly receive?

¶ *Goose with Raisin Dressing*

(*North Germany*)

Place a saucepan with 1½ oz. butter over the fire, add 2 tablespoonfuls of thinly-sliced apples, 1 cupful of seedless raisins, 1 tablespoonful of currant or apple jelly, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, cook till the apples are done but not broken; when cold add 2 tablespoonfuls of rolled zwieback and 1 egg. Stuff the goose and rub it all over with salt, roasting with 1 oz. of butter rubbed over the breast, baste frequently till brown, then add 1 cupful of boiling water, continue to roast till done. Strain off the fat from the pan, remove the goose and thicken the gravy, adding sufficient giblet broth to make a creamy sauce.

¶ *Italian Stuffed Goose*

Bone a goose. Chop up into dice 6 oz. of partly cooked veal, truffles, and ham. Mince finely ½ lb. of lean veal, 4 oz. of kidney, 4 oz. of veal, and 2 oz. of beef-marrow; add bread soaked in broth and mashed, 3 yolks, and 12 oz. of Parmesan cheese. Mix and pound all well together and add a little Madeira. Fill the goose with this, roll it and tie it up. Put it in a saucepan with 2 slices of bacon, 1 pint of broth, herbs and seasoning, and cook it slowly

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with the lid on. Boil it in another pan with meat-juice for a few minutes before serving.

¶ *To Dress a Green Goose*

Cut the goose in two. Place at the bottom of a stew-pan slices of bacon and beef, onions, savory, thyme, marjoram, carrots, slices of lemon, pepper, cloves and salt, stock, and the goose. Cook it, turning it often. Cook some green peas and toss them with a little butter, salt, and pepper. Thicken the gravy with the yolks of 2 eggs and some cream and serve the goose with the peas poured over it.

¶ *Geese à la Mode*

(*The Midlands*)

Take 2 geese, stuff the breasts with sweetbreads, mushrooms, anchovies, oysters, and marrow, a little pepper, salt, nutmeg and thyme, and bind with the yolk of egg; lard the geese with lemon-peel, brown them and place them in strong, highly-seasoned gravy; when stewed enough, remove and add 1 gill of claret and thicken it a little, heat it and pour the sauce over the geese placed on a dish.

¶ *Yorkshire Goose Pie*

This monumental dish is worth recording, though there are few kitchens and fewer cooks who could cope with it to-day. The glory of the Raised Pie and Pasties of England, of the Pâtés of France, has passed into the hands of pastrycooks. I doubt, however, whether they rise to nine pounds of butter for even their largest production, to mention that ingredient alone!

Split a large fat goose down the back, and take out all the bones. Treat a turkey and 2 ducks the same way, and season them well with salt and pepper, and also 6 woodcocks. Lay the goose down on a clean dish, with the skin side down, and lay the turkey into the goose in the same manner. Have ready a large hare, well cleaned and cut in pieces, and stewed in the oven, with 1 lb. of

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butter, a $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of mace finely beaten, the same of white pepper, and salt to taste. Stew till the meat leaves the bones and skim the butter off the gravy. Pick the meat clean off and pound it finely with the butter which has been skimmed off, then lay it in the turkey. Take 24 lb. of the finest flour, 6 lb. of butter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fresh suet. Make the paste pretty thick and make the pie in an oval form. Roll out a lump of paste and cut into shapes of vine-leaves, brush the pie with yolk of egg and ornament the walls, but make a hole in the middle and the walls of the pie an inch and a half higher than the lid. Then brush all over with yolk of egg, and bind it round with three-fold paper and the same on top. Bake for 4 hours; and when it comes out melt 2 lb. of butter in the gravy that came from the hare and pour it hot into the pie through a funnel. Close it well up and do not cut it in less than eight or ten days.

¶ *Goose Pie*

(An Older Recipe)

Take 2 geese at Christmas, cut them down the backs, remove all the bones, season well with mace, pepper, salt, and nutmeg; wrap one within the other, and raise a crust that will just hold them, lay them in, run the knife point into the skin in several places, to prevent them rising; put butter over and lid it, and when baking, pour in clarified butter. This is a real goose pie.

¶ *Goose with Olives*

(Spain)

Cut up the goose, separating the liver. Lard the pieces with slices of bacon and boil in water, a cupful of white wine and the juice of a lemon. Brown a dozen small onions in lard. Blanch $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of olives for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in fresh water and stone them. When the goose begins to get tender add the olives and onions. When done, strain the gravy and thicken it with flour.

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¶ *Cavy or Guinea-Pig en Gibelotte* (*French Guiana*)

Cut it up in joints like a rabbit. Cut a middle-sized eel in 2-inch pieces. Make a roux of flour and butter and fry the eel in this, adding mushrooms, onions, white wine and stock, salt, pepper, parsley, thyme, and green onions. Then take out the eel and onions and cook the cavy quickly until the sauce is reduced; replace the eel and onions and cook all slowly, till done. Remove any fat and the onions and serve hot.

¶ *Swans and Peacocks*

Henry III, writing from Windsor in November 1240, ordered the sheriff of Bedfordshire to supply him with 'ten swans, ten cranes, ten peacocks and a hundred hares to be sent to Westminster on the Saturday next before the Birth of the Lord in the 25th year of our reign.' He was so well pleased by Bedfordshire produce that a year later the order was increased to twenty peacocks and fifteen swans, all to be bought within the county limits, and moreover was to include 'ten boars with their heads entire and soused.' Pickled boar's head is rarer than it used to be, Bedfordshire disposing of less game nowadays.

¶ *A Swan Pie, To Be Eat Cold* (*Queen Anne's England*)

Skin and bone your Swan; lard it with Bacon and season it with Pepper, salt cloves, mace Nutmeg to your Palate and with a few Bay leaves powder'd: lay it in the Pie, stick it with cloves; lay on Butter and close the Pye, when it is bak'd and half cold, fill it up with clarify'd Butter.

¶ *To Boil a Peacock* (*Eighteenth Century*)

The revival of regional cookery is so strong that possibly some one may wish to try the bird. (It is still a current dish in South Africa.) When very young, and basted with some cream on the

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spit, it is as pleasant as chicken, and of course its appearance on a table, dressed in head and neck, wings and tail in its pride, is enough to flavour its flesh. At one time it was a fairly usual, though never a cheap, dish in France.

In England it was always rarer, but in country places it was not only roasted but boiled. In the latter case it was deprived of its outer glory (indeed the first instruction, to 'flea off its skin,' is positively disdainful), but, like the king's daughter, it was all glorious within.

Flea off the skin, but leave the rump whole, with the pinions; then mince the flesh raw, with some beef suet, seasoned with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and some sweet herbs; mix all together with egg and fill the skin of the peacock; sew it in the back and stew in a deep dish, in some strong broth, white wine, a little salt, mace-marrow, artichokes boiled and quartered, chestnuts, grapes, barberries, quartered pears, and some of the meat made in balls; cover it with another dish, and when done, serve with sippets. Garnish with sliced lemon and lemon-peel whole, pour on some melted butter and the yolks of hard-boiled eggs and chestnuts.

¶ *Roast Peacock* (*Cape Colony*)

Soak the bird in salt and water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Stuff with forcemeat of 2 oz. ham or bacon, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. suet, the rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, marjoram, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, breadcrumbs, and 2 eggs. Roast as you would a turkey.

¶ *Cape Porcupine*

Remove the quills, scald and scrape them. Take the skin, which is the prime part, wash it and soak it a day in salt water and pepper. Cook it gently in fresh water; when soft cut it up and broil it over a charcoal fire, serve with butter and sliced lemon. The flesh may be stewed or roasted, whole or in parts, and is very delicate in flavour; the seasoning is the same as for sucking-pig.

POULTRY AND RABBIT

RABBIT

¶ *Rabbit in Raisin Wine*

(*Auvergne*)

Lard a rabbit with fat bacon and soak it in a marinade of muscadet (raisin wine), a small glass of Madeira, sweet herbs, garlic, carrot, and shallots, turning the rabbit over three times a day and basting it well. Roast the rabbit in the oven, or, better still, on the spit in front of a fire of vine shoots, basting continually with butter, so as to brown well, for from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour.

To make the gravy melt a nut of butter with a spoonful of flour. When brown add the marinade finely strained, the shallots chopped and cook the sauce till it is ready.

Five minutes before serving add the liquor from the roasting to the sauce and dish the rabbit with the gravy poured over it and *croûtons*.

¶ *Baked Rabbit*

(*Belgium*)

Fry joints of rabbit with onion, potato; add spices and herbs, a little water or stock, pepper and salt and a tumbler of light beer. Bake it slowly, and serve it with the sauce strained, thickened, and frothed with more warm beer. Serve it in the dish in which it has been cooked.

¶ *Grilled Rabbit*

(*Spain*)

Cut the rabbits into four pieces and soak them in water for 20 minutes. Dry them with a cloth, powder them with salt and black pepper and fold them in grease-proof paper. Roast them in a slow oven. Serve them with a sauce made of tomatoes and anchovies fried in butter and pounded into pulp and strained over the rabbits when they are ready.

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¶ *Rabbit Cutlets*

(Italy)

Bone the shoulders and legs of a small rabbit, shape them with a knife, egg and breadcrumb them, sprinkle a little grated cheese over them, fry them and serve anchovy butter over them.

¶ *Rabbit-Eggs Nest*

(Spain)

Blanch a rabbit till the flesh can be removed from the bones. Pound it with cream, chopped pimento, pepper, salt, and sweet marjoram.

Boil the head and bones in a quart of seasoned water with a little vinegar and the grated rinds of an orange till the liquid is reduced by half.

Mix the juice of the orange with a yolk of egg and beat it into the cream of rabbit, then beat the white stiff and fold it in also. Dip a gravy spoon in boiling water, fill it with the rabbit, piling it high and smoothing it to an egg-shape with a knife. With another hot wet spoon push each egg on to an oiled paper, which lay on a strainer and steam till the eggs have risen and set.

Boil rice with chopped pimento, and when it is cooked put it into a round dish and moisten it with most of the liquor of the rabbit bones. Just before it sets turn it out on a dish, hollow it a little, like a nest, make depressions in it with the back of a gravy spoon, lay one of the rabbit eggs in each, whip some cream into the remaining liquor, pour a little over each egg, and put the dish on ice. Serve it with crisp lettuce leaves, baby crayfish and quarters of hard-boiled egg alternately round the dish.

¶ *Fife Pie*

Skin a rabbit, cut it into bits, and let it lie for an hour in cold water; cut into small thin slices 1 lb. of fat pickled pork, season the meat well with pepper, a little grated nutmeg, and salt. Make force-meat balls with the liver minced, some grated bread, and chopped

R A B B I T

fat bacon, season with minced parsley, lemon, thyme, grated nutmeg, pepper and salt, bind with an egg, pack the meat and balls closely into a dish, and add a teacupful of good gravy, and 3 table-spoonfuls of white wine; cover it with a puff-paste, and bake it for 1 hour.

¶ *Shropshire Pie*

Shropshire pie is composed of a mixture of rabbits and fat pork, seasoned with pepper, salt, sweet herbs and nutmeg, and the chopped livers of the rabbits, with or without the addition of chopped onions, apples, and currants. A pint of broth or water for gravy. Bake it for 1½ hours in a quick oven.

¶ *Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Turkey* (U.S.A.)

The turkey is prepared for roasting and is rubbed over with a mixture of salt, pepper, and minced parsley. A boned pigeon rubbed over in the same way and stuffed to its utmost capacity with veal and chicken, chopped together with a little fat ham, forms the filling of the larger bird, which is then wrapped in a veal caul and hung before a clear, hot, coke fire. It should revolve in the old-fashioned manner and must be protected from draught by the old-fashioned apparatus for roasting or a large Dutch oven. An hour after the turkey has been hung up remove what is left of the caul, and pour over the bird a mixture made as follows, and previously brought to boiling-point: the juice of 6 tomatoes, of 1 lemon and the liquor from 1 dozen oysters. Carefully strain it; afterwards 1 tumblerful of chablis is added. The basting with this mixture must be continuous, and a little flour is added for browning. When the whole bird is well browned it is ready for dishing. Every scrap of fat is removed from the gravy, which is sent to table in a separate vessel, the turkey itself being surrounded with fried mushrooms and oysters.

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¶ *Cocked Hat Turnovers*

(Italy)

Mince a fat turkey and 1 lb. of loin of pork that have been slowly stewed together for 4 hours, and mix them with 5 oz. of grated breadcrumbs, soaked in stock or milk, 7 oz. Parmesan cheese, 2 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a little nutmeg. Make a paste with 6 eggs and 1 lb. of flour, roll it out thinly and cut it in discs. Place some of the turkey mixture on each disc, fold them over to make a half-circle, join the two extremities, close the edges well to prevent the filling coming out and cook them in chicken broth.

CHAPTER XIV

Salads

NEBUCHADNEZZAR was a reluctant salad-eater; the untravelled Scot refers to them as 'those uncooked greens'; the fleshless-foodfadder eats hot fried potatoes with them, oblivious of the effect upon his revolted companions; America makes whole meals of them, when chicken or meat is the main ingredient; France eats them oily and Germany vinegary; the English salad has been criticized as 'the infancy of mixed pickles'; and no American has dined if the meal has not included salad.

¶ *English Winter Salad*

Cut in dice cooked potato, carrot, and turnip, raw apple and celery; mix raw chopped onion with them, and add cream salad-dressing to taste.

¶ *English Summer Salad*

The 'green salad' is in England usually diversified by sliced tomato, beetroot, and hard-boiled eggs; spring onions are arranged all round the bowl, with two inches of their stems sticking upwards. These give the necessary flavour to the salad, while allowing onion lovers to add as much to their salad as they wish.

¶ *General Berthaut's Potato Salad* (*France*)

This apotheosis of the potato has little relation to the potato salad of every day. It is not to be lightly made, carelessly eaten, soon forgotten; nor will the weekly bills fail to register the passage of this comet across the domestic welkin.

Boil the potatoes in a little salt, while still hot cut them in slices and place them in layers in a bowl and between each two layers rounds of hard-boiled egg, pieces of anchovy, herring, shrimps, green beans, and olives. The evening before eating pour in enough good champagne to moisten it well and next day before serving it

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a small glass of brandy. Finally make a sauce of olive oil, lemon-juice, salt, pepper, and mustard.

¶ *Flemish Salad*

Soak in milk 2 Dutch herrings cut in pieces, 2 apples boiled and shredded, some cooked beetroot, potatoes, Brussels sprouts, and green onions, cut up, picked shrimps and chopped celery. Season with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt.

¶ *American Salads*

A country which has hot summers and no servants will, of course, invent salads. I have lost count of the number of American salads I have read of, and even the few I have eaten are too many to be remembered. They are among the daintiest and most varied of American dishes, though the European palate is recalcitrant to mayonnaise on wholly sweet fruit mixtures, and prefers the salads which have a little fruit to a good deal of vegetable. They are exquisitely served.

¶ *Flower Salads*

(Mrs. Barroll)

Among the dainty American ways of serving salads are the imitations of flowers. Chrysanthemum salad, for instance, is a hard-boiled egg, the white strips revealing the yellow centre, on shredded lettuce representing leaves.

Lily salad. Rings of white of egg on the end of lettuce-leaves, chopped beets, and the yellow put into the cornucopia made of the lettuce, salad-dressing.

Poppy. Cut beets from the stem upwards forming petals, gouge out the inner part, fill with yellow and white of egg, garnish with white lettuce.

Rose. Scald some tomatoes but do not skin. Remove a square plug from the centre and cut the edge of the square. Cut the skin and roll backwards, fill with salad-dressing. Place on lettuce-leaves

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with celery curled around. Sprinkle chopped pecans or almonds like pollen on top of the tomatoes.

Tulip. Cut hard-boiled eggs down the white curling outwards and expose the yolk, season with salt and pepper. Serve on shredded cabbage with dressing.

¶ *Jellied Salad*

(Oregon)

Dissolve a packet of powdered gelatine in water, cool it and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar, a cupful each of coconut and sliced celery, 3 apples sliced, and the strained juice of 3 lemons. See it aside in a cool place, stir it occasionally, and when it is beginning to set, divide it into wet moulds. Turn them out when firm and serve on crisp lettuce-leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

¶ *A New Cabbage Salad*

(Bermuda)

Shred some cabbage, choosing a sweet, white head, suitable for salad; blend it with plenty of coconut and some blanched and shredded almonds. Make a mayonnaise; add plenty of whipped cream and decorate with dashes of paprika. Silvered green sweet peppers may be used for decoration and can be eaten with the salad, if liked.

¶ *Date and Pear Salad*

(Florida)

Line the salad plates with lettuce-leaves. Mix a cupful of dates stoned and sliced with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of coconut, 2 large apples chopped and 2 cups of chopped pear; fill the plates, top them with dressing and a sprinkling of coconut.

¶ *Alligator Pear Salad*

(Hawaiian)

Peel some small tomatoes, slice them, lay rings of alligator pear and mayonnaise sauce on each, and a pearl onion.

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¶ *Pepper Salad*

(*Cuban*)

Mix equal parts of sliced potatoes, shredded cabbage, green pepper, a quart of corned beef cut in strips, with mayonnaise; serve it on lettuce with hard-boiled eggs.

¶ *Quince Salad or Sambal*

(*South Africa*)

Peel or pound in a marble mortar some slices of ripe quince, add some cut-up green chillies and salt to taste.

¶ *Gazpacho*

(*Spain*)

Peel and slice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cucumber and place it in salt water for an hour. Chop finely an onion, peel and mince 1 lb. of tomatoes and 2 green capsicums. Rub the salad-bowl with a clove of garlic and put in all the ingredients, taking care that the cucumber is drained of water. Mix a dressing of $2\frac{1}{2}$ parts of oil to 1 of vinegar and salt. Place the salad on ice for 20 minutes and serve it with sliced bread.

¶ *Oyster and Grape-Fruit Salad*

(*Boston Cooking School Recipe*)

Parboil $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints oysters, drain and cool them, remove tendons. Take pulp from 3 halved grape-fruits, and mix it with the cooled oysters; add 6 tablespoonfuls tomato ketchup, 4 of grape-fruit juice, 1 of Worcester sauce, 8 drops Tabasco, and a little salt. Fill the drained grape-fruit shells with the mixture, and garnish them with curled celery.

¶ *Spanish Salad*

Make a salad of 2 lettuces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pickled sun-fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. black olives, 2 hard-boiled eggs cut up, oil, and vinegar. Garnish with a small onion.

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¶ *Tomato Jelly Salad*

(Italy. Mrs. Ross's Recipe)

Boil 5 or 6 tomatoes till they are soft, with 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 of shallot, $\frac{1}{2}$ thyme, saltspoon of pepper, and a slice of onion, bay-leaf, and 3 cloves. Then add enough calves'-foot jelly or isinglass to set the tomato. Strain and pour into a mould and set on ice. If the jelly is in the shape of a ring, fill the centre with curled celery mixed with mayonnaise.

CHAPTER XV

Rice, Macaroni & Co.

NATURE made grain, and Man makes flour. Rice and the macaronis are first cousins, and though they do not inhabit the same pot they frequent the same table, from China to the two shores of the Atlantic. Their families—corn, maize, vermicelli, etc., are on similar terms of calm cousinship—no warm alliances, but contented occupancy of the same culinary territory.

RICE

Rice appeared above the European horizon as a rare delicacy in Greece three centuries B.C. It had just arrived from India, which had received it from China. Its percolation through the western world was steady, and when it was given an American home it had conquered the world quite literally from China to Peru. There is no civilized country which does not use the grain, which ranks second only to wheat; and all the other nations have admitted it to their folk customs in the most intimate occasions of life. A grain of rice must be given with bread and coal to the host at a house-warming; rice is given to a bride in candid Eastern countries, thrown after her in our less outspoken latitudes, as a wish that a large family may be hers.

Chinese cookery assumes rice as ours assumes salt. It is often used in a glutinous condition, the very opposite of the curry rice which has every grain dry, and separate. The three basic methods of cooking rice are the Chinese, the Indian, and the Creole; that is to say the glutinous, the dry, and the greasy. The last two are as Chinese as the first, but in to-day's cookery are associated with sufficient Indian and Creole dishes to make the generalization useful. Southeastern Europe uses almost as much rice as Asia. Italian, and particularly Venetian, cookery abounds with it in all forms, save the ground rice which appears in French cookery, and

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even more in English puddings and creams. A full collection of recipes for rice cooking would lead one round every coastline between the iceberg zones. There is room here only for a few characteristic methods.

¶ *Chinese Rice*

Soak it for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Then pour hot water over it till it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches covered; boil it $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, simmer it for 30.

Carolina rice must be longer cooked, and have a pinch of sugar with it.

¶ *Fried Rice (Creole)*

Parboil the rice, then let it swell and brown in plenty of oil or butter. The usual flavouring is chopped peppers fried with onions, but fried rice may be served in many ways.

¶ *Boiled Rice*

(West Africa. The Black Man's Recipe)

'Wash him well, much washee in cold water; rice flour make him stick. Water boil all ready, very fast. Shove him in; rice can't burn, water shake him too much. Boil quarter of an hour or little more. Rub one rice in thumb and finger; if all rub away, him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away. Pour cup of cold water on him, put back in saucepan, keep him covered near fire, then rice all ready. Eat him up.'

¶ *Beef Risotto*

(Recipe of the Restaurant Faletto, Nice)

Brown in butter some chopped onions with chopped beef and mushrooms. Add sufficient boiled rice for the number of persons. Mix in fresh tomatoes to taste and add some stock. Cook it slowly 15 to 20 minutes and serve it with butter and cheese.

¶ *Indian Rice*

(For Curry)

Everybody has a recipe for boiling rice, but as mine (like the

others) is undoubtedly the best, this book must have it. It is quite fool-proof, if the cook can be induced to look upon 12½ minutes as neither a joke nor a synonym for 'about' 10 or 'about' 15: 12½ is the magic time.

Into 4 quarts of boiling water throw a handful of salt. When it boils again dribble in ½ lb. of Patna rice that has been rubbed in a dry cloth but not washed. Keep it in violent ebullition for 12½ minutes. Tip it into the colander and turn the cold tap full on it for a couple of seconds. Drain it and put it on folded flannel in a baking-tin to heat and dry in the oven, turning it lightly with a fork.

¶ *Crab Risotto*

(Italy)

Fry chopped onions, garlic, carrot, celery, and parsley in oil, and when they are coloured, add the best meat of crabs. Moisten the mixture with tomato *purée*, and add a little hot water, enough to let the crab cook. When it is tender pour the liquor gradually on some frying rice, add the crab meat, and the vegetables in which it has been cooked, plus all the rest of the crabs pounded together. Sprinkle in some cheese.

¶ *Risotto*

Cut up 1 lb. of veal and brown it in butter with a little onion, carrot, celery, and chopped sausage, turning the meat often. Add tomato *purée* and a little flour, then some veal stock little by little, simmering very gently. Throw in some rice and when this is cooked put all in a deep dish with plenty of Parmesan and a little butter on top.

¶ *Yellow Rice, to be eaten with Roast Meat*

(South Africa)

Boil ½ pound of rice in 1 pint of water, ½ lb. raisins, a small teaspoonful of turmeric, ½ stick of cinnamon, and stir in 2 oz. each of butter and sugar.

¶ *Spanish Rice*

(Louisiana)

Cook $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ onion and 1 pimento cut fine with salt and pepper till the onion is tender and run it through the sieve. Thicken it with 2 tablespoonfuls of flour which has been creamed with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Pour it over a cupful of cooked rice and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of grated cheese. Lift it lightly with a fork to prevent breaking the rice grains, heat it until the cheese is melted and serve it as a vegetable entrée. A salad of green vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage, spinach or cucumbers is good to serve in the same meal.

¶ *Zurdu*

(East Indies)

Boil a pound of rice in a quart of broth until a small part of the centre of the grain alone remains hard, then strain it. Reserve a teacupful of the broth, and boil it with a little saffron; strain it, and pour the broth thus coloured upon the rice. Set it near, not on, the fire and stew it until the broth is absorbed by the rice.

¶ *Kentucky Rice Balls*

After washing $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. whole rice boil it in 1 pint of milk and 3 oz. sugar until all the milk is absorbed. Flavour it with lemon or vanilla and when quite cold shape it into balls, egg and bread-crumbs them and fry them in very hot butter until they are a golden brown. Drain them on kitchen paper and sprinkle castor sugar over them. For variety a little jam may be placed in the centre of the balls when shaping them.

¶ *Savoury Rice*

(England)

Substitute for potatoes. Put 2 tablespoonfuls of rice in a stone jar with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint good stock, 1 tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ tomato, 1 onion chopped finely, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bacon fat

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or dripping. Cover it with a perforated lid, set it in a slow oven for 2 hours till all the liquid is absorbed. It may be occasionally shaken, but never stirred. Every grain will be separate.

§ *Subrics of Rice*

(*France. Baron Brisse's Recipe*)

Scald 1 lb. rice, boil it in milk till it is fairly thick. When half cold add some butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheese, 2 yolks of eggs and seasoning. Pour a little oiled butter into a deep frying-pan, drop little cakes of rice into it and make them golden brown.

§ *Ricey Coco*

(*West Indian Breakfast Dish*)

Boil soft $\frac{1}{2}$ pint rice, add hot coconut cream, cinnamon, rose-water, and sugar.

THE MACARONI FAMILY

§ *Pastes*

Chaucer knew macaroni as macrow, but it did not conquer the English kitchen till the middle of the nineteenth century. In 1842 the esteemed Miss Acton wrote:

'Macaroni and other Italian pastes are not in much request save at the tables of the aristocracy, where they can be prepared by efficient cooks.'

In 1877 Kettner said that it was a wonder to see them so little used in England, adding that the most digestible form of bread and cheese is a savoury dish of macaroni. The last half-century has altered that, and increased our knowledge by the addition of the words spaghetti, vermicelli, and noodles; but the English are still as a nation utterly ignorant of the nomenclature of Italian pastes from Horses' Teeth to Rags or Ribbons, and of most of the ways of using them.

An Italian dish of spaghetti or macaroni is as much a whole meal as a *pot-au-feu*, for it is cooked with meat that is served as another course with vegetables. In England a cheese or tomato flavouring is the only one used. Both these ingredients are essential in Italy, but are only the beginning, not the end, of what can be done with the pastes. But they are never sweetened in Italy. And in the superlative degree of never, if there could be such a thing, are they soaked before cooking. That would be heresy. So is it heresy to cut them in short lengths, instead of leaving them to be skilfully rolled round the fork and inserted, by adept placing combined with suction, in the mouth. This heresy, however, is practised by the modern Italian factories, whose products, exported to the heathen foreigner who is not born to pastes, are also sold at home and help to corrupt the infant Italian into eating his *pasti* short.

Another sad innovation gladly welcomed by the Italians is the introduction of meat to ravioli. Ravioli are filled with meat in France and England and are indeed thought by both countries to be meaty by origin; but the true ravioli have only vegetable in their delicate walls of paste; the old guard admits no vegetable but spinach.

Ravioli were brought to Italy by Marco Polo from China, where they are still a standard dish, in their old name of *Chu Pao Pas*. Italian cookery owes much to China; the recipe for crab risotto might be Chinese but for the absence of pork fat and the presence of cheese.

Noodles or *nouilles* are used fairly often in France as a garnish with meat, but hardly any variety is applied to their cooking. France has never heard of Chow Mein, and the New Yorker in Paris may look in vain for a Chop Suey restaurant, with its teak tables, embroideries, silks, dancing-floor, all at moderate prices. The French have adopted, re-educated and tamed the wild noodle; the *nouille* is *une jeune fille bien élevée*—her complexion is one of boiled pallor. The crisp curls of the Chinese noodle, its intriguing habit of consorting with fish and dried mushroom and

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bamboo shoot and pork and crustaceans and chicken are quite unknown to her, as also its more domestic aspect as something that can be eaten fried and alone.

In Austrian cookery the pastes are nearly always rubbed through a sieve before the final cooking, if they are to be served as trimmings and not as an entrée.

However they are to be cooked, they ought to be freshly made. The difference between fresh *pasti* and those bought in boxes is so great that the visitor to Italy does not recognize the fairy-light pastes as the solid provender in France and England. If grocer-bought pastes only are available, cook them three times longer than is ordered in Italian recipes, where freshness is taken for granted.

ITALIAN SOUP DUMPLINGS

§ *Roman Little Hats*

(*Cappelletti*)

Pound white of chicken with its weight of curd, or half curd or half goat's milk cheese, and a fourth of the quantity of grated cheese; 2 yolks and 1 white of egg, a little nutmeg and other spices if liked, grated lemon-peel to taste. Mix all to a paste with flour, roll it out, fold it into little cocked hats, and it is ready to be dropped into the soup ten minutes before serving it.

§ *Pielets*

(*Tortellini*)

Pielets are smaller than 'little hats,' but quite as good—witness the ingredients. To a sheep's brain or half a calf's, have ½ lb. of minced loin of pork, 2 oz. of beef-marrow, the same of grated cheese, 3 yolks of eggs, and a little nutmeg. Blanch and skin the brain and mix it with the meat that has been browned in butter and chopped; then add the raw marrow and other ingredients, and mix them all well together. Roll out the paste, and cut it round the size of a half-crown.

¶ *Bologna Soup Dumplings*

Signor Artusi, who is to be well attended to, says that the Bolognese School—of cooking, this time—should be thankfully considered, because it merits consideration. It is to Italian ideas a little heavy, but very savoury. That is easily believed when one has tasted Bolognese soup; for the inhabitants of that region make their soups into banquets by dropping into them dumplings of ham and Bologna sausage with more than their weight in marrow, its weight in grated cheese, a dash of nutmeg; and no salt or pepper, for reasons well understood by those who have had dealings with the ham and the sausage, untamed, of Bologna.

N.B. All these dumplings should be cooked for 10 minutes if freshly made in the house; at least 30 if bought.

¶ *Maccheroni dei Cavalleggieri*

(*Tuscany*)

There are as many ways of preparing macaroni as there are things in which it is eaten. Compare the Neapolitan with the Livornese and Sicilian methods described in *La Nuova Cucina delle specialità Regionale*.

At Leghorn, in the splendid Avenue Margherite on the sea-shore, by the Royal Baths Pancaldi and Eden, there has existed for many years an inn, called Cavalleggieri, because in that locality there was once the barracks of the cavalry, belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. This inn was celebrated for its macaroni, which is truly delicious and can be eaten only there. This secret recipe was the delight of all the Livornese gourmets, and of all the strangers and foreigners who visited the town.

It is said that the macaroni is cooked in sea-water, and that it is flavoured with almonds, curd, oil, nuts, and walnuts. The fact is that the method of cooking this dish has always remained an impenetrable secret like that of the Indian Trimuti, and that many cooks boast of having the secret, but what they possess is a beautiful nothing!

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Above all it is necessary to prepare a special sauce which must be kept in a pot apart, the whole winter. Take about 1 lb. of fat from the sides of 1 or 2 capons, chop it with 10 walnuts. Cook them and pass them through the sieve. Take 1 lb. of butter, melt and add it to this mixture, stirring until it is cold. Mix this sauce with macaroni as required. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese over it.

¶ *Macaroni and Meat*

(*Tuscany*)

The Bolognese use for this dish the macaroni which is called *denti di cavallo* (horses' teeth). Fry brown in butter 1 lb. of fillet of veal, an onion and a carrot, and 2 oz. of dried meat all chopped; add a little flour, then pour over it about a pint of broth. Add a piece of chopped-up liver, and truffles.

Boil the macaroni, and pour over it the above mixture, mixing well.

¶ *Macaroni al Sugo*

(*Sicily*)

This dish is served in most Sicilian families daily, and, since 1860, has been adopted in all Italian Provinces, except at Naples and at Rome, where they look upon it as a dish only to be served on special occasions.

First chop up onion, put it on the fire with a little water, and stir until it becomes like cream. This is kept in pots and used as required, adding a little lard.

In Sicily lard is used often instead of oil; butter seldom.

The meat should be beef or veal. Take a good thick lean slice, sprinkle it over with pepper and salt and place on it a piece of ham. Roll it up and tie it with string. Add a little salt and pepper. Fry together the meat and the cream of onion, then pour over it white or red wine. When the smell that arises has gone off, add a little tomato *purée* dissolved in water. Cover the meat with water and cook it slowly.

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Grate some cheese. In Sicily they use a cheese called *cacio cavallo*, but Parmesan will do. Cut up and fry some egg-plant.

Cook the macaroni (any kind will do) in salted water or stock, throw in small soup dumplings, mince half the meat that has been cooking, put everything in a very large pot. The traditional method is first the macaroni, then the cheese, the minced meat, the rolled meat, the gravy and the egg-plant, lastly pepper and salt. It is the custom to drink water after the macaroni and not wine. There is a saying that if you would be well and live long, drink water after the macaroni.

§ *Traditional Neapolitan Macaroni*

(*Pulcinella*)

Break tomatoes into pieces with the hand, and boil them with a few finely-chopped onions. Pass it all through a sieve. Boil about 1 quart of oil with 2 lb. of tomatoes till reduced to half, and combine the above with it. Cook the macaroni in salted water, pour over it the above sauce and sprinkle over it Parmesan cheese.

§ *Italian Macaroni*

Brown 1 lb. of veal in butter with a little onion, carrot, celery, and chopped sausage, turning the meat often. Add tomato *purée* and a little flour, then some veal stock little by little; simmer it very gently. Put the veal on one side and leave the sauce on the fire with *funghi* swelled in hot water.

Cook a cabbage in salted water, drop macaroni in at full ebullition, drain it and put it with the cut-up cabbage and the sauce in a deep dish with plenty of Parmesan and a little butter and serve at once.

The veal is served separately with vegetables. Peas and potatoes may be added to the meat if liked, or a few sliced anchovies.

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¶ *Macaroni with Cauliflower*

(*Sicily*)

Parboil a cauliflower, cut it in pieces and fry it. Boil the macaroni in salted water, drain it; pour over it the oil in which the cauliflower has been cooked. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Pour the remaining oil into a baking-tin, sprinkle with grated cheese. Put a layer of cauliflower alternately with a layer of cheese and bake it.

¶ *A Russian Timbale of Macaroni*

This dish provides a curious blend of the South and the North.

Half fill a mould, which has been well buttered and lined with breadcrumbs, with 1½ lb. cooked macaroni seasoned with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and grated cheese. Make a resting-place in the middle for ½ dozen slices of smoked salmon steeped in tomato *purée*. Then fill in the mould with macaroni, moisten it with tomato *purée* diluted with milk, press it well down, and bake or steam it for 20 minutes before turning it out.

¶ *Spaghetti and Macaroni*

(*English*)

Cook the paste by dribbling it into salted boiling water. The time varies from 5 to 30 minutes according to the freshness and size of the paste.

Put it in a buttered pie-dish, pour Ligurian tomato soup (p. 345) over it, sprinkle it freely with grated cheese, brown breadcrumbs, and more cheese. Place dots of butter over the surface, and bake it 10 minutes in a quick oven if it is already hot; 30 minutes in a moderate one if it is cool.

¶ *Tuscan Spaghetti*

Mix cooked spaghetti with chopped chicken liver, chopped pimento, plenty of grated cheese, and a spoonful of tomato *purée*. Serve separately grated cheese and plenty of sauce made of grilled fresh tomatoes, or tomato *purée*, poured over frying onion.

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¶ *Macaroni with Sardines*

(Sicily)

Take 1 lb. fresh sardines, split, behead and bone them, flour and fry them. Chop up finely $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fresh fennel.

Cook 1 lb. macaroni (the long kind) in salted water. Drain well.

Dissolve 6 anchovies in boiling oil. Cook the fennel in it for 10 minutes with tomato-juice.

Heap up alternately macaroni and fennel in a fireproof dish and bake it a few minutes.

¶ *Rags or Ribbons*

(Italy)

Make a paste with 10 oz. of flour and 2 eggs, $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sugar, a piece of dripping the size of a walnut, adding a little white wine. Knead well and roll out very thinly. Cut into pieces the size of a hand. Cut each piece into three strips and interlace one strip with another. Fry the cenci (rags) in deep fat, one at a time. When brown, take out and sprinkle with sugar.

¶ *Bologna Macaroni*

Cut up 6 oz. of fillet of veal. Make a mixture of 2 oz. of dried meat, 2 oz. of chopped onions, carrots, a small piece of celery, and cook over the fire with butter, pepper, and salt. When the meat begins to brown, sprinkle over it a little flour and pour over it a small quantity of broth (about a pint). Pour over it above mixture and serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

¶ *Macaroni Pie*

(Italian)

Make the pastry with $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, 6 oz. of sugar, 4 oz. of butter, 2 oz. of dripping, 2 whites of eggs, a little water and the grated rind of a lemon. Mix and knead well. Put the dough on one side for about two hours.

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Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Neapolitan macaroni (larger than the Genoese) in salted water. When cooked, dip it in a sauce of fried onion, butter, and stock. Cook in stock, after having scalded it, a calf's brain, or 2 sheep's brains, 2 oz. of truffles and the chopped-up liver and giblets of 2 chickens.

Then make a white sauce to which add 1 pint of whipped cream, stir in 3 oz. of Parmesan cheese, grated, and a little grated nutmeg. Combine all the ingredients.

Line a buttered copper pan with the pastry, put some of the macaroni into it and cover it with the white sauce and the other ingredients alternately. Continue to heap up macaroni, sauce, and ingredients. Cover it with pastry and bake in a moderate oven.

¶ *Mexican Macaroni*

Brown 2 pork chops in lard, add 1 pint of tomatoes, 1 green pepper chopped, 1 onion, salt. Stew till the meat is in rags. Put through a coarse sieve. Cook macaroni in salt and water and pour the sauce over it.

¶ *Ravioli*

(*Alassio*)

Mince up meat very finely; boil spinach and pass it through a sieve; add salt and pepper, a very little nutmeg, an egg for every person and a little milk. Mix all well together.

Make a paste with flour and water. Cut out oblong pieces, put some mixture in each, fold it up, press the edges firmly together. Cook in a large saucepan in boiling water. Drain and pour over them some meat-juice. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

¶ *Spinach 'Ravoli alla Fiorentina'*

Cook 8 bunches of spinach in salted boiling water and then put it into cold water. Dry it well and chop very finely. Mix in the saucepan with 4 oz. butter, 8 oz. fresh curds, out of which the water has been pressed, 2 tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, 3 yolks of eggs. When cold make into small balls, filled with spinach,

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flour, and throw them into boiling water. As they rise remove with a strainer and pour melted butter over them and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

§ *Roman Ravioli*

Take 6 oz. of curd, 4 oz. of flour, 3 oz. of grated cheese, an egg, and 1 yolk and a little salt. Make a paste of it, and turn it out on the pastry board and make forms in the shape of a cylinder, cutting them in equal lengths. Boil them for 2 or 3 minutes in salted water. Sprinkle cheese over them or strong beef-tea.

§ *Genoese Ravioli*

Fry together with butter half the breast of a chicken, a sheep's brain, a sweetbread, and a chicken liver. When brown, pour over a little meat-juice or strong beef-tea. Then chop up all finely and add a little fat ham, boiled spinach, which has been passed through the sieve, nutmeg, and 2 yolks of eggs. Make a paste with 1 egg and flour, roll it, cut in rounds, about 3 inches in diameter, fold them over as much of the mixture as they will hold. Cook them in stock. Sprinkle grated cheese over them.

§ *Gnocchi Ferrara Fashion*

(Italy)

Put 2 lb. grated breadcrumbs into boiling water slightly salted, so as to make a soft pap; add flour to form a rather soft paste, sprinkling it with more flour. Pull out the paste in the form of macaroni, to the thickness of a finger. Cut it into pieces about 1½ inches long, and draw them one by one along the wrong side of the grater, flatten them a little with the hand so that they take the impression of the holes of the grater, then throw them into boiling water, move them about gently while cooking, and when they float, take them out, put butter and grated cheese over them and serve.

These two dishes Cappelletti (little hats) and Tortelletti are

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eaten in Bologna and Romagna usually at the festivals of Christmas, New Year, and Carnival.

§ *Tagliatelli*

(*Little Strips*)

This soup is typical of Bologna and Romagna.

Place on a pastry-board a heap of flour, make a hole and break 1 or 2 eggs into it.

Allow 7 oz. of flour to each egg, add a little tepid salt water, beat eggs and water together, pour this little by little on the flour. Knead well and roll out thinly; leave for half an hour. Then cut into long narrow strips transversely long or short as you like. Cook in boiling water a little, and serve.

For the sauce, proceed as follows: Make a mixture of garlic and parsley, put on the fire a fair quantity of oil; just as the garlic begins to brown, throw in 6 or 7 tomatoes, cut up into little pieces; add a little salt.

When cooked, drain the sauce, add some Parmesan cheese. Pour it over the strips.

OTHER CEREALS

§ *Savoury Maize Balls*

(*Germany*)

Put about 3 gills of milk to boil with 4 oz. of butter, and as the milk rises stir quickly into it 6 oz. maize flour; continue stirring the paste over the fire until it leaves the sides of the stew-pan. Remove it from the fire, knead into it 3 eggs, grated nutmeg, pepper and salt, a little sugar and some chopped parsley. Drop small spoonfuls into boiling milk for 10 minutes; drain them, roll them lightly in fine breadcrumbs, fry them light brown. They are served with grated Gruyère cheese, cinnamon sugar, or different sorts of preserve according to taste.

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¶ *Italian Semolina Dumplings*

(*Dolce di Semola*)

Add to boiling sweetened milk, little by little, enough semolina to make a soft paste, and some raisins. When nearly cold mix in a beaten egg. Form it into balls about the size of a walnut. Fry them in butter and sprinkle sugar over them.

¶ *Roman Gnocchi*

Bring a quart of salted milk to the boil. Throw in sufficient semolina to make a soft paste, stirring all the time. Turn it on to a marble slab, spread it out flat to the thickness of a finger; let it get cold and then with a glass cut out small rounds. Place them in a fireproof dish, with dabs of butter and a sprinkling of Parmesan cheese and bake until brown. Serve hot.

¶ *Maize Croquettes*

(*Italy*)

Scald with boiling water 2 lb. of maize flour with a little salt and make rather a solid paste. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter or 6 oz. dripping, 4 oz. raisins, 6 oz. of pine kernels and a few rusks, all chopped up very finely, 2 oz. of sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon. Knead well and form rather large croquettes. Roll them in white flour and fry them.

¶ *Corn Chowder*

(*Kentucky*)

Boil $\frac{3}{4}$ hour $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of cobbled corn and finely-diced celery, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tomatoes in 1 quart of water. Rub together 3 tablespoonfuls of flour and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, mix them in milk and add to the vegetables. Add salt and pepper to taste, then $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each of finely-chopped pimentos and cheese. When the cheese is melted serve at once, with a few split oyster biscuits floating on the top.

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¶ *American Corn Oysters*

Take 8 ears of sweet corn, grated; 1 pint of milk, 3 eggs well beaten, salt and pepper, flour enough to make a batter. Put a teaspoonful of butter into a frying-pan, and drop the mixture into the hot butter, a spoonful at a time; turn it on both sides. Serve it hot for breakfast, or as a side dish for dinner.

¶ *Sweet Corn Fritters*

Cut young sweet corn from the cob, and to each pint add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of flour, 1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill cream, and salt. Mix it well and drop it in spoonfuls to fry in boiling fat.

¶ *Hominy*

Hominy as a breakfast food, or as a substitute for potatoes with meat, is a settled and widespread favourite in the United States. A good hominy mush would prove to the most porridge-ridden Scot that the great world has something to teach him; left-over mush packed into boxes overnight, thinly sliced and fried (very slowly if wanted for eating cold and crisp), is a queen of fritters; and hominy dry mush, cooked slowly in a little milk and then enriched with egg, butter and seasoning, and baked 1 hour is a meal for princes. The Cooks' Bible of the United States, the *Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* (ten O's in twenty-seven letters, and all of admiration), gives an amusing recipe for

¶ *Hominy and Horse-Radish Croquettes*

Steam hominy in twice its bulk of water, till the latter is absorbed; then add three times its bulk of milk and steam it till it is thoroughly tender. Season it with grated horse-radish and salt; add a good lump of butter, stir it well. Let it cool, form it into croquettes, roll them in egg and breadcrumb and fry them.

¶ *Indian Dhall Falooree*

Sift 2 lb. pounded dhall into a large pan. Mix gradually 4 or 5 large onions chopped, 6 large hot green chillies, very finely

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sliced; 1 teaspoonful of ground green or desiccated ginger, 1 table-spoonful each of finely-chopped herbs and parsley, 1 dessertspoonful of salt. Add water, till when poured on a plate from a spoon it will make a pyramid.

In a saucepan fry $\frac{1}{2}$ sliced lemon in mustard oil. Pour in the dhall mixture, a tablespoonful at a time, and fry them, adding more oil as required.

¶ *Soft Immortal Food*

(*China*)

Cut 12 pieces beancake into four, soak 2 cupfuls of dried mushrooms, 4 oz. Chinese vermicelli for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in water. Cut the vermicelli into pieces, cook all in cold water for 1 hour. Put in plenty of oil and red cheese. Add Chinese gravy.

CHAPTER XVI

Sandwiches

SANDWICHES are among the human inventions which seem to be inherently natural; there can never have been a time when man, if he had bread and meat, did not make himself a sandwich of them automatically and as in response to instinct. The great gamester whose name has been tacked on to sandwiches was merely a sponsor to an adult pagan who had never been christened. It is true that the slits in screwheads seem as natural, but then screws themselves are very young in the world's history; bread and meat are very old, and the convenience of sandwiches for travelling must inevitably have led to their invention in the nomad years when mankind never went for a picnic because it was already living at one.

Much has been said and written, and even more has been thought, about the railway-station sandwich. It is the great-uncle of the family, cross-grained and dull, but useful in an emergency. It seldom tastes of anything but beef, even when it is made with ham; and there is no anchovy in the world so thirst-producing. It is difficult to believe that it was the ancestor of the 1929 model sandwich.

We owe to the United States the emancipation of this form of food from the dowdy utilitarianism of its forebears. It is now as good to look at and as exciting to explore as if it had never known a day when ham, beef, chicken, egg, and fish-paste exhausted the imagination of the sandwich-maker, and even slices of cheese were almost daringly original.

The hot Club sandwich and the iced sandwich are the two peaks of the new discoveries. Between them one can only pick out one or two of the unnumbered multitudes.

¶ *Hot Sandwiches* (*New England*)

Cook chicken liver and put it through the finest mincer; season

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it and add tomato sauce. Stir it over the fire till it is a thick cream; spread it between buttered slices of toasted wholemeal bread and serve it hot.

¶ *Oyster Sandwich*

(*Chesapeake Bay*)

Fry slices of bread, butter them, sprinkle them with chopped shallot, cover them with oysters drained and seasoned, then with very thin bacon. Powder them with browned breadcrumbs, put a dot of butter here and there and place them in a hot oven till the bacon is crisply done.

¶ *Fried Sandwiches*

(*U.S.A.*)

Make bread sandwiches with any preferred filling, press them together at the edges; dip them in egg and breadcrumb, and fry them.

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¶ *Chinese Sandwiches*

This is an American favourite. Make a mixture of cream cheese, chopped nuts, and chopped Spanish olives. Spread this on buttered slices of rye bread or brown bread.

¶ *Apple and Celery Sandwiches*

(*U.S.A.*)

Peel, core and chop 2 apples, wash and chop 4 sticks of celery, and mix them with 2 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise sauce and spread on thin brown bread and butter.

¶ *Minced Beef Sandwiches*

(*U.S.A.*)

Mix 4 tablespoonfuls of beef which has been put through a mincing-machine with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of chopped pickles, season well, add

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1 dessertspoonful of tomato sauce. Spread some slices of bread with very good beef dripping (especially the brown gravy part), sprinkle with salt and pepper, put a layer of the mixture on one piece, press another on top and cut into neat shapes.

¶ *Soho Cocktail Sandwiches*

Toast on one side only very thin slices of white bread. Butter the untoasted side, and spread over it a paste made of powdered Parmesan and Italian vermouth. Put two pieces together, or cover the paste with crisp salted potato chips. The cheese must be in actual powder—grated Gruyère will not do.

¶ *Wast*

(An Arab Recipe)

Wast is a kind of sandwich eaten as an appetizer. Cut the crusts from a couple of slices of bread and spread them with chicken meat. Pour round the sandwich some grape syrup, sprinkle the top with almonds and nut kernels, cheese and olives, sprigs of mint, tarragon, and rings of hard-boiled egg. Add salt and then cut the whole in slices, which are eaten with oil.

CHAPTER XVII

Sauces

MAN has invented about twenty sauces for every animal, bird, or fish within his reach. His dread of monotony is so great that he has explored the adventurous world of spices and herbs to its furthest regions, and a really devout sauce-hound could write a book about sauces with almost as much reverent joy as is shown by those who approach the great subject of Wine.

The main features of the sauce world are well known. Melted butter reigns in England (with Worcestershire upon half its throne), *Béchamel* in France, tomato in Italy, and so round the world to soy in China. The great sauces have been described in a thousand cookery books; one can here only pick out a few of their quirkish cousins, with a word or two for the rather misunderstood Espagnole.

§ *Sauce Espagnole*

This distinguished member of the Mothers' Union known in France as *Les Sauces Mères* has very little regional about it save its name. It was a part of French cookery at the end of the seventeenth century and was known in England almost as early. Beauvilliers gives a typically elaborate recipe for it, which pleased Dumas better than it would suit post-war purses and kitchenettes; for it begins with enough veal and bacon to furnish a family dinner, and takes in its stride a moistening with *consommé* (no mere stock) in which have been cooked 'a sufficient quantity (*sic*) of partridges, rabbits, or chickens,' absorbing Madeira, Champagne, or Burgundy, to end after all as a mere foundation and that only for one of 'the little sauces.'

These intensive culture methods have long been left to the cooks of a few millionaires – it is doubtful if any king could afford them – and to the enterprising public benefactors who have changed the proverbial content of a teacup from a storm to an ox.

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I suppose that meat extract did exist in the days of Beauvilliers, but the honoured names of its producers would undoubtedly have seemed to him those of criminals guilty of deeds that could only be whispered in darkness. To this day the French cook in the average small household takes endless time and pains to produce from a quart of this and a pound of that a sauceboatful of delicious liquid. If she ever uses meat extract she probably includes the action in her next confession; it would seem to her just like the British, untrustworthy creatures at best, if she were told that the foundation of many an English soup and gravy came from the cow or calf via a factory.

The Espagnole or gravy sauce most in use in France and England to-day has been simplified out of all the knowledge Beauvilliers had.

§ *Ordinary Espagnole Sauce*

Put into a thick saucepan with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. dissolved butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lean, raw ham, a mixture of herbs to taste, a bay-leaf, a few cloves, peppercorns, and soup vegetables. Shake the pan for 10 minutes over the fire, then add 1 quart of veal stock strong enough to jelly when cold; or add a knuckle of veal and some water. Let it all stew gently for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Thicken it lightly after straining and skimming it. It is then ready for finishing touches according to the dish it is to accompany.

§ *Wine Espagnole*

Madeira, Burgundy, and Champagne were the favourite additions to the sauce in its great days, used in equal proportions with the stock and introduced at the same time if only enough were being made for the day. Otherwise Espagnole was made without them, and the wine was gently simmered with the requisite quantity of it for immediate use.

§ *Sauce Hachée*

Cook equal quantities of chopped shallots and mushrooms, and a little chopped parsley, in three times their quantity of Espagnole,

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as much stock, as much or a little less vinegar, and a pinch of mignonette pepper. When it boils, skim the fat off, and add as much of chopped gherkin and of chopped capers as there was of shallot. These must not boil. Add anchovy butter to taste, and strain the sauce.

¶ *Sauce Mornay*

De Mornay was a friend of Henri IV. Friends of kings have to enjoy the pastimes of their masters; and de Mornay, who was the Pope of the Huguenots' because he wrote and issued Henri's Protestant manifestos, thought it well to take a lively interest in the King's lighter moments. Henri IV, if he did not want all his subjects to have three acres and a cow, wanted them at least to have a fowl and a pot and a fire every Sunday. De Mornay turned his mind to cookery, and left us the best cheese sauce in the world. It is used with all vegetables and fruits, and I have met with it on red meat—in Paris too—to the detriment of both. But it is the predestined bridegroom of filleted sole.

Make a white sauce with some fish stock, to which add some cream. At the last moment add a pinch of cayenne and a handful of grated Gruyère and Parmesan cheese in equal quantities. This sauce should be kept fairly thick. Brown it under the grill, and pour it over the dish it adorns.

¶ *Hungarian Sauce for All Meats*

Fry 1 lb. chopped onions in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of fine fat (butter, beef-kidney fat, clarified lard, etc.). Stir them over a brisk heat till they are brown. Add a large pinch of paprika, a glass of white wine, 1 pint of strong thickened stock or Spanish sauce, and 1 pint of sour cream. Bring it to the boil, and leave it to keep hot till wanted.

This sauce can be varied in any number of ways. The cream *motif* can be embroidered, the onions mitigated or emphasized. Fresh or preserved tomato may be added. I suggest grilled slices of slightly under-ripe skinned tomatoes, crushed up, as a variation.

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¶ *Walnut Sauce for Stew*

(*Flemish*)

Mix 1 tablespoonful of flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or gravy and boil it till the flour is quite cooked. Break up 2 or 3 pickled walnuts in 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of walnut vinegar and add them to the sauce. Pour it over the stew about 10 minutes before dishing it.

¶ *Cumberland Sauce for Grilled Ham*

Take a small pot of red-currant jelly, add the grated peel of an orange, and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Place it in a *bain-marie* and heat it thoroughly. Add some good stock, thickened, and strain it.

¶ *German Sauce for Puddings*

Whisk 2 yolks of egg with 1 dessertspoonful of sugar and a wine-glass of sherry in a saucepan over a slow fire until the sauce becomes a thick froth. The sauce must not boil.

¶ *Claret Sauce for Ice Cream*

(*Flemish*)

Stir a cupful of sugar in half a cupful of water until the sugar dissolves. Then cover and let it boil 2 or 3 minutes. Then uncover and let it boil 2 or 3 minutes, then let it cool. When ready to serve, add one-third of a cupful of claret. Pour one-third of a cupful of brandy or sherry over a cup of sultana raisins and allow them to stand overnight. Beat one cup of heavy cream until it is firm. When the dessert is ready to serve place in a long-stemmed glass a large spoonful of the claret syrup, then a large spoonful of the ice cream. Make a little depression in the centre, and place therein a few of the raisins. Then add a little more ice cream, place a spoonful of the whipped cream on top and pour over it a second spoonful of the sauce. Strawberry, raspberry, or grape-juice may be used in place of the claret. In this case the red may be intensified with a little cochineal.

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¶ *The Old English Sauce for Venison*

Boil in water for a few minutes 1 oz. currants; add 3 tablespoonfuls of grated bread, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, 4 cloves and a glass of port wine; stir it till it boils and serve it hot.

¶ *Sauce for the Devil*

(England)

Mix 3 tablespoonfuls of gravy, 1 of melted butter, and 1 of lemon-juice; a large wineglassful of port wine; of mustard, chilli vinegar, Harvey's sauce and mushroom ketchup a teaspoonful each; a little cayenne and black pepper.

¶ *Pope's Sauce*

(Italy)

This sauce does not take its name from the Vatican, it is only so called because it is so good.

Take a handful of capers and sprinkle them with vinegar, the same quantity of sweet olives, take out the stones, and chop the capers and the olives together. Fry an onion, add a little water, the capers and olives, a little flour and butter and a drop or two of vinegar. Dissolve in it an anchovy.

¶ *Anchovy Sauce for Beef*

(La Vendée)

Soak the anchovies in cold water for 1 hour; bone and chop them, sprinkle them with flour and fry them. Add stock, and gherkins cut in dice, pepper, and nutmeg. Let it simmer gently, and before serving add capers.

¶ *Cold Sauce for Boar's Head or Brawn*

(German)

A tablespoonful of Dijon mustard, 3 tablespoonfuls of salad oil, 12 of raspberry vinegar, 1 of castor sugar, 3 of red-currant jelly, 4 of powdered horse-radish, black pepper and salt, all to be

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thoroughly mixed, and set aside for 2 hours, well covered. Before serving add 2 tablespoonfuls of thick, sour cream.

¶ *A Great Sauce for Wild Duck* (England)

Mix together 3 dessertspoonfuls of port, 2 of Harvey's sauce, one each of mushroom ketchup, powdered sugar, and lemon-juice, a large pinch of salt and a small one of cayenne. Pour this, slowly heated, over the sliced bird. That was the original version; many will like to add the skimmed gravy of the duck to the sauce.

¶ *Japanese Salad-Dressing*

Beat the yolks of eggs with oil, salt, paprika, then with whipped cream and lemon-juice.

¶ *Indian Recipe for Curry Sauce*

Fry without browning for about 20 minutes a sliced onion and apple in 2 oz. butter or dripping and 2 dessertspoonfuls of curry powder. Mix in smoothly 2 dessertspoonfuls of flour. Simmer for 20 minutes. Lastly add the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Chutney and red-currant jelly may be added if liked.

¶ *The Origin of Worcester Sauce*

About a century ago, Mrs. Grey, a novelist visiting Ombersley Court, and Lady Sandys, wished to get some good curry powder. Mrs. Grey said she had a recipe brought from India by her uncle, Sir Charles, Chief Justice of India. Lea & Perrins, chemists in Worcester, were asked to make up the powder and said they would do their best. They sent the powder along, and then some one in the house thought that made up in liquid it would make a good sauce. This was done, with the results we know.

Recipe:

White vinegar	15 gallons
Walnut and mushroom ketchup	10 "
Madeira Wine	5 "

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Table salt	25 lb.
Canton soy	4 gallons
Allspice and coriander, each	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Mace and cinnamon, each	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Asafœtida	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Dissolved in brandy	1 gallon

Boil 20 lb. hog's liver for 12 hours with 10 gallons water, frequently renewing the water. Chop up the liver, work well with the water. Strain and mix with the other ingredients.

It is a pleasing little history, and if a few more of the ingredients were used in the sauce, or if it tasted at all like any curry powder, instead of having a flavour as different as it is distinctive, one would be better able to believe it. But many thanks to Sir Charles Grey all the same.

§ *Sauce for Pork Chops*

(*China*)

Put water into the pan in which the chops have been cooked, thicken it with flour and sugar, twice as much sugar as flour. Add a very little ginger-juice, vinegar and salt to taste.

§ *Hereford Cider Sauce*

(*For Meat*)

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cider with $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of thick brown sauce, add salt, pepper, a bay-leaf and 2 cloves. Stir and simmer steadily until the sauce is reduced to the right consistency. Strain and serve.

§ *Cucumber Sauce*

(*Kentucky. For Meats or Fish*)

This is delicious and refreshing, especially for cold meals, in hot weather.

To each heaped tablespoonful of grated peeled cucumber add 1 tablespoonful of olive oil, 1 of vinegar or lemon-juice, salt, cayenne. Mix thoroughly and keep on ice.

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¶ *Creole Sauce*

(*For Rechauffés*)

Chop equal quantities of onion and green pepper, and half-cook them in plenty of butter. Add flour, stock, tomato-juice, rather strong seasoning, a little nutmeg, and horse-radish dissolved in cream, sufficient to make the sauce thick and smooth. Add the fish or meat, cut in dice, and serve it with fried rice.

CHAPTER XVIII

Savouries

THE English are alone in their devotion to savouries, or rather, in their eating of them at the end of a meal. The dishes exist on the Continent as *petites entrées* or *crostini*, but the wine-growing countries like to finish the meal with sweet wine and sweet meats. Heavy wines, laced with brandy, such as are drunk in England, can support highly seasoned dishes, but the grape countries like a sugar-course in the glass as well as on the plate.

Most savouries are of cheese, and a good few of mushrooms. The Welsh rarebit is the savoury *par excellence*, and the whole gamut of toasts runs it a good second—mushrooms, soft roes, anchovy paste, and so forth, with angels on horseback in a place of honour by itself.

Other good savouries are to be found among the cheese recipes and hors-d'œuvre.

¶ *Semolina Kabobs*

Tiny cakes of semolina crust and slices of Gruyère alternately on a skewer, egg and breadcrumbed and fried, are among them.

Those in search of further variety will find plenty among the *crostini* of North Italy. Chicken liver and anchovy toast, with a spoonful of mushroom ketchup and a dash of red pepper, is a typical example of them. A few have a curious mingling of sweet with the seasoning, which is very pleasant. An example is:—

¶ *Fried Bread with Raisins*

(*Italian*)

Remove the crusts from slices of fried bread and lay them in a dish with 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins and 2 of grated Parmesan, some chopped raw ham, a leaf of chopped sage, a tablespoonful of granulated sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and pour it over the slices of fried bread.

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¶ *Fondant au Kacha*

(*Black Wheat*)

Mix with a little water 4 oz. flour, 2 oz. pounded and cooked buckwheat, 4 oz. butter, 5 oz. grated Cheshire cheese, salt and cayenne. Cut the paste up into rounds the size of a five-shilling piece, and after cooking them stick two together with a mixture of 6 yolks of egg, a little cream, salt and cayenne, which should be made like hollandaise sauce by adding 5 oz. butter to 5 oz. of grated cheese.

¶ *Délices Printanières*

Scrape out a good Camembert and pass it through a sieve, add to it a third of its bulk in butter, 2 spoonfuls of flour and 1 of rice-flour, salt, and cayenne. Mix it all together with a little milk, or a little cream. Cook it till it becomes a thick paste, then pour it on to a marble slab to cool. Shape it into plovers' eggs, egg and breadcrumb them twice, and fry them. Serve them in a basket or on a serviette.

¶ *Langues Algériennes*

(*The Balkans*)

Skin some aubergines, cut them lengthwise in slices, flour and fry them in oil, then drain them. Mix 4 yolks of egg, salt, cayenne, a spoonful of thick cream and grated cheese, cook this sauce, then use it to stick two slices together, dip them in frying batter and fry them in very hot oil.

¶ *Subrics Miss Paulette*

Take some cooked brains and cooked goose liver, place in a saucepan 4 oz. flour, 2 beaten eggs, 2 spoonfuls of thick cream, salt, cayenne, 4 oz. grated Parmesan; mix all these together, adding 6 oz. *foie gras* cut in dice and the same quantity of brains; then fry a spoonful at a time in a little hot clarified butter.

¶ *Petites Tomates à la Monégasque*

Prepare some small tomatoes, season them and fry them in

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butter, then press them into artichokes which have been previously cooked in butter; place on top of each tomato a spoonful of tomato *purée* flavoured with tarragon.

§ *Canapé à la Reine*

Prepare some rounds of bread and spread them with *foie gras*, then with a forcing-bag put on each some white jelly glaze. Have ready a *purée* of yolks of egg cooked with *foie gras* and a little butter, and paprika, place a little on the jelly to imitate the yolk of an egg, and cover with jelly.

§ *Croustillon*

Place small dice of Gruyère on toast, with toasted nuts, minced ham, sweet paprika and some *Béchamel*. Heat all in the oven.

§ *Liver and Anchovy Toast*

(*Genoa*)

Cook two chicken livers in butter, and when they are crisp pour over them a little broth, add pepper; chop up the livers with an anchovy. Put it all back in the saucepan and let it boil. Pour it on buttered toast or fried bread, sprinkle it with breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan, and leave it in the oven a few minutes before serving.

§ *North Italian Pissaladiera*

(*Hot Hors-d'Œuvre*)

This is a specialty of Naples, nearly as famous as its macaroni. In Naples nearly all the small inns or small refreshment shops, and also many cafés, are called 'Pizzeria' because they sell 'the Pizze.' Provence would not own it. (See p. 127.)

The following is the method: Make dough as if for bread. Knead it well with oil and a little salt for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Pour oil into a pan and lay in the dough; put on the top 3 or 4 anchovies, a slice of cheese, some pieces of tomato, ornament as you like, and bake in the oven.

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¶ *Chocho Savoury*

(*West Indies*)

Cut two boiled chochos into fingers, put on anchovy toast and pour very hot coconut cream over the whole. Serve very hot.

¶ *Savoury Bocconcini*

(*Modena*)

Cut thick slices of bread about two inches thick, put a slice of ham, truffles, and cheese. Cover with another slice of bread. Pour cold milk over them, paint over them white of egg.

¶ *Little Crusts with Capers*

(*One of the sweet-sharp mixtures of Italy – with less sweet ingredients it is delicious*)

Cook together a heaped-up tablespoonful of flour and 2 of sugar, and when the mixture is light brown, pour over it half a glass of water in which there is a little vinegar. Let it boil well until all the sugar and flour is melted.

Mix together 4 oz. of capers, 4 oz. sifted sugar, 3 oz. of dried raisins (sultanas), 1½ oz. of pine kernels, 1½ oz. of ham (fat and lean), the latter cut into small dice, and 1½ oz. of chopped-up lemon-peel. Turn all the above ingredients into the mixture of sugar and flour and let them boil for 10 minutes. Fry some slices of bread in oil and spread the hot mixture on each.

Soup

NOBODY who is Anybody eats soup for luncheon, nor hors-d'œuvre for dinner. Hence the deathless cry of the poet: 'Soup of the evening! Beautiful Soup!' I suppose the necessity for 'eating' rather than for drinking soup arises from the fully choral performances of those who make it too clear that suction is their method of absorption. By reaction, or perhaps by more healthy optimism, we prefer to use a word that suggests the more silent process of mastication.

Of course, in the three categories of soup there are some that must be eaten; the pottages of the world are more stews than soups, and the great ones among them, like *pot-au-feu*, first extract the main good from the solid substance, and then restore that solid to usefulness as a kindly sponge. Then there are the thick family soups, such as Scotch broth and minestrone, which can be whole meals or part of a meal at will. And there are the delicate *consommés* and creams, what may be called the Society class of soups, typified by the delicious Madrilène and the Velouté. These are redolent of cut glass and fine porcelain, and people in evening dress each trying to find out what the other wishes to talk about.

One may classify soups as:

- (a) Pottages; almost stews.
- (b) Family soups, served with vegetables or meat unstrained.
- (c) Society soups: all clear soups, creamed soups, and thick ones whose solid ingredients have been rubbed through a sieve.
- (d) Sweet soups, dear to the southern Baltic countries.

Typical examples of these categories are Dutch Pea Soup, *Soupe aux Choux*, *consommé Madrilène*, and *crème d'asperges* and *chocolate soup*.

In 1682 one Giles Rose translated into English *L'Escole Parfaite des Officiers de Bouche*. In it, among many other good things, he

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gives a remarkably good Pottage. After all, things change very little.

¶ 'Lumber'd Potage'

'Take and boyl what sort of Flesh you please, and when it is boyled take out the Flesh, and put the Broth into another Pot, but Beware of Bones and setlings; but to prevent them you may strain your Broth through a Cullender, then take the Yolks of Eggs beaten very well with a little Verjuice and white Powder; this done, pour the Eggs into your Broth, and keep it always stirring with a Ladle or Spoon, and after this make all boyl together and then dish up your Potage.

'What this White Powder is you must inform your self elsewhere; for I have enquired of a French Master Cook who told me plainly he could not inform me.'

¶ *Consommé Madrilène*

(*Prosper Montagne's Recipe*)

Make a very good chicken stock, clear it and strain it through a cloth. Rub firm ripe tomatoes through the tammy and reduce them to a glaze. Add it to the *consommé*, after straining it through butter-muslin.

Madrilène is very good hot, but in hot weather it should be stood on ice for an hour or two before serving.

¶ *Almond Soup*

(*Germany*)

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pounded almonds, add hot milk, or cream, a couple of eggs, sugar, a little rosewater or cinnamon essence; pour it over toasted breadcrumbs, sprinkle it with sugar and cinnamon, and serve at once.

¶ *Bread Soup*

(*Germany*)

Soak 4 oz. German black bread in a quart of water, boil it, pass

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it through a sieve, add butter, pepper and salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of apples may be boiled and passed through the sieve and added.

¶ *Dutch Brown Bean Soup*

Fry 2 oz. flour, 2 oz. butter and 2 oz. onions, add 1 pint broth, and 1 quart water in which brown beans have been boiled, and let it boil with 5 cloves, 6 peppercorns, 5 little carrots and cayenne.

¶ *Barley or Groats with Raisins*

(*Dutch*)

Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of barley in 1 quart of water to which a little salt has been added for 2 hours. After $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours add 3 oz. raisins.

¶ *Bortsch*

Among many matters left undecided by the Versailles Treaty is the nationality of Bortsch, which is claimed both by Russia and by Poland.

Although the dish is common in Russia and is excellently prepared there, the general weight of evidence seems to favour its Polish origin. It is a succulent beginning to a meal, but is not to be recommended as a steady article of diet to those whose livers have acquired sedentary habits, nor can it ever become the thrifty housewife's friendly stand-by. It is conscious of its dignity as one of the great soups of the world, and demands many burnt-offerings of duck, bacon, butter and cream from its votaries, a spacious kitchen and a well-lined larder. It is indeed one of the soups which it is wise not to find in glass jars or in tin canisters.

¶ *Polish Bortsch*

Make a Julienne soup with cabbage, beetroot, white of leeks, celery root and onions, seasoned with salt, pepper, nutmeg and a pinch of sugar, and fried lightly in goose fat. Add to it a glass of juice squeezed from beetroot and flavoured with caraway seed, a spoonful of vinegar, herbs, an onion, with 6 cloves, 2 lb. of prime beef, a duck, and 1 lb. of good smoked bacon, and cook

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as for a *pot-au-feu*. When the meat is done, cut it up and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of crisped chipolata. Thicken the soup with beetroot-juice, a glass of sour cream and barley. In Russia Bortsch is usually served as a clear soup, prepared very much as it is in Poland, but the sour cream is added at table to the glowing red liquid. Beetroot-juice, which plays a great part in all Polish and Russian cookery, provides the dominant colour note of Bortsch.

Sour cream, even more than in Germany, is another characteristic of Slavonic cuisine. Timid souls in Britain little know how much they miss by scorning the cookery uses of sour cream.

§ *Scotch Brose or Crowdy*

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of toasted oatmeal, i.e., dried before the fire and frequently turned, till the whole is perfectly dry and of a light brown. Stir in briskly a ladleful of boiling liquor in which fat meat has been boiled, still adding liquor till it is brought to the consistence required, which is about that of stiff batter. If the meat was not salt, a little salt and pepper may be added. Kail brose is the same thing, but with the addition of greens cut small and boiled in the liquor.

§ *Chocolate Soup*

Boil 3 pints milk with 4 oz. grated chocolate. When it is boiling stir in a teaspoonful of potato flour mixed with a little chocolate, the yolks of 2 eggs and sweetening. Whisk the eggs stiffly and place them in rough heaps on the soup in the tureen. It may be served hot or cold.

§ *Cock-a-Leekie*

(Scotland)

Wash and clean three or four dozen leeks, cut the white and tender green part in bits about an inch long, and wash them again and drain them. Have ready boiling 4 quarts seasoned beef stock, put in the leeks and boil them gently for 3 hours, adding a fowl in time enough to allow it to be well boiled, and serve it in the tureen.

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¶ *Chinese Gravy*

Mix a tablespoonful of cornflour with a little cold water. Stir into a cup of primary soup, boil till it thickens. Add Chinese sauce, salt, sugar and sesamum-seed oil, and stir well.

¶ *Coconut Soup* (*West Indies*)

In a quart of water boil some salt beef or salt pork, the flesh of two small coconuts, some onion and thyme, and reduce the liquid to 1 pint. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water on to grated coconut, squeeze out the milk, strain the soup and add the milk.

¶ *Polish Chłodnik* (*Cold Soup*)

Boil beetroot leaves and sorrel, drain them and chop them finely. When they are cold mix them with cold water to the consistency of porridge. Chop the green of spring onions and add it, plenty of sour cream, and a large cucumber and the beetroot cut in slices, with hard-boiled eggs in dice. Serve it iced.

¶ *Purée of Crab* (*Spain*)

Take a dozen crabs and cook the head of a halibut with them, and an onion, a carrot, a stick of celery and a bay-leaf. When the head is well cooked, strain the broth, take out the crabs and remove the claws. Pound them well in a mortar and return them to the broth to cook 10 minutes, then strain it.

Remove the shells of crabs and divide in half, put in the soup with little pieces of fried bread. Pour the *purée* over the bread and serve it.

¶ *German Currant Soup*

Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. firm, ripe red currants for 5 minutes with 3 oz. brown sugar and a little water. Rub them through a sieve into the tureen. Stew slowly for 20 minutes 2 quarts water, 1 lb. sugar,

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1½ lb. red currants. Strain the soup and pour in ½ pint of Hock or Moselle when it is tepid. Serve it cold with biscuits.

¶ *Sour Cream Soup*

(*Central Europe*)

Dilute a brown sauce with milk and stock in equal quantities, adding the spices always to be found in Central European dishes, pepper, cloves, nutmeg and caraway seed. Let the soup simmer for an hour, strain it, and thicken it with a bowl of sour cream before bringing it to the boil.

¶ *Clam Chowder Soup*

(*Normandy*)

Chop the meat with a few onions and fry in butter without browning. Cut up in dice some boiled potatoes. Cook for ¼ hour in fish stock the liquor from the clams and half a bottle of Rhine wine. Season with salt, nutmeg, cayenne, and herbs. Thicken the soup with pounded crackers and add a piece of butter. Remove the herbs before serving.

¶ *Cucumber Soup*

(*Old English*)

Take a piece of lean beef and part of a neck of mutton, a little whole pepper, an onion and a little salt, let it boil till the goodness is out of the meat; slice some raw beef and brown it in a stewpan with a little butter; add the broth and boil it; strain and remove the fat. Boil 8 middling-sized cucumbers, sliced and with a little peel left on, not too thinly, in salt and water; drain them. Add them to the soup, with a cupful of cream, 5 minutes before serving it.

¶ *Esau's Pottage*

This is a local dish in Syria and is called 'majudra.' Press 3 cupfuls of boiled lentils through a sieve with the water in which they were boiled, throwing away the hard skins. Add 1½ cup-

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fuls of rice, 1 cupful of olive oil, and 3 sliced onions previously fried in oil. Cook the mixture thoroughly well, adding water, as the mixture when finished should be of the consistency of porridge. It must be well stirred to prevent its sticking to the pan. Add a tablespoonful of salt and serve it with more strips of onion previously browned in oil.

§ *Viennese Fish Soup*

This dish will go straight to the aldermanic stomach. Dilute a good brown sauce with white wine and water in which vegetables and herbs have been cooked. Let it simmer for an hour, vegetables included. Thicken the soup over the fire with sour cream, add the juice of a lemon, and pour the liquid over diced and fried carps' roes and serve with crisply fried *croûtons*.

§ *Soup for a Fast Day*

(*Tuscany*)

Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white beans in 2 quarts of water with a little chopped dried meat. Chop up very finely an onion, 2 sprigs of garlic, a little celery and parsley, brown it in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of oil, throw in a small cabbage, a beetroot, and a potato, all cut up small. Add salt and pepper. Pass half the beans through a sieve, and put them with the other half of the beans into the saucepan. Mix and stir all well and pour it over dice of stale bread in the soup-tureen.

§ *Frimsel Soup*

(*Jewish*)

Make a paste of egg, flour, and a pinch of salt. Roll it out very thin. Cut it into three and roll out each piece till nearly transparent, let it get thoroughly dry, fold it in three again, and with a sharp knife shave off extremely fine strips. Let these dry and add them to the stock or soup while boiling, and simmer them gently for about 20 minutes. Serve it in a hot soup-tureen.

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¶ *Italian Frog Soup*

To make the frogs tender throw them into nearly boiling water, and then immediately into cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ minute.

Twelve frogs are enough for one pound of rice. Cut off and put aside the hind legs. Fry brown in oil some onion, a small quantity of garlic, carrot, celery, parsley, a little pepper and salt, and throw in the frogs. When they are cooked, add 2 or 3 tomatoes, cut up into pieces, add hot water and the chopped meat of the hind legs.

Boil the rice with a small piece of butter, pour the strained soup over it, sprinkle in a little grated cheese, and serve.

¶ *Creole Gumbo Soup*

(*Lemcke*)

Make some stock with leg of veal and poultry trimmings, carrot, onion, leek and herbs, and when cold remove the fat. Brown a finely-chopped onion, add 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped herbs, 2 of minced green peppers, salt and pepper. Add a tablespoonful of rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sliced okra, 1 chopped tomato, cover with 3 pints of soup stock and boil for 30 minutes. Add about a cupful of chopped frog-meat and cook 10 minutes. In place of the frog-meat, lobster or shrimp, and sometimes chicken or fowl, may be used.

¶ *Scotch Hare Soup*

Skin the hare, taking care to preserve the blood; cut it in pieces, wash it clean, cut off the fleshy parts of the back and hind legs, put all the rest in a stew-pan with a tablespoonful of butter; keep the cover on close and let it stew half an hour; stir it now and then. In another saucepan put about 3 oz. of butter and 3 tablespoonfuls of flour; brown it nicely. Mix the blood with 4 quarts of cold water, strain it, and with the rest of the meat add it to the browned butter; stir it constantly, and when it boils add it to the hare which is stewing, and add 1 carrot, 1 head of celery, and 3 large onions,

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cut small; season with pepper and salt. Let it boil at least 2 hours. Just before serving remove the bones, the carrot and celery.

¶ *Rose-hip Soup*

(*Germany*)

This is a favourite soup in some parts of Germany. The hips are soaked, stewed and mashed. The *purée* is then sweetened, boiled in the same water, thickened with cornflour, and served with soup pastes.

¶ *Kentish Hop Soup*

In the month of April, take a large quantity of hop-tops, when they are in their greatest perfection. Tie them in bunches, 20 or 30 in each; lay them in spring water for an hour or two, drain them well from the water, and boil them well in thin pea-soup, adding 3 spoonfuls of onion-juice, pepper and salt. Soak some crusts of bread in the broth and lay them in the tureen. Then pour in the soup.

¶ *Dutch Milk Soup*

Boil a quart of milk with cinnamon and moist sugar. Put sippets into the dish, pour the milk over it, and set it over a charcoal fire to simmer till the bread be soft. Take the yolks of 2 eggs, beat them up, mix it with a little of the milk, and throw it in. Mix all together and send it up to table.

¶ *Mingle-Mengle Soup*

(*German Hotch-Potch. Lemcke*)

Bring 2 necks of mutton to the boil, add herbs, 2 onions cut up, celery and a leek, salt, cover and boil for 2 hours. Boil a tablespoonful of barley in water with a little butter; boil a quart of spinach for 10 minutes and chop very finely. When the meat is done strain the soup and remove the fat, add the barley and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of green peas; boil for 15 minutes. Put the spinach in a saucepan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of butter, a little nutmeg, 2 table-

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spoonfuls of cream, cook and stir a few minutes, then add it to the soup. Lastly, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, season with salt and pepper.

¶ *Imperial Soup*

(*Spain*)

Cut up some chicken and 2 oz. of ham, add 4 eggs well beaten and a pint of broth, then cook it.

Grease a mould and sprinkle it with breadcrumbs. Pour the mixture into the mould and cook it in a *bain-marie*.

Cut it in dice and throw them into clear tapioca soup just before serving it.

¶ *Scots Kail*

Put barley on in cold water; when it boils skim it, put in a piece of fresh beef and a little salt; let it boil three hours; then add kail cut small, and boil it till tender. Two or 3 leeks may be added. This broth is also made with salted beef.

¶ *Marrow Dumpling Soup*

(*German*)

This is a dish for aldermen, for the obese, and also for athletic folk who return from the moors with a raging appetite, for it starts with 6 oz. of butter well worked into 2 oz. of milk-sodden bread, with 2 eggs, chopped parsley, salt, pepper and nutmeg. To give this mixture consistency you can add stale breadcrumbs.

Then wrap this paste round morsels of beef marrow. Boil the resulting dumplings for 10 minutes in salt water and serve them in clear soup.

Calves' liver may be treated in the same way.

¶ *Motza Kleis*

(*Jewish*)

Soak a motza (Passover Cake) in cold water, when it is soft squeeze it dry, add chopped and browned onion and a well-

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beaten egg, ginger, pepper and salt. Bind the mixture well together with motza meal. Shape the paste into balls and simmer gently in boiling soup for 20 minutes before serving.

¶ *Maryland Mulligatawny*

Cut up a chicken, boil, and then simmer to a rich gravy. Brown another cut-up chicken in butter with 8 oz. of onions, a little lemon-juice, a small red pepper, a touch of garlic, a little ginger, coriander and aniseed. When it is well browned, pour over it the first chicken and its gravy; mix well, and serve accompanied by dry, well-cooked rice.

Veal may be substituted for chicken, or even beef.

¶ *Mullet Soup*

Among the best fish for making soup are mullet, which are found fine and fat in August in the Adriatic, and weigh about 4 lb. If these are not obtainable, one can use grayling, and frogs, which give the soup the flavour of mullet.

¶ *Oyster Soup*

(*Southern U.S.*)

Of 2 quarts of oysters put away the finest, plump ones. Boil the rest in the liquor, adding salt, pepper, parsley, and a bit of very lean bacon. Boil 3 or 4 minutes, add a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, stirring smoothly to mix the butter well. After a few minutes add a pint of milk and cream in equal parts, pouring slowly and stirring constantly, so that it will not curdle. Boil, in all about 10 minutes, when the rest of the oysters should be put in. The soup is done in 30 minutes. A very finely-minced onion may be added.

¶ *Passover Balls for Soup*

Chop an onion and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of suet very finely; stew them together until the suet is melted, pour it hot on 8 dessertspoonfuls of Jewish biscuit-flour; mix it well together; add a little salt, a little

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grated nutmeg, lemon-peel and ginger, and 6 eggs. Put the balls into the soup when it boils, and boil them for a quarter of an hour.

¶ *Minestra di Due Colori*

(*Soup of two colours*)

This is a light and delicate soup which is very much liked in Tuscany, especially by the men, but in Romagna one finds the best *Tagliatelli* (little strips), according to Signor Artusi.

Boil a handful of spinach, drain it well and pass it through a sieve. Melt 3 oz. of butter, and mix in it 6 oz. of flour. Pour a pint of hot milk over it little by little, add some salt, making a smooth paste. When it has cooled slightly, add 2 whole eggs and the yolks of 2 more, and 2 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese, add also a little grated nutmeg. Divide the mixture in two parts; in one put spinach sufficient to colour it green. Sprinkle the other part of the mixture with boiling broth.

¶ *Minestrone*

This is the Italian soup best known abroad, and is quite worthy of a high place in the list of Italian propaganda agents. But the savoury compound served in Italian restaurants in other lands by no means suggests its infinite variety at home. Minestrone can be anything from a clear vegetable soup with a little vermicelli to an almost solid mass of macaroni and vegetables. Every town has its own preferred blend; and every housewife adapts it to the occasion and her larder, according to whether it is to be merely one item in the menu or a whole meal for the family. In the latter capacity it is the Scotch broth of Italy, the mutton-bone being balanced by the grated cheese and the barley by rice, beans, or some kind of macaroni. In addition, the minestrone has for basis the sharp strength of fried vegetables—the carrot, parsley, dried mushrooms, celery and onion which are the most universal beginning of an Italian savoury dish.

The vegetables in the soup vary with the time of year, but

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always include carrots and turnips, and usually potatoes or parsnips. They are slowly cooked in water poured on the fried seasoning, and the cereal or paste is added in time to be thoroughly swollen and tender when the soup is required. Tomato flavouring is added to taste, and much Parmesan is served with it.

§ *Meg Merrilies Soup*

This soup was composed by the then Duke of Buccleuch's chef at Bow Hill in honour of Sir Walter Scott, and was so much appreciated by him that it was frequently served at Abbotsford. Cut up a couple of grey-hen, or black-cock, or a partridge or two and stew them for 3 hours with the lid on in as much water as is necessary for making into soup, reserving twenty or so fresh bits for after use. Put into the stew-pan with them the heart of a cabbage, a carrot cut up and a few broadbeans skinned. Fry the pieces of meat in flour and butter, place them in another pot, and strain the liquor from the stew over them. Boil it again for an hour with a head of celery cut into very small bits, season it with salt and a pinch of cayenne. The soup can also be made with very good meat or game stock, or with the remains of cold birds.

§ *Moor-Fowl Soup*

It may be made with or without brown gravy soup; when with the bouillon, 6 birds are sufficient, when with moor-fowl only, boil 5 in 4 quarts of water, pound the breast in a mortar and rub it through a sieve, put it with the legs, backs and 3 more moor-fowl, cut down in joints, into the liquor; season it with a pint of port wine, pepper and salt, and let it boil 1 hour. When only 6 birds are used, pound the breast of 3 or 4.

§ *Okra Soup*

Boil 2 dozen okras in 2 quarts of water till the seeds turn red; add a small piece of salt pork and 1½ lb. of salt beef, seasoning, tomato, onion, chopped thyme, and some chopped kale. Stew it gently. Crab meat is an admirable addition.

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¶ *Dutch Pea Soup*

Boil 10 oz. bacon and 1¼ lb. soaked dried peas for 2 hours in 3½ quarts water, then add 1¼ lb. smoked sausage, 2 oz. celery, 2 oz. turnip, 3 oz. carrots finely chopped. The soup must boil till it is thick. Serve the meat on a dish and eat it with the soup.

¶ *Palm Oil Chop*

This is as regular as Sunday morning on the West Coast of Africa. It is made with red palm kernels stewed and bruised to a mass and cooked with plenty of fresh peppers. It forms a very greasy purple mass, much appreciated for luncheon on a non-working day. It rouses a thirst for much cold beer, and the programme closes with hours of sleep. So I was told by one whose eyes grew dreamy at the mere recollection. Grau-nut (peanut) soup with peppers is a permissible alternative.

¶ *French Potato Soup*

(*Potage Parmentier*)

The potato was well known and used universally in this country before France would touch it. When Parmentier introduced the potato into France there was great prejudice against it; in the provinces penalties were inflicted on those who cultivated the new-fangled tuber.

Louis XVI had great esteem for Parmentier and during the great famine in France gave him the Plaines des Sablons (Neuilly) where he planted a field of potatoes. They were guarded by day; but at night the people stole the forbidden fruit, and it thus became popular. Parmentier received a title and chose the potato-flower for his emblem.

Then there was a potato mania, culminating in a ball at which the potato-flower was worn by all.

To make this soup cut up the whites of 6 leeks into small pieces. Fry them for 7 or 8 minutes, add 3 large potatoes, a little over a quart of water and salt; boil it 15 to 20 minutes, strain the

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liquor into another pan, rub the potatoes and leeks through the sieve and add them to the liquor. Boil a lump of butter in milk, pour it into the tureen, with chopped chervil, salt and pepper and add the soup, slowly stirring, to mix all well. Serve it with very crisp *croûtons*.

§ *Panata*

(*Signor Artusi's Recipe*)

'This soup, which, with Easter eggs, is traditional in Rome, is called in Tuscany *tridura*, a word of which the significance is lost; but it was in use at the beginning of the fourteenth century, as appears from an antique parchment volume which refers to a yearly offering to the Settimo Friars in Florence of a new wooden basin full of *tridura*, with bars of wood over the same, supporting 10 lb. of pork, decorated with laurels.

Mix together in a stew-pan 2 oz. of grated cheese, 4 eggs, a little nutmeg, a pinch of salt, and 6 oz. of yesterday's grated bread-crumbs.

Pour over them hot but not boiling broth. Cook very slowly, stirring all the time till it boils. When it is so thick that it leaves the sides of the pan and can be heaped up, turn it into a hot tureen and serve it at once.

§ *Venetian Rice Soup*

A soup dear to Venetians, and known by the endearing name of *risi e bisi*, by a softening of the name for peas, is a very savoury mixture of boiling broth into which rice and peas are thrown. The inevitable tomato and cheese go without saying.

§ *Red Peas Soup*

(*The Jamaica Cookery Book*)

Boil 1 lb. peas in 1 quart of water for 3 hours or till they are tender, adding a lump of salt pork for the last ½ hour. Rub the soup through a coarse sieve and serve with *croûtons*.

The natives do not strain their pea soup; they eat the whole

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thing boiled with yam, coco and dumplings, and often with a remarkable concoction called 'foo-foo,' which consists of yam or coco boiled and beaten and then added to the soup. Needless to say this makes a decidedly substantial repast. The dumplings are often made with equal parts of flour and cornmeal.

¶ *Pavese*

Pavia has dowered Italy with one of her best soups. The Pavese is a sublimated form of poached egg which, with less liquid, would give the British breakfast table a welcome new-comer.

Cook a slice of bread or toast in boiling stock till it is tender, but not falling apart. Add a little rich gravy. Break an egg on the bread, cook it till it is set and serve it in the same pot. The yolk must not break, or it will change the character of both egg and soup. Grated Parmesan is liberally sprinkled on it.

¶ *Tassoni Soup* (*Mantegazza*)

Alessandro Tassoni, who wrote *Secchia Rapita* ('The Rape of the Bucket'), born in 1565, poet, was the secretary of the Duke of Savoy and afterwards of the Duke of Modena, Francis I, who, in 1623, created him Counsellor. He died in 1635 in his own city and a monument was erected and in the Tower of Ghirlandina the bucket was kept. The soup is called after him because he certainly obtained the recipe from the duke's cook, he having written a little note in a book in which he says: 'Recipe of the Soup received from the Duke's cook.'

Scald a sweetbread and cut it into very small pieces; also cut up a chicken liver. Fry all together in butter, with salt and pepper. Make a mixture of chopped sweet basil and parsley, powdered cinnamon, sugar, and pounded carnation. Pour over it a good chicken broth. Break 6 eggs into a soup-tureen, add juice of 1 lemon, plenty of grated cheese, a little meat-juice, pour in the soup and stir all well together. Serve it with slices of buttered toast.

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¶ *Sardinian Soup*

(*La Simbula*)

Most Sardinian families enjoy this excellent soup of chopped onion, tomato *purée* and olive oil fried together, diluted with stock and thickened with boiled semolina.

¶ *Spinach Pottage*

Soak 1 lb. split peas for 6 hours and cook them with a handful of spinach. Fry small pieces of toast in oil, with a small onion and 2 cloves of garlic. Pound the fried toast in a mortar with spice, saffron, softening it with broth, mix this with the onion and pour it into the soup-tureen with a little water, 4 oz. cooked codfish and 2 hard-boiled eggs cut up. Simmer the soup for 15 minutes and add black or red pepper.

¶ *Chinese Tripe Soup*

Boil ½ lb. tripe for 10 minutes, drain off the water, slice it in thin pieces. Add to the water a tablespoonful of thickening sauce, parsley, a tablespoonful of chopped spinach and the tripe. Boil all for 5 minutes.

¶ *Potage au Vin*

This is a soup of the Belgian Ardennes, good too! Boil equal quantities of sugared water and red wine with a stick of cinnamon and pour it over toasted bread or biscuits.

¶ *Water Souchy*

No fish dinner at Greenwich was complete without its Souchet, souchy, soukey, Soockey, Zoutchy, Waterzoei or Sootje. At one dinner, which was notable even in the annals of 'The Ship,' no less than 6 souchets were served, of perch, trout, tench, crimped soles, salmon, and eels. The mother-method of all souchets has not changed and can be applied to all fish; but plaice and flounders are the original creatures treated in this manner by the clients of the Dutch fishermen.

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Take some of the smallest plaice or flounders, gut and wash them clean, cut the fins off, put them in a stew-pan with just enough water to boil them in with a little salt and a bunch of parsley. When cooked serve in a deep dish with the liquor and parsley and butter in a boat.

The parsley is the distinguishing flavour, and parsley root should always be used as well as the leaves.

Mrs. Brian Luck, in her *Belgian Cookery Book*, gives a slightly more elaborate recipe, for what she classes as essentially a Flemish soup:—

¶ *Waterzoei*

One uses carp, eels, tench, roach, barbel; for the real *Waterzoei* is always made of different kinds of fish. Take 2 lb. of fish, cut off the heads and tails, which you will fry lightly in butter, adding to make the sauce a minced carrot and onion, 3 cloves, a pinch of white pepper, a sprig of parsley and one of thyme, a bay-leaf; pour in two-thirds water and one-third wine till it more than covers the ingredients, let it simmer for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then the fish must be cut in equal sizes, and they are placed to cook quickly in this liquor for 20 minutes. Five minutes before serving add a lemon peeled and cut into slices with the pips removed. Some people bind the sauce with breadcrumbs grated and pounded. You serve with this dish very thin slices of bread and butter. For English tastes the heads and tails of the fish should be removed when dressing the dish.

¶ *Vegetable 'Soupe Bonne Femme'*

(*Belgian*)

Cook in some butter a sliced cucumber and a shredded lettuce without browning them. Thicken 2 quarts of stock with a little flour and add the vegetables, simmering the soup for 30 minutes. Beat up the yolks of 2 eggs with a gill of cream in the soup-tureen and pour over it the boiling soup gradually, stirring carefully to prevent the eggs curdling.

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§ *Garbure*

On so important a subject as the *garbure* of Henri Quatre's country it is well to take the most expert opinion, for the *garbures* which are served in the restaurants of France are by no means always of authentic lineage. Pampille's *Bons Plats de France* has placed her in the front rank of experts, and this is her rede:—

§ *Garbure*

(*Béarn*)

This is a national dish which forms the basis of the food of the peasants in Béarn and is composed according to season. Or rather the quality of cabbages used changes and therefore the time taken in cooking.

To make this dish take little white round haricots and potatoes according to taste, 2 cabbages, a pound and a half to two pounds of goose or pork confit, seasoning, a piece of red pimento the size of a postage stamp. This red pimento is found in Béarn in summer and left to ripen on the stalk till autumn.

First of all cook the haricots in a quart and a half of water, salt slightly; when the water is boiling throw in the cabbages cut up in strips and boil rapidly.

An hour before serving add the goose or pork confit, stripped of fat, and a bunch of herbs, continue to boil, adding water as it boils away. A few turnips made be added.

Garbure should be a thick soup and the spoon should be able to stand up in it. Consequently there must be plenty of cabbage, the haricots and potatoes are only put in to give the bouillon more consistency and it is as well to pass the haricots through the sieve. In the spring, fresh skinned beans and green peas may be substituted for the haricots.

There are two methods of serving; one is to put slices of bread in the tureen and pour the contents of the pot over it; the other way, which is more usual, is to dish the *garbure* without bread in the tureen and so-called 'boiled soup' is served separately.

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¶ *La Soupe Bouillie*

Cut up some crusty slices of bread and place them in a saucepan, moistening them with the broth from the *garbure*.

As the bread soaks up the liquid add more, keeping it on a slow fire. Simmer it for about 20 minutes. This soup has to be compact without being hard, and is served in a small tureen at the same time as the *garbure*.

The confit is eaten separately, surrounded by large boiled potatoes. Nothing could be nicer, more wholesome or more digestible than this dish of *garbure*.

¶ *Confits*

Here is the recipe for those marvellous confits which are the main stand-by of thrifty housewives in the south-west during the winter. The confit is made every year at the end of the autumn. It is an important operation requiring a great deal of care, beginning with the killing and plucking of birds, the latter a delicate operation.

The geese should be opened in the same way as game; cut off the head, the feet, and the pinions, cut into four the remainder, so that each leg and wing is separated. Put all this on one side. Open up the carcass carefully and wash the liver in cold water, renewing it frequently till it is quite free from blood. The liver is then ready to be eaten or preserved.

Wash all the pieces of goose in hot water, prick each of them with a very small piece of garlic, rub them over with salt. Leave all this in the earthenware pot for two or three days according to temperature, the colder the longer.

When sufficiently salted, melt in a pot slowly all the fat which you have collected, add the geese, stir all the time with a wooden spoon on a very slow fire. The necks and gizzards will be cooked first. Remove them, then the legs and the wings.

Then put the wings and the legs in an earthenware pot; when they are nearly cold and the fat which you have withdrawn from the fire is tepid, pour this over the confit. Leave the fat to set;

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it should be white and hard. Cover the jar with strong paper and string.

The necks and gizzards are kept separately; they do not keep so well as the wings and legs and should be eaten first. The salted pinions, the feet, and generally the giblets are served within a week in a *garbure*, to which they give an excellent flavour.

The confits must be kept in a fresh and dry place.

Duck confit is made in exactly the same way, with this difference: the duck fat cannot be used and it has to be cooked in pork fat.

One must add here that a bottle of Jurançon is the only accompaniment to a *garbure*.

This celebrated wine, though seemingly light, soon goes to the head; but its effect is only joyous, unlike that of the redoubtable wine of Burgundy.

§ *Ligurian Tomato Soup*

Blanch and peel ripe tomatoes; fry a chopped onion in oil and when it is crisp and brown add the tomatoes, sprinkled with sugar, pepper and salt. When they are soft mash all into a paste, and add thick sour cream till it is almost liquid. Turn it into a saucepan where milk or stock is boiling. It may be thickened with ground rice. Tomato *purée* can be used instead of the fresh fruit, and will need more sugar. (See p. 302.)

Vegetables

SOME years ago Mme. Clemenceau-Jacquemaire, after an American sojourn, declared that Americans ate few or no vegetables. Her experience must be unique. Several vegetables are always served with meats. In fact, in later years, America has, in the matter of green vegetables, and their necessity in diet, especially of children, gone to the most extreme lengths. The pressed-out juice of tender young vegetables is given as a tonic to children, and they are persuaded to eat certain vegetables raw when possible: new carrots, new peas, etc. Strained, raw tomato-juice is given to bottle-fed infants as well as orange-juice. Certain vital elements, especially necessary to the growing young, are in theory destroyed by cooking.

In the last few years, there has been a very serious and far-reaching reaction in America against the excessive consumption of starches and sugar, and a very great increase in the use of green vegetables of all kinds. A prominent New York doctor told me that the sugar consumption *per capita* in America was ten times the normal need of sugar. He, and many other doctors, are inclined to find defective diet responsible for many ills, and to prescribe accordingly.

So, green vegetables are for the moment very much to the fore, and methods of cooking them are therefore proportionately studied. The good old method of boiling vegetables and throwing away the liquid—containing most of the precious mineral and vital elements of a vegetable, has gone for ever. Green vegetables are always cooked in the smallest possible quantity of water, when any, and this bouillon is always incorporated into the accompanying sauce, or used in some other way—never lost. The ‘presser cooker’ is more and more used, and in Europe promises to be the utensil of the future, not so much for the hygienic advantages of its cooking as for the economy in fuel.

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ARTICHOKES

In ancient days few but asses ate them; and any humans who followed this example were naturally asking for just such a jest as Pliny levelled at them, even as nowadays anyone who extols the edible qualities of thistles, first cousins of the artichoke, need not hope to be spared witticisms. It is, indeed, risky enough to confess to a liking for carrots.

Following the lead of the asses, however, which may be as safe in edibles as it is on mountain paths and in the Sands of the Sahara, we might find thistles after all a neglected delicacy. Certainly 'asses and the lower classes,' politely lumped together by Pliny, have lost by the discovery that the artichoke has a pleasant flavour. Now that Greece and Italy cultivate it the asses get no nearer to it than patiently, and blindfolded, to tread round and round the water-well in the fields; the lower classes grow it to sell and cannot afford to eat it.

I once hazarded to a nursery gardener in Liguria, who grows artichokes in the delta of the Cento, the opinion that the artichoke has a very beautiful flower. With patient disfavour he regarded the being who did not realize that a field of artichokes all a-bloom meant bad sales. It would have been useless to explain the actual truth—that this town-dweller has never but once seen an artichoke in bloom; and then its mist-coloured beauty stood proudly up from a Ming vase in the hall of a house on Cap d'Antibes, where only the row of footmen was straighter and taller. An Italian artichoke-farmer's opinion of a millionaire who would admire this piece of vegetable on its way to seed would have been all that Pliny could desire.

A couple of hundred years after Venice had produced the great discoverer, Marco Polo, she made a discovery of her own—the artichoke. She passed it on to the rest of Italy, and Francis I and the Great Constable brought it home to France with da Vinci, Cellini, and other captures. Originally an aborigine of High Barbary, the artichoke has considerably adapted itself to other coun-

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tries. In France, indeed, there are a dozen varieties at least, of which half are famous as delicacies.

Except when stuffed, artichokes should be cooked with tips down. They should always be rubbed underneath with lemon-juice to prevent blackening.

§ *Montreuil Artichokes*

One of the glories of the Paris region, but now grown further afield. They grow to a great size, are very fleshy, and are always boiled, whether to be served hot, with mousseline or hollandaise sauce, or cold, with vinaigrette.

Put the artichokes in water and vinegar for half an hour, drain them, and tie a thread round their largest circumference. Put them, head down, in salted boiling water, in a saucepan with a strainer, and let them cook very gently for from 30 to 60 minutes, according to size and condition. Lift out the strainer, and when the water has run away turn the artichokes right side up on a dish and remove the threads. If they are to be served hot put a spoonful of vinegar in the bottom of the dish and place it in the oven for 10 minutes.

Serve the sauce separately.

§ *Artichoke Custard*

Boil young artichokes, cut them in four pieces, fry them, pour beaten eggs over them, and shake the dish over the fire till the batter is set.

§ *Provençal Artichokes*

These are much smaller than those of the North, and the leaves are of a purple tint. They are served boiled, stuffed, fried, or grilled; also raw.

The two main ways of cooking artichokes in France are *à la Provençale* and *à la Barigoulie*, both of which methods can be used with either Brittany or Provençal artichokes. He who meets with a recipe for either, and likes the result, will do well to inquire

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no further, but to stick to that formula; for the instructions vary with every instructor. One can meet with a recipe for artichokes *à la Provençale* which does not so much as mention garlic; with another that large-mindedly orders you to 'throw in cloves of garlic.' But the recipe of 'Pampille' must certainly be also included, although it is less markedly Provençal than some others.

The same diversity is found in the Barigouliau recipes. One can only select the most typical, leaving the joy of further research to those by them made eager.

¶ *Artichauts à la Provençale*

Cut the stems from artichokes, trim the leaves well, and blanch them in salted water till the choke can be removed. Cook them in a salamander, or well covered in a quick oven, with plenty of oil, garlic, pepper, and salt. When they are tender, take out the garlic, and serve them with lemon-juice.

¶ *Pampille's Provençal Artichokes*

Take for every person 3 very young artichokes, so tender that the whole choke and leaves may be eaten. Remove the outside leaves, trim the rest with sharp scissors. Put them in an iron stew-pan, each one sprinkled with fresh olive oil, and with pepper and salt between the leaves. Pour oil over them till all are thoroughly moistened, then add water to cover them. Put the lid on the pan and cook it over such intense heat that in 20 minutes only a little oil remains in the pan, and the artichokes are quite crisp. Serve them in a hot dish, with boiling oil poured over them, and eat them on hot plates.

¶ *Artichauts à la Barigoulie*

(France)

Cut away the stalks and the upper halves of the leaves of 4 artichokes and put them in a saucepan with half water and half oil to cover them, an onion, a carrot, and a bunch of herbs. Cook

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them till only a little oil remains, and let them brown in that, then remove the chokes, stuff the middles or not with any veal or chicken or vegetable and bread stuffing, and finish them in a hot oven. When they are crisp and brown, serve hot or cold with hot or cold vinaigrette sauce.

¶ *Savoury Artichoke Bottoms*

(*Bordeaux*)

Blanch the artichokes, remove the leaves and chokes and drain the bottoms and cook them gently in good white sauce till it is nearly absorbed. At the last moment pour over them a sauce of chopped parsley, chives, shallots, and mushrooms browned in butter, moistened with stock, stewed to half its bulk, and thickened with yolk of egg in which chopped chervil, black pepper, a spoonful of vinegar, and a dash of nutmeg have been mixed.

¶ *Fried and Grilled Artichokes*

(*French and Italian*)

Many Southern recipes mention oil for this dish, but butter is far better. The artichokes, very young and tender, are cut in four or six pieces, marinaded in oil, herbs, a little vinegar, parsley, pepper and salt, and browned in this mixture.

For Frying. They are then masked in thick white sauce, and left to cool. Fry them in very hot butter, and serve with lemon.

For Grilling. Put the artichokes into oiled paper and grill. Place them on an oiled grill and sprinkle them with oil while grilling.

For grilling they can be either whole or cut up.

¶ *Perigordian Artichokes*

Trim and cut in two 6 artichokes, remove the choke and half cook them in salted water. Drain them well and place in a well-oiled pan. Pound 2 oz. of truffles, some parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of raw or cooked meat, liver, brains, or sweetbread, a little nutmeg, a beaten egg, and a small glass of Armagnac, and rub this stuffing

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through the sieve. Fill the artichokes with half of it, moisten them in a moderate oven, basting them with white wine if necessary. Leave the artichokes in the oven, with the door open, pour their gravy on the rest of the stuffing, add a little Armagnac, some stock or milk, and the juice of a lemon, let it thicken, and pour it over the artichokes.

Madeira may replace the Armagnac.

¶ *Artichoke and Pea Pie*

(*A Genoese Dish*)

Trim and cut in four 2 lb. of very young artichokes, and cook them with fried onion and celery in butter moistened with stock. When they are nearly cooked, add 1 lb. of green parboiled peas, and let all cook gently till they are tender and the sauce has all been absorbed. Put the vegetables in a buttered dish lined with slices of firm skinned tomatoes and pour over them a good savoury pancake batter, with grated cheese in it. Place slices of firm ripe tomatoes over the top, and bake it till set.

ASPARAGUS

Athenaeus says it grew 12 feet high in Getuli in Africa; Plutarch, that the Carians worshipped it. Julius Caesar's cook cooked it so quickly that 'as quickly as cooking asparagus' became a proverb. Caesar tasted it for the first time cooked in butter at Milan.

If you can get the real giant Dutch asparagus, the white of whose stalk flames into a deep purple head, it is in some opinions a wrong to cook it save by the simplest method. Plunge it into salted boiling water; cook it steadily, and when the tips are tender but not sodden, serve it really hot on really hot plates, with no other sauce or seasoning than is furnished by a dollop of the best butter, salt and pepper from a mill. This elementary recipe also suits the blameless white asparagus of France, but for them I will admit the possibility of using a sauce mousseline or a sauce

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hollandaise. The really heavy violet asparagus is at home in Eastern Europe, where it is usually ruined by excessive use of spices.

But even master-cooks cannot keep their hands off a perfect work of nature. They will always try to paint the lily. France has gone furthest on this impious quest. Even Dumas recommends for buttered asparagus a mixture of flour, eggs, lemon-juice and nutmeg! It is not far from a gastronomic atrocity to cut off the heads of really first-class asparagus. A Public Executioner might shrink from such a task, and in this book there shall be no complicity in such a crime. So the reader may look in vain for guidance in dicing such asparagus heads and treating them as though they were peas, for frying them in mutton fat, stewing them in a mixed broth of veal and ham, and Heaven knows what other absurdities.

Green and wild asparagus, such as Worcester sprue and the common Italian variety, does require some help from the cook. In Italy a common way of preparing the dish is to powder the ends of boiled asparagus with grated Parmesan and rush it quickly through a fierce oven or under a salamander. A plain and lightly-fried egg lying on the tips is an admirable garnish. In the Low Countries, where grow the world's best asparagus, they are served in great simplicity, boiled but in no aromatic or stock; with melted butter and half a hard-boiled egg to each person, who, by seasoning to his taste and mashing up the yolk or the white or both in the butter, makes his own sauce. The Belgian who has not an asparagus bed in his kitchen garden has not yet realized his ambition in life.

One of the finest forms of the story of the Colonel who put ice in his soup to save the face of a guest on mess-night is told in France, to the credit of King Edward, and at the expense of that Shah of Persia whose visit shook London to its foundations two or three decades ago, and left his temporary domicile, Dorchester House, uninhabitable for a long period. As no story about the British is ever perfect in French eyes unless it makes us slightly ridiculous, there is a pleasant note of farce in the anecdote. The Shah, it seems, was given asparagus at a State Banquet. It was

new to him, but he got on well, until the inedible end of the stalk, remaining in his fingers, posed a problem. He solved it by flinging the fragment lightly over his shoulder. As 'chamberlains' stood behind him and behind nineteen other guests at this most exclusive banquet, the arrival of the asparagus stalk in the face of this high official caused a momentary consternation. When, however, the debonair Prince of Wales, with his well-known tact, copied the Shah's action, all perceived the inevitable sequel. And the twenty guests took to throwing the stalks over their shoulders, while the footmen, or whatever they were, stood solemnly under fire. A nice subject for Mr. Heath Robinson; and a pleasant change from the other stories about eating asparagus in those days, when it was still slender, and green, and very limp.

Before asparagus had been brought to its present size and flavour, by chemical and other processes which are perhaps fortunately hidden from the layman, it was used in a great many more ways than it is now, and much more as an ordinary vegetable. It was also not considered too delicate to be wasted on homely dishes. The King of Poland's doctor published a recipe for asparagus Loaf in Paris in 1771, in his *Manuel Alimentaire des Plantes*, a book which vegetarians would do well to consult, by the way.

J *Asparagus Loaf*

Parboil the asparagus, then put the points in a frying-pan with butter, seasoning, and a little flour; add water or stock till they are cooked. Thicken the sauce with 2 yolks, a spoonful of cream, and a pinch of sugar.

Cut the bottom off a loaf, take out the crumb, and fill it with half the asparagus mixture. Tie the bottom on again, soak the loaf in milk for half an hour, then fry it golden brown in lard. (At a pinch it could be baked in a quick oven.) Then, covered by the rest of the asparagus stew, which should not be very thick, let the loaf very slowly simmer for ½ hour. Serve very hot.

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§ *Jade Bamboo*

(China)

Roll strips of bamboo shoots in batter of minced chicken, ham, water chestnuts, white of egg, and cornflour. Steam them for 10 minutes and serve them garnished with bean-sprouts and parsley.

B E A N S

In China they grow bean-sprouts much as we grow mustard and cress. The beans are put in a shallow dish, not touching, covered with flannel and watered. In 48 hours the sprouts should appear and they are ready for cooking when 2 inches long.

In Europe we have not these gay ways; we take the beans and cook them, without giving them any chance to grow their own lives. A little town called Arpajon, near Paris, has a bean-fair each autumn, where the ordinary *haricot blanc*, *soissons*, and *flageolet* are flanked by the *chevrier*, the *lingot*, the *cent pour un*, and many other variations of the homely bean.

One should go to Arpajon in autumn. It is a great place for pumpkin soup, and it claims to cook beans particularly well. Also the drive on a meandering Puffing-Billy of a railway that runs through the fields like an escaped hound is quite delightful. All the provinces of France are spread on either side and on the horizon the Paris-Fontainebleau road hums with traffic.

§ *French Beans 'Alla Zabaioni'*

(Angoulême)

Take red haricots, soak them all night, if they are dry, and put them in a jar at the side of the stove all night with the skin of pigs' trotters and red wine.

§ *French Beans 'Alla Zabaioni'*

(Italy)

Boil 2 quarts of French beans in cold water, strain and lay them

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on a dish. Put 2 yolks of eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 of white vinegar and 2 of water in a saucepan, mix and heat them, but do not let them boil; pour it over the beans.

¶ *Country Bean Stew* (Spain)

Soak 1 lb. of white beans for 6 hours and cook them with a cabbage for 1½ hours. Then add 4 oz. bacon and 2 sausages. Chop ½ lb. potatoes and cook them. This dish requires 4½ hours' slow cooking. The beans are always put in cold water. Do not salt the stew till it is nearly done.

¶ *Spanish Haricots*

Boil fresh or well-soaked haricots with lettuce, salt, and a lump of rather fat bacon. Fry chopped onions and chopped garlic and add toasted breadcrumb pounded up with some of the beans, flavoured with chopped mixed herbs, pimento and a little nutmeg, and bound with an egg. Moisten this sauce with fresh or preserved tomato and milk; pour it over the beans.

¶ *Danish Beans*

Put ½ lb. of beans to soak in cold water for a day before using them; put them to cook with 1 onion and a pinch of herbs in good flavoured stock with 2 oz. of bacon or ham; cook them for 3 hours. Remove the herbs and bacon; chop the onion fine, and put it into a stew-pan with a gill of white wine, ¼ pint thick tomato sauce, 4 truffles chopped fine, or mushrooms. Add the beans, boil all together for 15 minutes, turn it out on a hot dish garnished with slices of hot smoked beef or tongue. Serve it very hot.

¶ *Brigand Beans* (Italy)

These are found to perfection in the mountain districts between Turin and Savoy. They form a very satisfying dish on which a peasant family can make a whole winter meal; and they are very

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delicious, the beans producing unexpected delicacies and subtleties of flavour. They can be cooked over gas, but really require to be done beside a long-burning fire. The haricots, fresh or soaked, are placed in a saucepan carpeted with chopped onion, celery, dried mushroom and tomato, that have been fried crisp, and are now laid on a thick slice of bacon fat. They are covered with equal parts of oil and water and a little vinegar, and cooked so slowly that the liquid is almost still. After 3 or 4 hours it should be all absorbed, and every bean should be swelled and tender. Then throw in a glassful of oil, and let the beans fry briskly till some of them begin to crisp and brown at the edges.

They should be completely dry, though completely tender. Hence the only difficulty of the dish is gauging the amount of liquid necessary. If more has to be added let the oil predominate over the water, and let it be added hot.

Lentils added in time to be tender when the beans are cooked make a pleasant change.

Dice of crisped lean bacon are also sometimes added, which should have been fried with the basic vegetables, and only put back to warm up with the beans.

A quick imitation Brigand dish may be made by rapidly par-boiling the beans in water and oil, with the fried vegetables and a chunk of fat bacon, and then frying them in oil in a shallow fire-proof dish with a plate over it in the oven. This version of it is improved by having shreds of onion fried with the beans. Grated cheese is, of course, served over and with it, and tomato may be added at will. Carrots cooked thus, and known as *à la Provençale*, are among the delights of a sojourn in the South of France.

¶ *Italian Haricot Beans*

(*Artusi*)

Beans are eaten in all countries of the world, but nowhere are they so good, so tender, so perfectly cooked as in Tuscany, and especially in Florence. They have a saying in Florence that when a Florentine eats beans, he licks the plate and the tablecloth.

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At Florence, in the Via dei Tavolini, there is a famous eating-house, whose special dish of beans has enriched the proprietor, Mr. Francesco Paoli; a humble little place, without tablecloths, where one eats food served on marble tables; but the company includes senators, members of Parliament, rich merchants and well-born people, who come to eat the beans of Signor Paoli, who has expressed the hope that one day the King of Italy would visit his shop.

The secret is to cook the white beans in very little water, letting them stew very, very slowly, so that the water moves almost imperceptibly. Cook them for 5 hours, adding boiling water from time to time as required, add salt and oil, a little lemon-juice, and mix in a little chopped tunny-fish or caviare.

§ *Bean Loaf*

(*Rome*)

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, the yolk of 1 egg and 3 whole eggs, a little grated cheese and nutmeg, and pass the cream through a sieve. Fry in oil 1 lb. soaked cooked beans, onion and butter, with a little fat ham and tomato. Butter a large mould and fill it with the beans mixed with the prepared cream. Steam or bake it till it sets. Turn it out and serve Marsala sauce with it.

§ *French Bean Stew*

(*French Flanders*)

This recipe comes with the remark: 'Marvellous, but no good for that slim look!'

Simmer for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of short top ribs of beef, some good stock, pepper, salt, ginger and a dash of mace, and 5 whole onions. Then put in $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of French beans, which have been strung but left whole, and simmer all for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. One and a quarter hours before it is wanted, add to the stew a sauce made of $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of flour, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of brown vinegar.

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¶ *Haricot Bean Soufflé*

(Italy)

Boil $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. soaked beans and put them in white sauce. Cook them till they are a *purée*. Add 2 beaten yolks to them when they are cooled and bake them in a buttered mould.

¶ *Bean Purée*

(Italy)

Rub beans through a sieve, flavouring them with vinegar, heat them up with butter, pepper, and salt.

¶ *Boston Baked Beans*

(Not in tins)

The beans are better if cooked in large quantities, and reheat most satisfactorily. This is a classic 'Saturday Night' New England dish.

Soak overnight about 1 pint of small beans. Rinse them three times thoroughly in clear cold water. Parboil them until tender but not split, changing the water once, putting in the second water a teaspoonful of soda. Rinse well in hot water. Scald 4 oz. fat salt pork, scrape the rind, score it into strips, put half the beans in the pot, spread the pork over them, then put in the rest.

Mix a teaspoonful of mustard and salt with 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses, enough hot water to make it pour, and drop it into the beans. Pour in then enough boiling water to cover them, cover the pot and bake them 8 hours in a moderate oven, adding water if necessary. For the last hour, take off the cover, and bring the pork to the top to brown.

¶ *Boston Roast*

(U.S.A.)

Mash 2 cupfuls of cooked beans, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheese and enough breadcrumbs to make the mixture sufficiently stiff to form into a roll. If desired pimentos or peppers cut in small pieces may

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be added. Bake it $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a moderate oven, basting it occasionally with fat and water. Serve tomato sauce with it.

CABBAGE

Massialot, who was chef in the houses of the most potent seigneurs of France in the seventeenth century, with fine conceit remarked: 'For France especially we can claim to beat other countries in cooking, as we do in politeness and a number of other well-known ways.' This is what he did in the way of stuffing cabbages for kings.

Remove the stalk of a cabbage and a little of its inside and scald it. Then fill it with stuffing composed of white meat of fowl, a few bits of shoulder of veal, bacon, the fat of boiled ham, truffles, chopped mushrooms, parsley, chives, a touch of garlic, with seasoning of herbs and spices, breadcrumb, 2 whole eggs, and 2 or 3 extra yolks. All must be very closely chopped. Place this preparation in the cabbage and tie the leaves firmly round it.

Cook it with slices of beef or of veal which have been cooked with more herbs and onion. A similar compound can be made for fast days by using fish instead of meat.

¶ *Cabbage with Potatoes and Bacon*

(Dutch)

Cook a cabbage in the usual way. Place potatoes at the bottom of a saucepan with 1 pint of water and some salt. Cover with cabbage, stir well, and add last of all little squares of fried bacon.

¶ *Fried Cabbage*

(Italy)

Chop a well-cooked cabbage and drain it. Put 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan and one of flour for every quart of chopped cabbage. When it is thick add the cabbage, season it with salt, pepper, and 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar and stir it for 6 or 8 minutes. Garnish it with quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

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¶ *Stuffed Capsicums*

(Italy)

Fry 6 medium-sized green sweet capsicums for a minute in boiling fat, drain, and cut off the ends. Remove the insides and fill them with forcemeat made with minced fresh pork, a spoonful of salt and pepper and grated nutmeg and powdered thyme. Then put on the ends of the capsicums and lay them on an oiled baking-dish and bake for a quarter of an hour. Turn them on to a hot dish and serve with a good Marsala sauce.

¶ *Piedmontese Cauliflower*

Fry in butter a small onion and one or two anchovies well-chopped; add stock, a little vinegar, and a teaspoonful of mixed herbs. When it is well amalgamated pour it over a cooked and well-drained cauliflower; sprinkle it with cheese, and serve it after a few minutes in the oven.

¶ *Cardoon Ragoût*

(Spanish)

The cardoon must be small and soft; clean the spikes, cut and soak them in fresh water for half an hour. Then boil it in salt and water, placing a cup with water and some pieces of cardoon in the mouth of the pot, to prevent the mixture turning black. Drain the water away. Brown some flour in oil and mix it with ground pine nuts and a leaf of parsley. Moisten it with a little water, pour the sauce over the cardoon and let it cook for a further 15 minutes.

¶ *Crosnes*

(Japanese or Chinese Artichokes)

Sterne was not the first nor the last to wonder at the differences between England and France. The housewife called upon to face daily life upon both sides of the Channel is constantly amazed by the spates and the shortages of both markets. For three months

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France has no apples; but England can never play with peaches and apricots as France does for one happy fortnight in the year. France has very few Victoria and egg-plums, but several kinds of cherry-plum and the attractive little mirabelle which are unknown to England. Her wild strawberries have the longest season of any fruit save oranges.

She also has some vegetables which the English housewife would welcome. The *blète* is one, a thing like white rhubarb that tastes of sea-kale crossed with celery. *Crosnes* are another, known also as Chinese or Japanese artichokes, that taste something like salsify, and look like twisted small tubers of it. They are very good boiled and eaten with toast, meat, or fried in butter as an entrée.

¶ *Cucumber, Potato and Pea Chahkee* (India)

Slice cucumbers into water, quarter the potatoes, preferably new ones, and shell the peas.

Warm some mustard oil in the pan, and when boiling throw in a paste of 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion, 1 tablespoonful of curry powder, a little pounded garlic, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt and sufficient vinegar and water to make a thin paste. When the odour of curry arises throw in the vegetables and a dessertspoonful of sugar. Fry for about 10 minutes. Pour in a large breakfastcupful of water or milk, or milk and coconut infusion. Serve immediately with rice.

¶ *Egg-Plant.*

It is curious that a hardy, useful, well-flavoured, not too perishable fruit, like the egg-plant, should be known so little in England. Its French name of aubergine is associated in English minds entirely with a certain rich, dull red in porcelain. It can, of course, be procured in London, and large towns, but only from enterprising and lordly greengrocers, though energy and persistence

can make the others procure this admirable addition to the daily menu.

Paris has aubergine from the spring to the autumn, but until August procures them from the South. The Provençal says that no northerner understands them; that they must be cut lengthwise and fried with a liberal powdering of salt, and sugar. He will hardly even allow them to be cut in rounds and made into fritters, or fried in egg-and-breadcrumbed slices. He does occasionally stuff them, because no Provençal ever misses a chance of chopping things up together—it is such an opportunity of using more garlic.

But though Provence and Italy think they know a good deal about egg-plants, it is the Balkan peninsula which deals in them most. If this book were arranged by countries, instead of by materials, the Balkan section would have been of an unbroken aubergine purple. They use it with so many ingredients and in so many ways, that it will be found putting in its thumb and pulling out a plum in nearly all the meat sections.

It will be noticed that no southern European recipe allows for peeling the egg-plant; like the potato, it keeps much of its goodness just inside its skin, and inseparably united with it.

¶ *Aubergine Argosies*

(*Paris, 1928 model*)

Bake or scald the egg-plants, leaving their green stems and corollas on if possible, till they are tender enough to be cut in two and have the inside scraped out to the very walls, without breaking these. Cook the pulp in a little jellied chicken stock, crushing it well. Line the skins with mashed chicken-liver, flavoured with a little tomato *purée*. Put a pile of egg-plant fore and aft, and amidships a higher pile of chopped hard-boiled egg and chopped mushroom, masked with cream dashed with cayenne. Serve each half-skin iced on a salad-plate, half embedded in broken clear cucumber jelly.

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¶ *Broiled Egg-Plant*

(Italy)

Cut the egg-plant in large slices, pepper and salt them, and pour a tablespoonful of olive oil over them; broil them for 5 minutes on both sides. Place them on a hot dish and pour a pint of butter sauce over them and a little chopped parsley.

¶ *Iman Baidly*

(The Balkans)

This Lenten dish of Roumania has a Turkish name, in honour of a Turk who died of it! He must have had a very sensitive interior, or a loathing for garlic unusual in his race. Cut aubergines open, put them in boiling water for 5 minutes, stuff them with bread-crumbs, and lard them with garlic. Wrap each in celery leaves. Put them in a deep dish full of olive oil, with tomatoes cut in quarters, and cook them for 4 or 5 hours in a slow oven. Serve hot or cold.

¶ *Aubergines Gratinées*

(Recipe of the Restaurant 'Comme Chez Soi,' Paris)

Slice the aubergines and fry them in oil till they are almost black. Place them in a shallow dish, cover them with equal quantities of fresh cream and tomato *purée*, sprinkle a few breadcrumbs on the top and some little dots of butter, and bake them in the oven.

¶ *Sicilian Egg-Plant*

This dish is a specialty of Sicily and is exported in conserves, as well as eaten fresh.

Cut up an egg-plant into pieces, salt, wash and fry it, together with a piece of celery, capers, and chopped olives. Cook it in tomato sauce with oil, vinegar, a pinch of sugar, salt, and pepper. Turn it out on a dish and decorate it with fish roe, shrimps, or lobster. Sprinkle over it chopped almonds.

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¶ *Dutch Stewed Lettuce*

Remove the outer leaves from 16 lettuces and thoroughly wash them; throw them in boiling water with 4 oz. salt; boil them 1 hour, drain them, and pour over them 2 quarts gravy or 3 pints broth, and 2 oz. butter, and leave them in the oven for 15 minutes.

Little balls of minced meat may be placed between the lettuce.

¶ *Kentish Wild Hops*

In the Kentish Garden of England (is it four or five counties which are the country's garden?) wild hop shoots when young and tender are tied in bundles and cooked like asparagus, or fried with bacon.

¶ *Lettuce Fritters*

(Spain)

Boil two lettuces in salted water, drain them and cut them up. Beat up 4 eggs, whites and yolks separately, then mix them; add the lettuce and fry it in spoonfuls in boiling oil. Serve hot.

¶ *Fried Vegetable Marrow*

(The Jewish Recipe)

Put 2 ounces of flour into a basin with a pinch of salt; add ½ gill of tepid water, and 1 dessertspoonful of salad oil, gradually, and then the well-beaten white of an egg. Peel a vegetable marrow, put it into boiling water, and boil it till tender. Cut it into slices, remove the seeds, dip each piece in the batter, and fry it a golden brown in hot fat or oil.

¶ *Mushrooms in Curds*

(The Balkans)

Take the heads of 2 lb. mushrooms, lightly clean and salt them and sprinkle them with a little flour. Put them in a pan with ¼ lb. of butter, put the lid on, and let them cook gently in the oven.

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When they have cooked until soft and the juice is well boiling, pour the Smetana or cream over them and return them to the oven to bake.

¶ *Gourmands' Mushrooms*

(*The Belgian Cook Book*)

There was a man in Ghent who loved mushrooms, but he could eat them, only in this fashion. If you said, 'Monsieur, will you have them tossed in butter?' he would roar out: 'No, do you take me for a Prussian? Let me have them properly cooked!'

Melt in a pan a lump of butter the size of a tangerine orange and squeeze on it the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. (The way to get a great deal of juice from a lemon is to plunge it first of all a few minutes, say 5 minutes, in boiling water.) When the butter simmers, throw in a pound of picked, small mushrooms, stir them constantly, do not let them get black. Then in 3 or 4 minutes they are well impregnated with butter and the chief difficulty of the dish is over. Put the saucepan further on the fire, let it boil for a few minutes. Take out the mushrooms, drain them, sprinkle them with flour, moisten them with gravy, season with salt and pepper, put them back in the butter and stir in the yolk of an egg. Add also a little of the lemon-juice that remains. While you are doing this, you must get another person to cut and toast some bread and butter it. Pour on to the bread the mushrooms (which are fit for the greatest saints to eat on Fridays) and serve them very hot.

¶ *Pirogues of Mushrooms*

(*Turkey*)

Make a stiff mixture of boiled rice, chopped cold mushrooms, hard-boiled eggs and onions, seasoning, spices, butter and chopped pimento or tomato *purée* over a hot fire. While it cools, make pie-crust, cut it in ovals, place the mixture on it, and pinch it up with wet fingers into boat-shapes. Bake them in a quick oven for 12 to 20 minutes according to the shortness of the crust. Serve them crisply hot, alone or with a vegetable entrée.

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¶ *Cèpes*

Cèpes which are hardly open need not be blanched. Those that are quite open have to be washed and sponged and either grilled or cooked in butter. They can be had in tins or glasses in any big town. They are very fleshy and fat, the very antipodes in the mushroom hierarchy of the dry little *girolle*, and there are many people who would willingly never set eyes on them again. But such heretics are not found in central or southern France. In Italy cèpes in oil and vinegar are among the favourite hors-d'œuvre.

¶ *Cèpes à la Landaise*

This is one of the rare recipes for this squelchy, rather flavourless, fungous growth, into which garlic does not enter; for the cooking of cèpes it is almost indispensable to use pungent flavouring. In the Landes they take onion and chopped ham, parsley and mixed herbs, clove, pepper and salt, adding a little flour and the cèpes. Boil the dish gently for 4 hours in enough white wine to cover amply the solid contents.

¶ *Cèpes à la Bordelaise*

Egg and breadcrumb and fry them in very hot oil. At the last moment add the stalks chopped and a small piece of shallot finely chopped and cook all together. Serve them in timbale moulds with a little lemon-juice and chopped parsley.

¶ *Cèpes à la Provençale*

The shallot is replaced by onions and a pounded clove of garlic.

¶ *Cèpes au Chester*

Cèpes on buttered toast with melted cheddar cheese over them and browned in the oven are a specialty of one Paris restaurant. And very good too for ostriches and the young and those who do not mind a certain heavy rich feeling, not in the pocket, after meals.

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¶ *Cèpes à la Sarladaise*

(Recipe of the Hôtel du Commerce, Domme)

Wash the cèpes, stew them, season with salt, pepper, and fry quickly in boiling oil. Drain, and place in the pan with some butter, a pinch of garlic and chopped parsley, a little pounded tomato, add a dash of white wine, stew them gently for 20 minutes and serve.

¶ *Cèpes à la Crème*

Stew them in butter, drain and add a little boiling cream and stew them again till the sauce is completely reduced. Serve with a little fresh cream.

¶ *Nettles*

(England and France)

In country districts these are considered one of nature's most healthful spring provisions for the welfare of mankind. They are treated and eaten exactly like spinach.

¶ *Nettle Haggis*

(England)

Somewhere not far from Appleby, on the wonderful Eden, so full of young trout, do the fortunate meet with this haggis.

Well wash and pick free from grass 1 lb. of young nettles, boil them with sufficient water to cover them, when they are tender strain them and preserve the water. Frizzle ½ lb. bacon and add the nettles to the fat with about a teaspoonful of the nettle-water. When it boils scatter in 3 tablespoonfuls of oatmeal whilst stirring. It must boil 15 minutes. Add more nettle-water if required, and pepper and salt to taste. It should be of the consistency of thick porridge, when served hot, with the frizzled bacon.

¶ *Italian Stuffed Onions*

Parboil very large onions; take out the middles, and chop them with meat, or chicken, or fish, or cold spinach, or cooked macaroni,

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appropriate seasoning and the inevitable tomato flavour. Stuff the onions and tie them together with cotton. Then either plunge them in boiling stock, or roll them in a paste of flour and water (or in egg and breadcrumb) and put them in boiling fat.

Finish them in the oven with grated cheese mixed with coarse brown sugar sprinkled thickly over them. Baste them with the stock or the hot fat, till they are golden brown, pour away the surplus liquid and serve them very hot with grilled sliced tomatoes.

¶ *Baked Parsnips*

(Italy and Greece)

Boil and drain some parsnips, pour a good roux over them, sprinkle them with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, and bake them in a slow oven for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour. The sauce may be flavoured with tomato, pimento, or variegated with currants, or mixed with chopped spinach.

¶ *Stuffed Papaw*

(Africa)

Put the papaw, peeled and without the stem end and the seeds, in cold water and boil it. Fry together minced meat, breadcrumbs, Worcester or tomato sauce, grated nutmeg, and chopped onion. Stuff the papaw, bake it 10 minutes, and serve it with a brown gravy. (See p. 171.)

¶ *Creamed Peas*

(Maryland)

Just before green peas are boiled enough drain them and simmer them for a few minutes with butter and a bit of parsley, and then pour over them warm cream in which crushed and broken sprigs of mint have been soaking for an hour.

¶ *Peas and Kleis*

(Jewish)

This was given to the Prodigal Son, I fancy, instead of the fatted calf! All Israel loves it!

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Cook some peas in boiling water, a pinch of sugar and salt to taste. Drain away nearly all the water, add 2 oz. butter. Lay on the peas in tablespoonfuls a batter made of milk, eggs, flour, ginger, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Let it all come gently to the boil and simmer it slowly for 20 to 30 minutes.

This can be cooked with stewed mutton and peas, then the butter must be left out and the batter made with water. No fat will be required, as there will be sufficient on the meat.

¶ *Pea Omelette*

(Italy)

Brown 4 oz. butter, add a batter of 4 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of hot water, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. fresh butter, 3 or 4 drops of onion-juice. When it sets, pour in hot boiled peas and sprinkle them with salt and pepper, fold over the omelette, and serve it on a hot dish with more peas round it.

¶ *Stuffed Green Peppers*

(New Orleans)

Melt 1 tablespoonful of butter and stir in one of flour. Add, well minced, a slice of onion, 1 tablespoonful of cooked ham, 4 cooked mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of parsley. Stir, pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of broth, bring it to a boil. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of raw sausage meat, and salt to taste. Mix well and cook about 10 minutes, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of breadcrumbs. Blanch and skin 3 large peppers; cut them in halves lengthwise, removing veins and seeds. Stuff them and cover them with crisp bread or biscuit crumbs mixed with melted butter. Brown them in the oven.

¶ *Basque Piparrade*

The Basques are a mysterious race that has a frank enjoyment in life. They inhabit a most charming country and are properly proud of it. Regionalism, whether in sport (pelota) or in cooking, is much to the fore. Their cooking, as befits a southern climate, is highly spiced, but it has not the greasy heaviness of oil to be

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found further south beyond the Pyrenees. Piparrade is a good sample. Fry some onions, add sliced tomatoes, parsley, breadcrumbs and red peppers. Cook the dish thoroughly. Its many excellences are brought out by crowning it with lightly-fried eggs. It is sometimes served as a garnish to roast veal.

¶ *Spanish Potato Stew*

Fry 2 large slices of wholemeal bread and 1 clove of garlic in oil or nut lard. Oil is much more expensive and it will be found that nut butter will fry very satisfactorily if sufficient oil or dripping is put in the pan to grease the bottom and the nut lard is added after the other is hot. Pound up the garlic carefully and moisten the fried bread with boiling water and squash it up with a fork. Put all this in a saucepan large enough to contain about 3 lb. of potatoes and add enough water to fill nearly half the saucepan and flavour with salt and pepper. As soon as it boils, add the potatoes, peeled and cut into quarters, or smaller if desired. Stew gently as for an Irish stew, taking care that it does not go dry, and putting some of the liquor over the potatoes with a spoon from time to time. The gravy should be almost entirely consumed by the time the potatoes are well cooked. Pile it on a dish and sprinkle plenty of finely-chopped parsley over it.

¶ *Potato Stew with Sago*

(*South Africa*)

Take some fat mutton, cut it up and put it in a saucepan with pepper and salt. When it is brown, add some water and many potatoes. Cook it slowly, stir in a large spoonful of sago when it is nearly cooked.

¶ *Maire Potatoes*

The best kind to use are the long red ones as they are firm. Boil them with salt, peel and slice them into rounds, throw them into cream, reduce it over the fire to half the quantity. In reducing the cream be very careful to keep it well stirred with a wooden

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spoon. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and beaten butter. Shake them to prevent sticking, but prevent the slices from breaking. It is the reduction of the cream to half that is the essential.

This has for half a century been a specialty of Maire's Restaurant in Paris. It resembles the *Gratiné Dauphinois* a little, but the main point is to have the slices unbroken and yet not stuck to the dish.

§ *Boiled Potatoes*

(The Irish Way)

Every cook thinks she can boil potatoes, and not even the taste of them disabuses her of the idea, the marks of her wicked knife strike her with no remorse, and the fact that the plate beneath the potato is damp leaves her quite untouched.

Scrub the potatoes well with a stiff nail-brush, leaving the eyes in sooner than break the skin. They should be all of a size, and preferably of the floury rather than the waxy variety. On no account leave them in water; put them in the saucepan dry, if they are prepared too soon for cooking. Three-quarters of an hour before they are wanted (less for small ones or new ones) fill the saucepan with water, add salt and bring it rapidly to the boil with the lid on. When the lid dances, take it off, and let the water simmer gently but steadily until the potatoes are tender. It is a good idea to draw the lower potatoes to the top when the water boils, so that they may cook evenly. A kind of instinct grows in the true potato-cook by which she knows when they are done; till then she must prod with a fork, but this is sure to break one of the potatoes.

Tip the water gently out, and set the saucepan back over a very small fire, or beside one, till the potatoes are completely dry. If they are to be peeled in the kitchen have a hot dish with a hot cloth ready for them. If they are to be properly served, in their coats, they should have a napkin underneath and the corners folded in over them. The proper vessel is a potato-ring, hollowed out of one piece of wood, with a wooden handle at the side.

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The potatoes should not lose their shape, even if the outside is floury, but should crumble into flour in the mouth.

¶ *Gratiné Dauphinois*

Cut into a shallow buttered dish thin slices of potatoes. Beat an egg with milk and a little grated cheese, a pinch of salt. Cover the potatoes with this sauce, put little pieces of butter on top and cook it in a quick oven for $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

¶ *Squab Pie*

(*Devonshire*)

Peel and slice very thinly $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes, 1 lb. of onions and 2 or 3 medium-sized apples. Put half the onions and potatoes in a pie-dish and lay 2 pork or mutton chops on them. Season well and put in the rest of the apples and onions and some water, about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Arrange rest of the potatoes neatly over the top and cover with a greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This pie can also be covered with a short crust.

¶ *West Indian Potato Sweet Pudding*

Grate 4 potatoes, 1 slice of pumpkin, beat up 2 ripe bananas till quite soft, add 1 teaspoonful of black pepper, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 teacups of golden syrup or melted sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of lard or dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ coconut grated. Mix the above ingredients together and bake it in a well-greased tin.

¶ *Potato Tart (Pâté aux Pommes de Terre)*

(*Recipe of the Restaurant 'Aux Vendanges de Bourgogne,'
Chalon-sur-Saône*)

Make a paste of 2 parts of butter to 3 parts flour, salt, and water. Shape it into 2 rounds $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick and place 1 on a baking-tin. Place some pieces of butter on the paste and spread it with about an inch of potatoes which should be wiped and cut into pieces the size of a five-shilling piece; slightly salt and pepper it. Cover it with the other round of paste and close the edges

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together. Bake it for 1 hour in a slow oven. Lift the cover and put in as much fresh cream as possible, replace the top crust and leave it to cool. This tart should be made beforehand and should be reheated slightly before serving. The potatoes and cream will set together.

¶ *Tuscan Potato Dumplings*

Rub 2 lb. of cooked potatoes through a sieve, put in a saucepan with 4 oz. butter, salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tumblerful of cream or milk, simmer it till thickened, then add 6 yolks of eggs to make a paste. Cut it into dice, throw them into boiling soup and cook for 5 minutes. Just before serving sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese into the soup.

¶ *Cream Potatoes*

(Belgium)

Cut 6 boiled potatoes into small squares and heat them in 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a breakfastcupful of milk and water. When the potatoes are hot, stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of flour previously mixed in cold milk, season it to taste and simmer it for 4 minutes.

¶ *Potato Pastry*

(Belgium)

Rub lightly 2 oz. dripping into $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cold mashed potatoes and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix it into a stiff paste with a little water. Cut the paste into little tartlets and bake them in a hot oven $\frac{1}{4}$ hour. When they are done put a little jam in each. They may be eaten warm or cold.

¶ *Truffled Potatoes*

(Italy)

Cut 3 or 4 parboiled potatoes into slices and lay them with thin slices of truffles mixed with Parmesan cheese in a baking-dish. Add 2 oz. of butter in bits, salt, and pepper. When the potatoes begin to cook moisten them with gravy or broth. Squeeze a little lemon-juice over them before serving.

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¶ *Sweet Potato Pone*

(Maryland)

Grate 5 or 6 very fine tender young potatoes, discarding any stringy parts; add 4 eggs beaten with a tablespoonful of creamed butter, a little brown sugar, mace, nutmeg, ginger, and a teacupful of cream. Mix it all well and bake it in a buttered pan.

¶ *Stewed Sweet Potatoes*

(South Africa)

Slice up some potatoes, cover them with water. To each pound of potatoes add 2 oz. of moist sugar, 1 oz. of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ stick of cinnamon, and stew it very gently. When the potatoes are quite cooked add a little sherry. Thicken the sauce with maize flour.

¶ *Italian Pumpkin Fry*

(Mrs. Ross's Recipe)

Cut up 1 or 2 young, green pumpkins in thin slices and lay in a plate with a little salt. Mix 3 oz. butter and 3 tablespoonfuls of flour in a saucepan and boil for 2 minutes; add $\frac{1}{2}$ tumblerful of cream and the same of broth and make a stiff sauce. Mince 3 breasts of cooked chicken and 2 slices of bacon and a small truffle mixed with the *Béchamel* and roll into small balls, egg and bread-crumbs and put on one side till wanted. Take 10 or 12 pumpkin flowers prepared and cut into quarters, some cauliflower and bits of cardoon, dip in egg and flour, do the same with the parboiled slices of pumpkin and fry all together in pure olive oil. Season with a sprinkling of salt and serve.

¶ *Marrow or Pumpkin Pie*

(Tuscany)

Slice the vegetable and fry it with onion, cheese, a beaten egg, and a dash of milk. Put it in a baking-tin lined with breadcrumbs and bake it.

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§ *Polish Sauerkraut*

Cut a head of white cabbage into small pieces and blanch them; then take 5 or 6 very sour apples, peel them, and cut them into very small pieces. Put some thin slices of bacon into the bottom of a saucepan, cover it with a layer of cabbage and apples; then with bacon and beef cut into pieces, with the cabbage and apples over it; and so on until the saucepan is filled, covering the whole with thin slices of bacon. Pour on it a cup of cold water, put the cover on the saucepan, and put it on a light fire; when it begins to boil stir it repeatedly. When the meat and cabbage are tender, add some salt and a few spoonfuls of vinegar.

§ *Spinach*

We all know what happened when the king could not have a bit of butter for the royal slice of bread. Less celebrated is the terrible scene at the Tuileries when Louis XIV was forbidden by his doctor to eat spinach. He always dined with open doors, until one day when, having got through his usual four soups, whole pheasant and partridge, salad, mutton, and two thick slices of ham, he found there was no spinach. In vain to tell him there was none; he ordered more to be fetched; in vain to cite doctor's orders, to woo him to his plate of pastry, his fruits and preserves. 'What!' cried he, 'I'm King of France and I can't eat spinach?'

A gale of titters from the guard-room next door greeted this royal tantrum. The guards were solemnly arrested; and thereafter the king ate behind closed doors.

§ *Italian Spinach Pudding*

The spinach, always bitter in Italy, is boiled, chopped, and mixed with breadcrumbs, cheese, butter, tomato, and a beaten egg and steamed in a mould.

§ *Elena's Fried Spinach*

(*North Italy*)

Boil 2 lb. of spinach for 5 minutes. Let it get cold, put it in a

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cloth and wring it to get the water out. Cut it up, add egg, pepper, and salt, grated Parmesan cheese; mix all well and fry it in boiling oil. It should make a solid but light cake, gently crisp and brown on the outside, as tender as baked custard inside. Elena declares that only in Alassio, and in Alassio only by three people, is spinach thus prepared.

§ *Spinach Turnovers*

(*Italy. Crescioni*)

Simmer boiled spinach with olive oil, shallot, parsley, salt and pepper, stoned raisins, currants, and a little sugar. Stuff turnovers with the mixture and fry them in oil.

§ *Spinach Pudding with Mushrooms*

(*Italy*)

Boil mashed spinach in an earthenware pot with butter and lemon-juice. When it is cold add 2 or 3 beaten yolks and pour it into a buttered basin, leaving a space in the middle, and cook it slowly in a *bain-marie* for 1 hour. Fill the empty space with fried mushrooms.

§ *Hawaiian Taro Cakes*

(*Mrs. Rorer*)

Moisten the hands with good vinegar, then scrape off the outside of the taro, throwing them at once into water. Dry them in a towel and bake them. Eat them with a little salt and butter.

§ *Taro or Poi*

(*Hawaiian*)

Boil the taro root and pound it, adding a little water. Set it aside to ferment 24 to 30 hours. When preparing it mix it with water. There are three thicknesses, one, two or three fingers. For invalids, mix it with milk instead of water.

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¶ *Eggs and Tomatoes*

(Spain)

Fry peeled tomatoes (at least four good-sized ones per person) in oil or butter until most of their juice is consumed. Flavour with salt and pepper. Beat up 2 eggs per person with a little salt, and scramble them in the frying-pan with the fried tomato. The eggs should be allowed to set a little when first added to the pan, so that they keep their distinctive colour instead of becoming absolutely incorporated with the tomatoes.

¶ *Tomato Nests*

(Italy)

Cut the tops off some peeled tomatoes, remove the inside, drop a raw egg in each, and replace the top as a cover. Bake them till the eggs have set. Serve them very hot with *Béchamel* sauce.

¶ *White Truffles and Cheese*

(Genoa)

Fry 8 oz. sliced white truffles in butter and oil with 4 oz. Gruyère cheese cut in fine slices. Mix all well together over a brisk fire for 10 minutes. Season it with salt and pepper, and serve with *croûtons*.

¶ *An Indian Vegetable Stew*

Cut up potatoes, cauliflowers or other suitable vegetables, put in the pan with a little water and butter, dripping, or margarine. Add chopped onions, chillies and a little salt, and sprinkle with coconut. Simmer till done and serve dry.

¶ *Truffles Under the Ashes*

(Recipe of the Grand Hôtel des Postes et du Commerce, Périgueux)

Large truffles well cleaned and moistened with a little good brandy, salt and pepper, are placed in a pie covered hermetically. Wrap the pie round in two grease-proof papers and bury it

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in the cinders under the griller. Three-quarters of an hour is required to cook a large truffle. This can also be cooked in the oven. Before serving, remove the papers, and dish the truffles in the pastry.

¶ *Truffles with Champagne*

Cook some truffles in a *mirepoix* which has been well mixed for 20 minutes in a covered pan. Remove the truffles from the saucepan and pour over them some dry champagne to free them of vegetable. Add some champagne to the *mirepoix*, reduce it almost entirely and add a little clear veal stock. Strain it through muslin, pour it over the truffles and leave them on the side of the fire without letting the sauce cook in any way. Serve them in timbales or in silver moulds.

¶ *Truffles with Cream*

Peel and slice some truffles, season and cook them very slowly in butter and a little brandy, reduce the gravy and add some cream and *Béchamel* sauce; then the truffles and sufficient cream and a little butter. Serve in timbales.

¶ *Truffles in a Serviette*

The truffles are cooked in the same way as in the previous recipe except that Madeira is substituted for the brandy. It would be much more logical to serve under this heading *truffles à la cendre*, dished under a folded serviette in the same way that potatoes are dished in their jackets.

¶ *Timbale of Truffles*

Line a timbale mould with pie-crust, then with a layer of thin bacon; fill in with raw truffles, salt, and pepper. Add a glass of Madeira and 2 spoonfuls of white glaze made from game and veal, a bay-leaf, cover with bacon and close the timbale in the usual way. Brown it and cook it for 50 minutes in a good oven.

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